

MISCELLANIES,

BY

Henry Fielding Esq;

V O L. II.

A JOURNEY from this
WORLD to the Next, &c.



L O N D O N :

Printed for A. MILLAR, opposite to
Catharine-Street, in the Strand.

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Friends of the Library

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LONDON:

Printed for A. Milner, opposite to
Cathedral, in the Strand.

A. DICKSON

A
JOURNEY
FROM THIS
WORLD to the next, &c.

The INTRODUCTION.

WHETHER the ensuing Pages were really the Dream or Vision of some very pious and holy Person ; or whether they were really written in the other World and sent back to this, which is the Opinion of many, (tho' I think, too much inclining to Superstition ;) or lastly, whether, as infinitely the greatest Part imagine, they were really the Production of some choice Inhabitant of *New Bethlehem*, is not necessary nor easy to determine. It will be abundantly

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dantly sufficient, if I give the Reader an Account by what means they came into my possession.

MR. *Robert Powney*, Stationer, who dwells opposite to *Catharine-Street* in the *Strand*, a very honest Man, and of great Gravity of Countenance ; who, among other excellent Stationary Commodities, is particularly eminent for his Pens, which I am abundantly bound to acknowledge, as I owe to their peculiar Goodness that my Manuscripts have by any means been legible : this Gentleman, I say, furnished me some time since with a Bundle of those Pens, wrapt up with great Care and Caution, in a very large Sheet of Paper full of Characters, written as it seemed in a very bad Hand. Now, I have a surprizing Curiosity to read every thing which is almost illegible ; partly, perhaps, from the sweet Remembrance of the dear *Scrawls*, *Skrawls*, or *Skrales*, (for the Word is variously spelt) which I have in my youth received from that lovely part of the Creation for which I have the tenderest Regard ; and partly from that Temper of Mind which makes Men set an immense Value on old Manuscripts so effaced,

Bustos

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Bustos so maimed, and Pictures so black that no one can tell what to make of them. I therefore perused this Sheet with wonderful Application, and in about a Day's time discovered that I could not understand it. I immediately repaired to Mr. *Powney*, and inquired very eagerly, whether he had not more of the same Manuscript. He produced about one Hundred Pages, acquainting me that he had saved no more : but that the Book was originally a huge Folio, had been left in his Garret by a Gentleman who lodged there, and who had left him no other Satisfaction for nine Months Lodging. He proceeded to inform me, that the Manuscript had been hawked about (as he phrased it) among all the Booksellers, who refused to meddle ; some alledged that they could not read, others that they could not understand it. Some would have it to be an atheistical Book, and some that it was a Libel on the Government ; for one or other of which Reasons, they all refused to print it. That it had been likewise shewn to the R— Society, but they shook their Heads, saying, there was nothing in it wonderful enough for them. That hearing the Gentleman was gone to the *West-Indies*,

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and believing it to be good for nothing else, he had used it as waste Paper. He said, I was welcome to what remained, and he was heartily sorry for what was missing, as I seemed to set some value on it.

I DESIRED him much to name a Price: but he would receive no consideration farther than the Payment of a small Bill I owed him, which at that time he said he looked on as so much Money given him.

I PRESENTLY communicated this Manuscript to my Friend Parson *Abraham Adams*, who after a long and careful Perusal, returned it me with his Opinion, that there was more in it than at first appeared, that the Author seemed not entirely unacquainted with the Writings of *Plato*: but he wished he had quoted him sometimes in his Margin, that I might be sure (said he) he had read him in the Original: for nothing, continued the Parson, is commoner than for Men now-a-days to pretend to have read *Greek* Authors, who have met with them only in Translations, and cannot conjugate a Verb in *mi*.

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To deliver my own Sentiments on the Occasion, I think the Author discovers a philosophical Turn of Thinking, with some little knowledge of the World, and no very inadequate Value of it. There are some indeed, who from the Vivacity of their Temper, and the Happiness of their Station, are willing to consider its Blessings as more substantial, and the whole to be a Scene of more consequence than it is here represented: but without controverting their Opinions at present, the Number of wise and good Men, who have thought with our Author, are sufficient to keep him in countenance; nor can this be attended with any ill Inference, since he every where teaches this Moral, That the greatest and truest Happiness which this World affords, is to be found only in the possession of Goodness and Virtue; a Doctrine, which as it is undoubtedly true, so hath it so noble and practical a Tendency, that it can never be too often or too strongly inculcated on the Minds of Men.

A
JOURNEY, &c.

BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

*The Author dies, meets with Mercury,
and is by him conducted to the
Stage which sets out for the other
World.*

ON the first of *December* 1741*, I
departed this Life, at my Lodgings
in *Cheapside*. My Body had been
some time dead before I was at liberty to quit
it, lest it should by any accident return to

B 4

Life :

* Some doubt whether this should not be rather 1641, which is a Date more agreeable to the Account given of it in the Introduction : but then there are some Passages which seem to relate to Transactions infinitely later, even within this year or two.—To say the truth, there are Difficulties attend either Conjecture ; the Reader may take which he pleases.

Life: this is an Injunction imposed on all Souls by the eternal Law of Fate, to prevent the Inconveniencies which would follow. As soon as the destined Period was expired (being no longer than till the Body is become perfectly cold and stiff) I began to move; but found my self under a Difficulty of making my escape, for the Mouth, or Door, was shut; so that it was impossible for me to go out at it, and the Windows, vulgarly called the Eyes, were so closely pulled down by the Fingers of a Nurse, that I could by no means open them. At last, I perceived a Beam of Light glimmering at the top of the House, (for such I may call the Body I had been inclosed in) whither ascending, I gently let my self down through a kind of Chimney, and issued out at the Nostrils.

No Prisoner discharged from a long Confinement, ever tasted the Sweets of Liberty with a more exquisite Relish, than I enjoyed in this delivery from a Dungeon wherein I had been detained upwards of forty Years, and with much the same kind of Regard I cast * my Eyes backwards upon it. MY

* Eyes are not perhaps so properly adapted to a spiritual Substance: but we are here, as in many other places, obliged to use corporeal Terms to make our selves the better understood.

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My Friends and Relations had all quitted the Room, being all (as I plainly overheard) very loudly quarrelling below-stairs about my Will, there was only an old Woman left above, to guard the Body, as I apprehend. She was in a fast Sleep, occasioned, as from her Savour it seemed, by a comfortable Dose of Gin. I had no pleasure in this Company, and therefore as the Window was wide open, I sallied forth into the open Air: but to my great astonishment found my self unable to fly, which I had always during my habitation in the Body conceived of Spirits; however, I came so lightly to the Ground, that I did not hurt my self; and though I had not the Gift of flying (owing probably to my having neither Feathers nor Wings) I was capable of hopping such a prodigious way at once, that it served my turn almost as well.

I HAD not hopped far, before I perceived a tall young Gentleman in a Silk Waistcoat, with a Wing on his left Heel, a Garland on his Head, and a Caduceus in his right Hand*. I thought I had seen this Person
before,

* This is the Dress in which the God appears to Mortals at the Theatres. One of the Offices attributed to this God by the Ancients, was to collect the Ghosts as a Shepherd doth a Flock of Sheep, and drive them with his Wand into the other World.

before, but had not time to recollect where, when he called out to me, and asked me how long I had been departed. I answered, I was just come forth. You must not stay here, replied he, unless you had been murdered; in which case, indeed, you might have been suffered to walk some time: but if you died a natural Death, you must set out for the other World immediately. I desired to know the Way. O, cried the Gentleman, I will shew you to the Inn whence the Stage proceeds: For I am the Porter. Perhaps you never heard of me, my Name is *Mercury*. Sure, Sir, said I, I have seen you at the Play-House. Upon which he smiled, and without satisfying me, as to that Point, walked directly forward, bidding me hop after him. I obeyed him, and soon found myself in *Warwick-Lane*; where *Mercury* making a full Stop, pointed at a particular House, where he bad me enquire for the Stage, and wishing me a good Journey, took his Leave, saying, he must go seek after other Customers.

I ARRIVED just as the Coach was setting out, and found I had no occasion for Enquiry :

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quiry : for every Person seemed to know my Business, the Moment I appeared at the Door: The Coachman told me, his Horses were to, but that he had no Place left ; however, tho' there were already six, the Passengers offered to make room for me. I thanked them, and ascended without much Ceremony. We immediately began our Journey, being seven in Number ; for as the Women wore no Hoops, three of them were but equal to two Men.

PERHAPS, Reader, thou may'st be pleased with an Account of this whole Equipage, as peradventure thou wilt not, while alive, see any such. The Coach was made by an eminent Toyman, who is well known to deal in immaterial Substance, that being the Matter of which it was compounded. The Work was so extremely fine, that it was entirely invisible to the human Eye. The Horses which drew this extraordinary Vehicle were all Spiritual, as well as the Passengers. They had, indeed, all died in the Service of a certain Post-Master; and as for the Coachman, who was a very thin Piece of immaterial Substance, he had the Honour, while alive, of driving the *Great Peter*, or *Peter* the

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the *Great*, in whose Service his Soul, as well
as Body, was almost starved to death.

SUCH was the Vehicle in which I set out,
and now those who are not willing to travel
on with me, may, if they please, stop here;
those who are, must proceed to the subsequent
Chapters, in which this Journey is continued.

C H A P. II.

*In which the Author first refutes some
idle Opinions concerning Spirits,
and then the Passengers relate their
several Deaths.*

IT is the common Opinion, that Spirits
like Owls can see in the dark; nay, and
can then most easily be perceived by others.
For which Reason, many Persons of good
Understanding, to prevent being terrified with
such Objects, usually keep a Candle burning
by them, that the Light may prevent their
seeing. Mr. *Locke*, in direct opposition to
this, hath not doubted to assert that you may
see

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see a Spirit in open Day-light full as well as in the darkeſt Night.

IT was very dark when we ſat out from the Inn, nor could we ſee any more than if every Soul of us had been alive. We had travelled a good way, before any one offered to open his Mouth: Indeed, moſt of the Company were faſt aſleep *: But as I could not cloſe my own Eyes, and perceived the Spirit, who ſat oppoſite me, to be likewise awake, I began to make Overtures of Con- verſation, by complaining *how dark it was.*
' And extremely cold too, answered my Fel-
' low-Traveller, tho' I thank God, as I have
' no Body, I feel no Inconvenience from it :
' But you will believe, Sir, that this froſty
' Air muſt ſeem very ſharp to one juſt iſſued
' forth out of an Oven : for ſuch was the
' inflamed Habitation I am lately departed
' from. How did you come to your End,
' Sir ? ſaid I. I was murdered, Sir, answered
' the Gentleman. I am ſurprized then, re-
' plied I, that you did not divert yourſelf
' by walking up and down, and playing
' ſome

* Thoſe who have read of the Gods ſleeping in *Homer*, will not be ſurprized at this happening to Spirits.

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‘ some merry Tricks with the Murderer.
 ‘ Oh, Sir, returned he, I had not that Pre-
 ‘ vilege, I was lawfully put to death. In
 ‘ short, a Physician set me on fire, by
 ‘ giving me Medicines to throw out my Dis-
 ‘ temper. I died of a hot Regimen, as they
 ‘ call it, in the Small Pox.

ONE of the Spirits at that Word started
 up, and cried out, ‘ The Small-Pox ! bless
 ‘ me ! I hope I am not in Company with
 ‘ that Distemper, which I have all my
 ‘ Life with such Caution avoided, and have
 ‘ so happily escaped hitherto !’ This Fright
 set all the Passengers who were awake
 into a loud Laughter ; and the Gentleman
 recollecting himself with some Confusion,
 and not without blushing, asked Pardon,
 crying, ‘ I protest I dreamt that I was alive.
 ‘ Perhaps, Sir, said I, you died of that Distem-
 ‘ per, which therefore made so strong an Im-
 ‘ pression on you. No, Sir, answered he, I
 ‘ never had it in my Life ; but the continual
 ‘ and dreadful Apprehension it kept me so
 ‘ long under, cannot I see be so immediately
 ‘ eradicated. You must know, Sir, I avoided
 ‘ coming to *London* for thirty Years together,
 ‘ for

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‘ for fear of the Small-Pox, till the most urgent Business brought me thither about five Days ago. I was so dreadfully afraid of this Disease, that I refused the second Night of my Arrival to sup with a Friend, whose Wife had recovered of it several Months before, and the same Evening got a Surfeit by eating too many Muscles, which brought me into this good Company.’

‘ I WILL lay a Wager, cried the Spirit, who sat next him, there is not one in the Coach able to guess my Distemper.’ I desired the Favour of him, to acquaint us with it, if it was so uncommon. ‘ Why, Sir, (said he) I died of Honour.’— Of Honour, Sir! repeated I, with some surprize. Yes, Sir, answered the Spirit, of Honour, for I was killed in a Duel.’

‘ FOR my Part, said a fair Spirit, I was inoculated last Summer, and had the good fortune to escape with a very few Marks in my Face. I esteemed myself now perfectly happy, as I imagined I had no Restraint to a full Enjoyment of the Divisions of the Town; but within a few days after my coming up, I caught cold
‘ by

‘ by over-dancing myself at a Ball, and last
 ‘ night died of a violent Fever.’

AFTER a short Silence, which now ensued, the fair Spirit who spoke last, it being now Day-light, addressed herself to a Female, who sat next her, and asked her to what Chance they owed the Happiness of her Company. She answered, she apprehended to a Consumption: But the Physicians were not agreed concerning her Distemper, for she left two of them in a very hot Dispute about it, when she came out of her Body. ‘ And pray, Madam, said the same Spirit, to the sixth Passenger; ‘ How came you to leave the other World?’ But that female Spirit screwing up her Mouth, answered, she wondered at the Curiosity of some People; that perhaps Persons had already heard some Reports of her Death, which were far from being true: That whatever was the Occasion of it, she was glad at being delivered from a World, in which she had no Pleasure, and where there was nothing but Nonsense and Impertinence; particularly among her own Sex, whose loose Conduct she had long been entirely ashamed of.

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THE beauteous Spirit perceiving her Question gave offence, pursued it no farther. She had indeed all the Sweetness and Good-humour, which are so extremely amiable (when found) in that Sex, which Tenderneſs moſt exquisitely becomes. Her Countenance diſplayed all the Cheerfulneſs, the Good-nature, and the Modeſty, which diffuſe ſuch Brightneſs round the Beauty of *Seraphina* *, awing every Beholder with Reſpect, and at the ſame time raviſhing him with Admiration. Had it not been indeed for our Converſation on the Small-Pox, I ſhould have imagined we had been honoured with her identical Preſence. This Opinion might have been heightened by the good Senſe ſhe uttered, whenever ſhe ſpoke; by the Delicacy of her Sentiments, and the Complacence of her Behaviour, together with a certain Dignity, which attended every Look, Word and Geſture; Qualities, which could not fail making an Impreſſion on a Heart † ſo capa-

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ble

* A particular Lady of Quality is meant here; but every Lady of Quality, or no Quality, are welcome to apply the Character to themſelves.

† We have before made an Apology for this Language, which we here repeat for the laſt time: Tho' the Heart may, we hope, be metaphorically uſed here with more Propriety, than when we apply thoſe Paſſions to the Body, which belong to the Soul.

ble of receiving it as mine, nor was she long in raising in me a very violent Degree of seraphic Love. I do not intend by this, that sort of Love which Men are very properly said to *make* to Women in the lower World, and which seldom lasts any longer than while it is *making*. I mean by seraphic Love, an extreme Delicacy and Tenderness of Friendship, of which my worthy Reader, if thou hast no Conception, as it is probable thou may'st not, my endeavour to instruct thee would be as fruitless, as it would be to explain the most difficult Problems of Sir *Isaac Newton*, to one ignorant of vulgar Arithmetic.

To return therefore to Matters comprehensible by all Understandings: The Discourse now turned on the Vanity, Folly, and Misery of the lower World, from which every Passenger in the Coach expressed the highest Satisfaction in being delivered: 'Tho' it was very remarkable, that notwithstanding the Joy we declared at our death, there was not one of us who did not mention the Accident which occasioned it as a Thing we would have avoided if we could. Nay, the very grave Lady herself, who was the forwardest,

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wardest in testifying her Delight, confest inadvertently, that she left a Physician by her Bed-side. And the Gentleman, who died of Honour, very liberally cursed both his Folly, and his Fencing. While we were entertaining ourselves with these Matters, on a sudden a most offensive Smell began to invade our Nostrils. This very much resembled the Savour, which Travellers, in Summer, perceive at their Approach to that beautiful Village of the *Hague*, arising from those delicious Canals, which, as they consist of standing Water, do at that time emit Odours greatly agreeable to a *Dutch* Taste, but not so pleasant to any other. Those Perfumes, with the Assistance of a fair Wind, begin to affect Persons of quick olfactory Nerves at a League's distance, and increase gradually as you approach. In the same manner, did the Smell I have just mentioned, more and more invade us, till one of the Spirits looking out of the Coach-Window, declared we were just arrived at a very large City; and indeed he had scarce said so, before we found ourselves in the Suburbs, and at the same time, the Coachman being asked by another, informed us, that the Name of this Place was *the City*

of Diseases. The Road to it was extremely smooth, and excepting the abovementioned Savour, delightfully pleasant. The Streets of the Suburbs were lined with Bagnio's, Taverns, and Cooks Shops; in the first we saw several beautiful Women, but in tawdry Dresses, looking out at the Windows; and in the latter, were visibly exposed all kinds of the richest Dainties: but on our entering the City, we found, contrary to all we had seen in the other World, that the Suburbs were infinitely pleasanter than the City itself. It was, indeed, a very dull, dark, and melancholy Place. Few People appeared in the Streets, and these, for the most part, were old Women, and here and there a formal grave Gentleman, who seemed to be thinking, with large Tie-wigs on, and amber-headed Canes in their Hands. We were all in hopes, that our Vehicle would not stop here; but to our sorrow, the Coach soon drove into an Inn, and we were obliged to alight.

C H A P. III.

*The Adventures we met with in the
City of Diseases.*

WE had not been long arrived in our Inn, where it seems we were to spend the Remainder of the Day, before our Host acquainted us, that it was customary for all Spirits, in their Passage through that City, to pay their Respects to that Lady *Disease*, to whose Assistance they had owed their Deliverance from the lower World. We answered, we should not fail in any Complacence, which was usual to others; upon which our Host replied, he would immediately send Porters to conduct us. He had not long quitted the Room, before we were attended by some of those grave Persons, whom I have before described in large Tie-Wigs, with amber-readed Canes. These Gentlemen are the Ticket-Porters in this City, and their Canes are the *Insignia*, or Tickets denoting their Office. We informed them of the several Ladies, to whom we were obliged, and were preparing to follow them, when on a sudden they all stared at one another,

and left us in a Hurry, with a Frown on every Countenance. We were surprized at this Behaviour, and presently summoned the Host, who was no sooner acquainted with it, than he burst into a hearty Laugh, and told us the Reason was, because we did not see the Gentlemen the moment they came in, according to the Custom of the Place. We answered with some Confusion, we had brought nothing with us from the other World, which we had been all our Lives informed was not lawful to do. ‘No, no, Master, replied the Host, I am apprized of that, and indeed it was my Fault. I should have first sent you to my Lord * *Scrape*; who would have supplied you with what you want.’ My Lord *Scrape* supply us! said I, with Astonishment: Sure you must know we cannot give him Security; and I am convinced he never lent a Shilling without it in his Life.’ No, Sir, answered the Host, and for that Reason he is obliged to do it here, where he is sentenced to keep a Bank, and to distribute Money *gratis* to all Passengers. This Bank originally consisted of
‘just

* That we may mention it once for all, in the panyryrical Part of this Work, some particular Person is always meant, but in the satirical no body.

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‘just that Sum, which he had miserably
‘hoarded up in the other World, and he is
‘to perceive it decrease visibly one Shilling a
‘day, ’till it is totally exhausted ; after which,
‘he is to return to the other World, and per-
‘form the Part of a Miser for seventy Years,
‘then being purified in the Body of a Hog,
‘he is to enter the human Species again, and
‘take a second Trial.’ Sir, said I, you tell me
‘Wonders: But, if his Bank be to decrease
‘only a Shilling a day, how can he furnish all
‘Passengers?’ The rest, answered the Host, is
‘supplied again ; but in a manner, which I
‘cannot easily explain to you.’ I apprehend,
‘said I, this Distribution of his Money is in-
‘flicted on him as a Punishment ; but I do not
‘see how it can answer that end, when he
‘knows it is to be restored him again. Would
‘it not serve the Purpose as well, if he parted
‘only with the single Shilling, which it seems is
‘all he is really to lose?’ Sir, cries the Host,
‘when you observe the Agonies with which
‘he parts with every Guinea, you will be
‘of another opinion. No Prisoner condemn-
‘ed to Death ever begged so heartily for
‘Transportation, as he, when he received his
‘Sentence, did to go to Hell, provided he

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‘ might carry his Money with him. But you
 ‘ will know more of these Things, when
 ‘ you arrive at the upper World; and now, if
 ‘ you please, I will attend you to my Lord’s,
 ‘ who is obliged to supply you with what-
 ‘ ever you desire.’

WE found his Lordship sitting at the upper End of a Table, on which was an immense Sum of Money, disposed in several Heaps, every one of which would have purchased the Honour of some Patriots, and the Chastity of some Prudes. The moment he saw us, he turned pale, and sighed, as well apprehending our Business. Mine Host accosted him with a familiar Air, which at first surprized me, who so well remembered the Respect I had formerly seen paid this Lord, by Men infinitely superiour in Quality to the Person who now saluted him in the following manner: ‘ Here you, Lord, and be
 ‘ dam—d to your little sneaking Soul, tell
 ‘ out your Money, and supply your Betters
 ‘ with what they want. Be quick, Sirrah, or
 ‘ I’ll fetch the Beadle to you. Don’t fancy
 ‘ yourself in the lower World again, with
 ‘ your Privilege at your A—.’ He then
 shook

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shook a Cane at his Lordship, who immediately began to tell out his Money with the same miserable Air and Face, which the Miser on our Stage wears, while he delivers his Bank-bills. This affected some of us so much, that we had certainly returned with no more than what would have been sufficient to fee the Porters, had not our Host, perceiving our Compassion, begged us not to spare a Fellow, who in the midst of immense Wealth had always refused the least Contribution to Charity. Our Hearts were hardened with this Reflection, and we all filled our Pockets with his Money. I remarked a poetical Spirit in particular, who swore he would have a hearty Gripe at him: 'For, says he, the Rascal not only refused to subscribe to my Works; but sent back my Letter unanswered, tho' I'm a better Gentleman than himself.'

WE now returned from this miserable Object, greatly admiring the Propriety, as well as Justice of his Punishment, which consisted, as our Host informed us, merely in the delivering forth his Money; and he observed we could not wonder at the Pain this gave him

him, since it was as reasonable that the bare parting with Money should make him miserable, as that the bare having Money without using it should have made him happy.

OTHER Tie-wig Porters, (for those we had summoned before refused to *visit* us again) now attended us; and we having feed them the instant they entered the Room, according to the Instructions of our Host, they bowed and smiled, and offered to introduce us to whatever Disease we pleased.

WE sat out several Ways, as we were all to pay our Respects to different Ladies. I directed my Porter to shew me to the *Fever on the Spirits*, being the Disease which had delivered me from the Flesh. My Guide and I traversed many Streets, and knocked at several Doors, but to no purpose. At one we were told, lived the *Consumption*; at another, the *Maladie Alamode*, a French Lady; at the third, the *Dropsy*; at the fourth, the *Rheumatism*; at the fifth, *Intemperance*; at the sixth, *Misfortune*. I was tired, and had exhausted my Patience, and almost my Purse; for I gave my Porter a new Fee at every Blunder he made: when my Guide, with a solemn Countenance,

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tenance, told me, *he could do no more*; and marched off without any farther Ceremony.

HE was no sooner gone, than I met another Gentleman with a Ticket, *i. e.* an amber-headed Cane in his Hand. I first fee'd him, and then acquainted him with the Name of the Disease. He cast himself for two or three Minutes into a thoughtful Posture, then pulled a piece of Paper out of his Pocket, on which he writ something in one of the oriental Languages, I believe; for I could not read a Syllable: he bad me carry it to such a particular Shop, and telling me *it would do my Business*, he took his Leave.

SECURE, as I now thought myself of my Direction, I went to the Shop, which very much resembled an Apothecary's. The Person who officiated, having read the Paper, took down about twenty different Jars, and pouring something out of every one of them, made a mixture, which he delivered to me in a Bottle, having first tied a Paper round the Neck of it, on which were written three or four Words, the last containing eleven Syllables. I mentioned the Name of the Disease

ease I wanted to find out ; but received no other answer, than that he had done as he was ordered, and the Drugs were excellent.

I BEGAN now to be enraged, and quitting the Shop with some anger in my Countenance, I intended to find out my Inn : but meeting in the way a Porter, whose Countenance had in it something more pleasing than ordinary, I resolved to try once more, and clapt a Fee into his Hand. As soon as I mentioned the Disease to him, he laughed heartily, and told me I had been imposed on : for in reality, no such Disease was to be found in that City. He then enquired into the Particulars of my Case, and was no sooner acquainted with them, than he informed me that the *Maladie Alamode* was the Lady, to whom I was obliged. I thanked him, and immediately went to pay my Respects to her.

THE House, or rather Palace, of this Lady, was one of the most beautiful and magnificent in the City. The Avenue to it was planted with Sycamore Trees, with Beds of Flowers on each side ; it was extremely pleasant, but short. I was conducted through

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a magnificent Hall, adorned with several Statues and Bustoes, most of them maimed, whence I concluded them all to be true Antiques; but was informed they were the Figures of several modern Heroes, who had died Martyrs to her Ladyship's Cause. I next mounted through a large painted Stair-Case, where several Persons were depicted in Caracatura; and upon enquiry, was told they were the Portraits of those who had distinguished themselves against the Lady in the lower World. I suppose, I should have known the Faces of many Physicians and Surgeons, had they not been so violently distorted by the Painter. Indeed, he had exerted so much Malice in his Work, that I believe he had himself received some particular Favours from the Lady of this Mansion: It is difficult to conceive a Groupe of stranger Figures. I then entered a long Room hung round with the Pictures of Women of such exact Shapes and Features, that I should have thought my self in a Gallery of Beauties, had not a certain fallow Paleness in their Complexions given me a more distasteful Idea. Through this, I proceeded to a second Apartment, adorned, if I may so call it, with the Figures
of

of old Ladies. Upon my seeming to admire at this Furniture, the Servant told me with a Smile, that these had been very good Friends of his Lady, and had done her eminent service in the lower World. I immediately recollected the Faces of one or two of my Acquaintance, who had formerly kept Bagnio's: but was very much surprized to see the Resemblance of a Lady of great Distinction in such Company. The Servant, upon my mentioning this, made no other Answer than that his Lady had Pictures of all degrees.

I WAS now introduced into the Presence of the Lady herself. She was a thin, or rather meagre Person, very wan in the Countenance, had no Nose, and many Pimples in her Face. She offered to rise at my entrance, but could not stand. After many Compliments, much Congratulation on her side, and the most fervent Expressions of Gratitude on mine, she asked me many Questions concerning the Situation of her Affairs in the lower World; most of which I answered to her intire Satisfaction. At last with a kind of forced Smile, she said, I suppose the *Pill* and

Ch. 3. *this World to the next, &c.* 31

and *Drop* go on swimmingly. I told her, they were reported to have done great Cures. She replied, she could apprehend no danger from any Person, who was not of regular Practice; for however simple Mankind are, said she, or however afraid they are of Death, they prefer dying in a regular manner to being cured by a *Nostrum*. She then exprest great pleasure at the Account I gave her of the *Beau-Monde*. She said, she had, herself, removed the Hundreds of *Drury* to the Hundreds of *Charing-Cross*, and was very much delighted to find they had spread into *St. James's*; That she imputed this chiefly to several of her dear and worthy Friends, who had lately published their excellent Works, endeavouring to extirpate all Notions of Religion and Virtue; and particularly to the deserving Author of the *Batchelor's Estimate*, to whom, said she, if I had not reason to think he was a Surgeon, and had therefore written from mercenary Views, I could never sufficiently own my Obligations. She spoke likewise greatly in approbation of the Method so generally used by Parents, of marrying Children very young, and without the least affection between the

Parties; and concluded by saying, that if these Fashions continued to spread, she doubted not, but she should shortly be the only Disease who would ever receive a Visit from any Person of considerable Rank.

WHILE we were discoursing, her three Daughters entered the Room. They were all called by *hard Names*, the eldest was named * *Lepra*, the second *Chæras*, and the third *Scorbutia*. They were all genteel, but ugly. I could not help observing the little respect they paid their Parent; which the old Lady remarking in my Countenance, as soon as they quitted the Room, which soon happened, acquainted me with her Unhappiness in her Offspring, every one of which had the confidence to deny themselves to be her Children, though she said she had been a very indulgent Mother, and had plentifully provided for them all. As Family Complaints generally as much tire the Hearer, as they relieve him who makes them, when I found her launching farther into this Subject, I resolved to put an end to my Visit; the

* These Ladies, I believe, by their Names, presided over the *Leprosy*, *King's-Evil*, and *Scurvy*.

Ch.4. *this World to the next, &c.* 33

and taking my leave, with many Thanks for the Favour she had done me, I returned to the Inn, where I found my Fellow-Travel-
lers just mounting into their Vehicle. I shook hands with my Host, and accompanied them into the Coach, which immediately after proceeded on its Journey.

CH A P. IV.

Discourses on the Road, and a Description of the Palace of Death.

WE were all silent for some Minutes, till being well shaken into our several Seats, I opened my Mouth first, and related what had happened to me after our Separation in the City we had just left. The rest of the Company, except the grave female Spirit, whom our Reader may remember to have refused giving an Account of the Distemper, which occasioned her Dissolution, did the same. It might be tedious to relate these at large, we shall therefore only mention a very remarkable Inveteracy, which the *Surfeit* declared to all the other Diseases, especially to

34 *A JOURNEY from* Book I.

the Fever, who she said, by the Roguery of the Porters, received Acknowledgements from numberless Passengers, which were due to herself. ‘ Indeed (says she) those *cane-headed* ‘ Fellows (for so she called them, alluding, I ‘ suppose, to their Ticket) are constantly ‘ making such Mistakes : there is no Gratitude ‘ in those Fellows; for I am sure they have ‘ greater Obligations to me, than to any other ‘ Disease, except the Vapours.’ These Relations were no sooner over, than one of the Company informed us, we were approaching to the most noble Building he had ever beheld, and which we learnt from our Coachman, was the *Palace of Death*. Its Outside, indeed, appeared extremely magnificent. Its Structure was of the Gothic Order: vast beyond Imagination, the whole Pile consisting of black Marble. Rows of immense Yews form an Amphitheatre round it of such Height and Thickness, that no Ray of the Sun ever perforates this Grove; where black eternal Darkness would reign, was it not excluded by innumerable Lamps, which are placed in Pyramids round the Grove. So that the distant Reflection they cast on the Palace, which is plentifully gilt with Gold on the outside,

Ch. 4. *this World to the next, &c.* 35

outside, is inconceivably solemn. To this I may add, the hollow Murmur of Winds constantly heard from the Grove, and the very remote Sound of roaring Waters. Indeed, every Circumstance seems to conspire to fill the Mind with Horrour and Consternation as we approach to this Palace. Which we had scarce time to admire, before our Vehicle stopped at the Gate, and we were desired to alight in order to pay our Respects to his most mortal Majesty, (this being the Title which it seems he assumes.) The outward Court was all full of Soldiers, and, indeed, the whole very much resembled the State of an earthly Monarch, only more magnificent. We past through several Courts, into a vast Hall, which led to a spacious Stair-case, at the bottom of which stood two Pages, with very grave Countenances; whom I recollected afterwards to have formerly been very eminent Undertakers, and were in reality the only dismal Faces I saw here: for this Palace, so awful and tremendous without, is all gay and spritely within, so that we soon lost all those dismal and gloomy Ideas we had contracted in approaching it. Indeed, the still Silence maintained among the Guards and Attendants

resembled rather the stately Pomp of Eastern Courts, but there was on every Face such Symptoms of Content and Happiness, that diffused an Air of Cheerfulness all round. We ascended the Stair-case, and past through many noble Apartments, whose Walls were adorned with various Battle-pieces in Tapisstry, and which we spent some time in observing. These brought to my mind those beautiful ones I had in my Life-time seen at *Blenheim*, nor could I prevent my Curiosity from enquiring where the Duke of *Marlborough's* Victories were placed; (for I think they were almost the only Battles of any Eminence I had read of, which I did not meet with :) when the Skeleton of a Beef-eater shaking his Head, told me, a certain Gentleman, one *Lewis* the 14th, who had great Interest with his most mortal Majesty, had prevented any such from being hung up there; besides, (says he) his Majesty, hath no great Respect for that Duke, for he never sent him a Subject, he could keep from him, nor did he ever get a single Subject by his means, but he lost 1000 others for him. We found the Presence-Chamber, at our Entrance, very full, and a Buz ran through it, as in all Assemblies before'

Ch.4. *this World to the next, &c.* 37

before the principal Figure enters: for his Majesty was not yet come out. At the bottom of the Room were two Persons in close Conference, one with a square black Cap on his Head, and the other with a Robe embroidered with Flames of Fire. These, I was informed, were a Judge long since dead, and an Inquisitor-General. I overheard them disputing with great Eagerness, whether the one had hanged, or the other burnt the most. While I was listening to this Dispute, which seemed to be in no likelihood of a speedy Decision, the Emperor entered the Room, and placed himself between two Figures, one of which was remarkable for the Roughness, and the other for the Beauty of his Appearance. These were, it seems, *Charles* the 12th of *Sweden*, and *Alexander* of *Macedon*. I was at too great a Distance to hear any of the Conversation, so could only satisfy my Curiosity by contemplating the several Personages present, of whose Names I informed myself by a Page, who looked as pale and meagre as any Court Page in the other World, but was somewhat more modest. He shewed me here two or three *Turkish* Emperors, to whom his most mortal Majesty seemed to

express much Civility. Here were likewise several of the *Roman* Emperors, among whom none seemed so much carested as *Caligula*, on account, as the Page told me, of his *pious* Wish, that he could send all the *Romans* hither at one blow. The Reader may be perhaps surprized, that I saw no Physicians here ; as, indeed, I was myself till informed that they were all departed to the City of Diseases, where they were busy in an Experiment to purge away the Immortality of the Soul.

It would be tedious to recollect the many Individuals I saw here : but I cannot omit a fat Figure well drest in the *French* Fashion, who was received with extraordinary Complacence by the Emperor, and whom I imagined to be *Lewis* the 14th himself ; but the Page acquainted me he was a celebrated *French* Cook.

WE were at length introduced to the Royal Presence, and had the Honour to kiss Hands. His Majesty asked us a few Questions, not very material to relate, and soon after retired.

WHEN

Ch. 5. *this World to the next, &c.* 39

WHEN we returned into the Yard, we found our Caravan ready to set out, at which we all declared ourselves well pleased; for we were sufficiently tired with the Formality of a Court, notwithstanding its outward Splendor and Magnificence.

C H A P. V.

The Travellers proceed on their Journey, and meet several Spirits, who are coming into the Flesh.

WE now came to the Banks of the great River *Cocytus*, where we quitted our Vehicle, and past the Water in a Boat, after which we were obliged to travel on foot the rest of our Journey; and now we met, for the first time, several Passengers travelling to the World we had left, who informed us they were Souls going into the Flesh.

THE two first we met were walking Arm in Arm in very close and friendly Conference; they informed us, that one of them was in-

40 *A JOURNEY from* Book 1.

tended for a Duke, and the other for a Hackney Coachman. As we had not yet arrived at the Place where we were to deposite our Passions, we were all surprized at the Familiarity, which subsisted between Persons of such different Degrees, nor could the grave Lady help expressing her Astonishment at it. The future Coachman then replied with a Laugh, that they had exchanged Lots: for that the Duke had with his Dukedom drawn a Shrew of a Wife, and the Coachman only a single State.

As we proceeded on our Journey, we met a solemn Spirit walking alone with great Gravity in his Countenance: our Curiosity invited us, notwithstanding his Reserve, to ask what Lot he had drawn. He answered with a Smile, he was to have the Reputation of a wise Man with 100000 *l.* in his Pocket, and that he was practicing the Solemnity, which he was to act in the other World.

A LITTLE farther we met a Company of very merry Spirits, whom we imagined by their Mirth to have drawn some mighty Lot, but
on

Ch. 5. *this World to the next, &c.* 41

on enquiry, they informed us they were to be Beggars.

THE farther we advanced, the greater Numbers we met, and now we discovered two large Roads leading different Ways, and of very different Appearance; the one all craggy with Rocks, full as it seemed of boggy Grounds, and every where beset with Briars, so that it was impossible to pass through it without the utmost Danger and Difficulty; the other, the most delightful imaginable, leading through the most verdant Meadows, painted and perfumed with all kinds of beautiful Flowers; in short, the most wanton Imagination could imagine nothing more lovely. Notwithstanding which, we were surprized to see great Numbers crouding into the former, and only one or two solitary Spirits chusing the latter. On enquiry we were acquainted that the bad Road was the way to *Greatness*, and the other to *Goodness*. When we express our surprize at the Preference given to the former, we were acquainted that it was chosen for the sake of the Music of Drums and Trumpets, and the perpetual Acclamations of the Mob; with which, those
who

42 *A JOURNEY from Book i.*

who travelled this way, were constantly saluted. We were told likewise, that there were several noble Palaces to be seen, and lodged in on this Road, by those who had past through the Difficulties of it, (which indeed many were not able to surmount) and great Quantities of all sorts of Treasure to be found in it ; whereas the other had little inviting more than the Beauty of the way, scarce a handsome Building, save one greatly resembling a certain House by the *Bath*, to be seen during that whole Journey; and lastly, that it was thought very scandalous and mean-spirited to travel through this, and as highly honourable and noble to pass by the other.

WE now heard a violent Noise, when casting our Eyes forwards, we perceived a vast Number of Spirits advancing in pursuit of one, whom they mocked and insulted with all kinds of Scorn. I cannot give my Reader a more adequate Idea of this Scene, than by comparing it to an *English* Mob conducting a Pick-pocket to the Water; or by supposing that an incensed Audience at a Play-house had unhappily possess'd themselves of the
miserable

Ch. 5. *this World to the next, &c.* 43

miserable damned Poet. Some laughed, some hiss'd, some squawled, some groaned, some bawled, some spit at him, some threw dirt at him. It was impossible not to ask who or what the wretched Spirit was, whom they treated in this barbarous manner ; when, to our great Surprise, we were informed that it was a King : we were likewise told, that this manner of Behaviour was usual among the Spirits, to those who drew the Lots of Emperors, Kings, and other great Men, not from Envy or Anger, but mere Derision and Contempt of earthly Grandeur : That nothing was more common, than for those who had drawn these great Prizes, (as to us they seem'd) to exchange them with Taylors and Coblers ; and that *Alexander the Great* and *Diogenes* had formerly done so ; he that was afterwards *Diogenes* having originally fallen on the Lot of *Alexander*.

AND now on a sudden, the Mockery ceased, and the King Spirit having obtained a Hearing, began to speak as follows : for we were now near enough to hear him distinctly.

‘ GENTLEMEN,

‘ GENTLEMEN,

‘ I AM justly surprized at your treating me
 ‘ in this manner ; since whatever Lot I have
 ‘ drawn, I did not chuse : if therefore it be
 ‘ worthy of Derision, you should compas-
 ‘ sionate me, for it might have fallen to any
 ‘ of your shares. I know in how low a
 ‘ Light the Station to which Fate hath as-
 ‘ signed me is considered here, and that,
 ‘ when Ambition doth not support it, it be-
 ‘ comes generally so intolerable, that there is
 ‘ scarce any other Condition for which it is
 ‘ not gladly exchanged : for what Portion, in
 ‘ the World to which we are going, is so
 ‘ miserable as that of Care ? Should I there-
 ‘ fore consider my self as become by this
 ‘ Lot essentially your Superiour, and of a
 ‘ higher Order of Being than the rest of my
 ‘ Fellow-Creatures : Should I foolishly ima-
 ‘ gine my self without Wisdom superiour to
 ‘ the Wise, without Knowledge to the Learn-
 ‘ ed, without Courage to the Brave, and with-
 ‘ out Goodness and Virtue to the Good and
 ‘ Virtuous ; surely so preposterous, so absurd
 ‘ a Pride, would justly render me the Object
 ‘ of Ridicule. But far be it from me to en-

Ch.5. *this World to the next, &c.* 45

‘ertain it. And yet, Gentlemen, I prize
‘the Lot I have drawn, nor would I ex-
‘change it with any of your’s, seeing it is in
‘my eye so much greater than the rest.
‘Ambition, which I own my self possess of,
‘teaches me this. Ambition, which makes
‘me covet Praise, assures me, that I shall en-
‘joy a much larger Proportion of it than can
‘fall within your power either to deserve or
‘obtain. I am then superiour to you all,
‘when I am able to do more good, and when
‘I execute that Power. What the Father
‘is to the Son, the Guardian to the Orphan,
‘or the Patron to his Client, that am I to
‘you. You are my Children, to whom I will
‘be a Father, a Guardian, and a Patron.
‘Not one Evening in my long Reign (for so
‘it is to be) will I repose my self to rest,
‘without the glorious, the heart-warming Con-
‘fideration, that thousands that Night owe
‘their sweetest Rest to me. What a delici-
‘ous Fortune is it to him whose strongest Ap-
‘petite is doing good, to have every day the
‘Opportunity and the Power of satisfying it !
‘If such a Man hath Ambition, how happy
‘is it for him to be seated so on high, that
‘every Act blazes abroad, and attracts to him
‘Praises

46 *A JOURNEY from* Book I.

‘ Praises tainted with neither Sarcasm nor
 ‘ Adulation ; but such as the nicest and most
 ‘ delicate Mind may relish ? Thus therefore,
 ‘ while you derive your Good from me,
 ‘ I am your Superiour. If to my strict Di-
 ‘ stribution of Justice you owe the Safety of
 ‘ your Property from domestic Enemies : If
 ‘ by my Vigilance and Valour you are pro-
 ‘ tected from foreign Foes : If by my Encou-
 ‘ ragement of genuine Industry, every Science,
 ‘ every Art which can embellish or sweeten
 ‘ Life is produced and flourishes among you ;
 ‘ will any of you be so insensible or ungrate-
 ‘ ful, as to deny Praise and Respect to him, by
 ‘ whose Care and Conduct you enjoy these
 ‘ Blessings ? I wonder not at the Censure
 ‘ which so frequently falls on those in my Sta-
 ‘ tion : but I wonder that those in my Station so
 ‘ frequently deserve it. What strange Perverse-
 ‘ ness of Nature ! What wanton Delight in
 ‘ Mischief must taint his Composition, who
 ‘ prefers Danger, Difficulty and Disgrace, by do-
 ‘ ing evil, to Safety, Ease and Honour, by doing
 ‘ good ? who refuses Happiness in the other
 ‘ World, and Heaven in this, for Misery there,
 ‘ and Hell here ? But be assured, my Intentions
 ‘ are different. I shall always endeavour the
 ‘ Ease

Ch.6. *this World to the next, &c.* 47

‘Ease, the Happiness, and the Glory of my
‘People, being confident that by so doing, I
‘take the most certain Method of procuring
‘them all to my self.’—He then struck directly into the Road of *Goodness*, and received such a Shout of Applause, as I never remember to have heard equalled.

HE was gone a little way, when a Spirit limped after him, swearing he would fetch him back. This Spirit, I was presently informed, was one who had drawn the Lot of his Prime Minister.

C H A P. VI.

*An Account of the Wheel of Fortune,
with a Method of preparing a Spirit
for this World.*

WE now proceeded on our Journey, without staying to see whether he fulfilled his Word or no; and without encountering any thing worth mentioning, came to the Place where the Spirits on their Pas-

48 *A JOURNEY from* Book I.

sage to the other World were obliged to decide by Lot the Station in which every one was to act there. Here was a monstrous Wheel, infinitely larger than those in which I had formerly seen Lottery Tickets deposited. This was called the WHEEL OF FORTUNE. The Goddess herself was present. She was one of the most deformed Females I ever beheld; nor could I help observing the Frowns she exprest when any beautiful Spirit of her own Sex passed by her, nor the Affability which smiled in her Countenance on the Approach of any handsome Male Spirits. Hence I accounted for the Truth of an Observation I had often made on Earth, that nothing is more fortunate than handsome Men, nor more unfortunate than handsome Women. The Reader may be perhaps pleased with an Account of the whole Method of equipping a Spirit for his Entrance into the Flesh.

FIRST then, he receives from a very sage Person, whose Look much resembled that of an Apothecary, (his Warehouse likewise bearing an affinity to an Apothecary's Shop) a small Phial inscribed, *THE PATHETIC POTION, to be taken just before you are born.*
This

Ch. 6. *this World to the next, &c.* 49

This Potion is a Mixture of all the Passions, but in no exact Proportion, so that sometimes one predominates and sometimes another; nay, often in the hurry of making up, one particular Ingredient is as we were informed left out. The Spirit receiveth at the same time another Medicine called the NOUS-PHORIC DECOCTION, of which he is to drink *ad Libitum*. This Decoction is an Extract from the Faculties of the Mind, sometimes extremely strong and spirituous, and sometimes altogether as weak: for very little Care is taken in the Preparation. This Decoction is so extremely bitter and unpleasant, that notwithstanding its Wholesomeness, several Spirits will not be persuaded to swallow a Drop of it; but throw it away, or give it to any other who will receive it: by which means some who were not disgusted by the Nauseousness, drank double and treble Portions. I observed a beautiful young Female, who tasting it immediately from Curiosity, screwed up her Face and cast it from her with great disdain, whence advancing presently to the Wheel, she drew a Coronet, which she clapped up so eagerly, that I could not distinguish the Degree; and indeed, I

observed several of the same Sex, after a very small sip, throw the Bottles away.

As soon as the Spirit is dismissed by the Operator, or Apothecary, he is at liberty to approach the Wheel, where he hath a Right to extract a single Lot: but those whom Fortune favours, she permits sometimes secretly to draw three or four. I observed a comical kind of Figure who drew forth a Handful, which when he opened, were a Bishop, a General, a Privy-Counsellor, a Player and a Poet Latreate, and returning the three first, he walked off smiling with the two last.

EVERY single Lot contained two or more Articles, which were generally disposed so as to render the Lots as equal as possible to each other.

On one was written *Earl,*
 Riches,
 Health,
 Disquietude.

On

Ch. 6. *this World to the next, &c.* 51

On another, *Cobler,*
 Sickness,
 Good-Humour.

On a Third, *Poet,*
 Contempt,
 Self-Satisfaction.

On a Fourth, *General,*
 Honour,
 Discontent.

On a Fifth, *Cottage,*
 Happy-Love.

On a Sixth, *Coach and Six,*
 Impotent jealous Husband.

On a Seventh, *Prime-Minister,*
 Disgrace.

On an Eighth, *Patriot,*
 Glory.

On a Ninth. *Philosopher,*
 Poverty,
 Ease.

On a Tenth, *Merchant,*
 Riches,
 Care.

And indeed the whole seemed to contain such a Mixture of Good and Evil, that it would have puzzled me which to chuse. I must not omit here, that in every Lot was directed, whether the Drawer should marry or remain in Celibacy, the married Lots being all marked with a large Pair of Horns.

WE were obliged, before we quitted this Place, to take each of us an Emetic from the Apothecary, which immediately purged us of all our earthly Passions, and presently the Cloud forsook our Eyes, as it doth those of *Æneas* in *Virgil* when removed by *Venus*, and we discerned Things in a much clearer Light than before. We began to compassionate those Spirits who were making their Entry into the Flesh, whom we had till then secretly envied, and to long eagerly for those delightful Plains which now opened themselves to our Eyes, and to which we now hastened with the utmost Eagerness. On our way,

Ch. 7. *this World to the next, &c.* 53

way, we met with several Spirits with very dejected Countenances: but our Expedition would not suffer us to ask any Questions.

At length, we arrived at the Gate of *Elyſium*. Here was a prodigious Croud of Spirits waiting for Admittance, some of whom were admitted and some were rejected: for all were ſtrictly examined by the Porter, whom I ſoon diſcovered to be the celebrated Judge *Minos*.

C H A P. VII.

The Proceedings of Judge Minos, at the Gate of Elyſium.

I Now got near enough to the Gate, to hear the ſeveral Claims of thoſe who endeavoured to paſs. The firſt, among other Pretensions, ſet forth, that he had been very liberal to an Hoſpital; but *Minos* answered, *Oſtentation*, and repulſed him. The ſecond exhibited, that he had conſtantly frequented his Church, been a rigid Obſerver of Faſt-

54 *A JOURNEY from* Book I.

Days. He likewise represented the great Animosity he had shewn to Vice in others, which never escaped his severest Censure; and as to his own Behaviour, he had never been once guilty of Whoring, Drinking, Gluttony, or any other Excess. He said, he had disinherited his Son for getting a Bastard.—Have you so, said *Minos*, then pray return into the other World and beget another; for such an unnatural Rascal shall never pass this Gate. A dozen others, who had advanced with very confident Countenances, seeing him rejected, turned about of their own accord, declaring, if he could not pass, they had no Expectation, and accordingly they followed him back to Earth; which was the Fate of all who were repulsed, they being obliged to take a farther Purification, unless those who were guilty of some very heinous Crimes, who were hustled in at a little back Gate, whence they tumbled immediately into the Bottomless Pit.

THE next Spirit that came up, declared, he had done neither Good nor Evil in the World: for that since his Arrival at Man's Estate, he had spent his whole Time in search of
of

Ch.7. *this World to the next, &c.* 55

of Curiosities; and particularly in the Study of Butterflies, of which he had collected an immense Number. *Minos* made him no Answer, but with great Scorn pushed him back.

THERE now advanced a very beautiful Spirit indeed. She began to ogle *Minos* the moment she saw him. She said, she hoped there was some Merit in refusing a great Number of Lovers, and dying a Maid, tho' she had had the Choice of a hundred. *Minos* told her she had not refused enow yet, and turned her back.

SHE was succeeded by a Spirit, who told the Judge, he believed his Works would speak for him. What Works? answered *Minos*. My Dramatic Works, replied the other, which have done so much Good in recommending Virtue and punishing Vice.—Very well, said the Judge, if you please to stand by, the first Person who passes the Gate, by your means, shall carry you in with him: but if you will take my Advice, I think, for Expedition sake, you had better return and live another Life upon Earth. The Bard grumbled at this, and replied, that besides

his Poetical Works, he had done some other good Things: for that he had once lent the whole Profits of a Benefit Night to a Friend, and by that Means had saved him and his Family from Destruction. Upon this, the Gate flew open, and *Minos* desired him to walk in, telling him, if he had mentioned this at first, he might have spared the Remembrance of his Plays. The Poet answered, he believed, if *Minos* had read his Works, he would set a higher Value on them. He was then beginning to repeat, but *Minos* pushed him forward, and turning his Back to him, applied himself to the next Passenger; a very genteel Spirit, who made a very low Bow to *Minos*, and then threw himself into an erect Attitude, and imitated the Motion of taking Snuff with his right Hand.—*Minos* asked him, what he had to say for himself? He answered, he would dance a Minuet with any Spirit in *Elysium*: that he could likewise perform all his other Exercises very well, and hoped he had in his Life deserved the Character of a perfect *fine Gentleman*. *Minos* replied, it would be great pity to rob the World of so *fine a Gentleman*, and therefore desired him to take the other

Trip.

Ch. 7. *this World to the next, &c.* 57

Trip. The Beau bowed, thanked the Judge, and said he desired no better. Several Spirits expressed much Astonishment at this his Satisfaction; but we were afterwards informed, he had not taken the Emetic above mentioned.

A MISERABLE old Spirit now crawled forwards, whose Face I thought I had formerly seen near *Westminster-Abbey*. He entertained *Minos* with a long Harangue of what he had done *when in the House*; and then proceeded to inform him how much he was worth, without attempting to produce a single Instance of any one good Action. *Minos* stopt the Career of his Discourse, and acquainted him, he must take a Trip back again.—What, to S——House, said the Spirit in an Extasy? But the Judge without making him any Answer, turned to another, who with a very solemn Air and great Dignity, acquainted him, he was a Duke.—To the Right about, Mr. Duke, cried *Minos*, you are infinitely too great a Man for *Elysium*; and then giving him a Kick on the B——ch, he addressed himself to a Spirit, who with Fear and Trembling begged he might not go to the Bottomless Pit: he said, he hoped

Minos

Minos would consider, that tho' he had gone astray, he had suffered for it, that it was Necessity which drove him to the Robbery of eighteen Pence, which he had committed, and for which he was hanged: that he had done some good Actions in his Life, that he had supported an aged Parent with his Labour, that he had been a very tender Husband and a kind Father, and that he had ruined himself by being Bail for his Friend. At which Words the Gate opened, and *Minos* bid him enter, giving him a slap on the Back as he past by him.

A GREAT Number of Spirits now came forwards, who all declared they had the same Claim, and that the Captain should speak for them. He acquainted the Judge, that they had been all slain in the Service of their Country. *Minos* was going to admit them, but had the Curiosity to ask who had been the Invader, in order, as he said, to prepare the back Gate for him. The Captain answered, they had been the Invaders themselves, that they had entered the Enemies Country, and burnt and plundered several Cities.—And for what Reason? said *Minos*.—By the Command
of

Ch. 7. *this World to the next, &c.* 59

of him who paid us, said the Captain, that is the Reason of a Soldier. We are to execute whatever we are commanded, or we should be a Disgrace to the Army, and very little deserve our Pay. You are brave Fellows indeed, said *Minos*, but be pleased to face about, and obey my Command for once, in returning back to the other World: for what should such Fellows as you do, where there are no Cities to be burnt, nor People to be destroy'd? But let me advise you to have a stricter Regard to Truth for the future, and not call the depopulating other Countries the Service of your own. The Captain answered, in a Rage, D——n me, do you give me the Lye? and was going to take *Minos* by the Nose, had not his Guards prevented him, and immediately turned him and all his Followers back the same Road they came.

Four Spirits informed the Judge, that they had been starved to death through Poverty; being the Father, Mother, and two Children. That they had been honest, and as industrious as possible, till Sickness had prevented the Man from Labour. — All that is very true, cried a grave Spirit, who stood

stood by : I know the Fact ; for these poor People were under my Cure.—You was, I suppose, the Parson of the Parish, cries *Minos*; I hope you had a good Living, Sir. That was but a small one, replied the Spirit : but I had another a little better.—Very well, said *Minos*, let the poor People pass.—At which the Parson was stepping forwards with a stately Gait before them ; but *Minos* caught hold of him, and pulled him back, saying, Not so fast, Doctor ; you must take one step more into the other World first ; for no Man enters that Gate without Charity.

A VERY stately Figure now presented himself, and informing *Minos* he was a Patriot, began a very florid Harangue on public Virtue, and the Liberties of his Country. Upon which, *Minos* shewed him the utmost Respect, and ordered the Gate to be opened. The Patriot was not contented with this Applause---he said, he had behaved as well in Place as he had done in the Opposition ; and that, tho' he was now obliged to embrace the Court-Measures, yet he had behaved very honestly to his Friends, and brought as many in as was possible.—Hold a moment, says *Minos*, on

Ch.7. *this World to the next, &c.* 61

second Consideration, Mr. *Patriot*, I think a Man of your great Virtue and Abilities will be so much mis'd by your Country, that if I might advise you, you should take a Journey back again. I am sure you will not decline it, for I am certain you will with great Readiness sacrifice your own Happiness to the public Good. The *Patriot* smiled, and told *Minos*, he believed he was in jest; and was offering to enter the Gate, but the Judge laid fast hold of him, and insisted on his Return, which the *Patriot* still declining, he at last ordered his Guards to seize him, and conduct him back.

A SPIRIT now advanced, and the Gate was immediately thrown open to him, before he had spoken a Word. I heard some whisper,—*That is our last Lord Mayor.*

IT now came to our Company's turn. The fair Spirit, which I mentioned with so much Applause, in the Beginning of my Journey, past through very easily; but the grave Lady was rejected on her first Appearance, *Minos* declaring, there was not a single Prude in *Elysium*.

THE

THE Judge then address'd himself to me, who little expected to pass this fiery Trial. I confess'd I had indulged myself very freely with Wine and Women in my Youth, but had never done an Injury to any Man living, nor avoided an Opportunity of doing good; that I pretended to very little Virtue more than general Philanthropy, and private Friendship.—I was proceeding, when *Minos* bid me enter the Gate, and not indulge myself with trumpeting forth my Virtues. I accordingly pass'd forward with my lovely Companion, and embracing her with vast Eagerness, but spiritual Innocence, she returned my Embrace in the same manner, and we both congratulated ourselves on our Arrival in this happy Region, whose Beauty, no Painting of the Imagination can describe.

C H A P. VIII.

The Adventures which the Author met on his first Entrance into Elysium.

WE pursued our way through a delicious Grove of Orange-Trees, where I saw infinite Numbers of Spirits, every one
of

Ch.8. *this World to the next, &c.* 63

of whom I knew, and was known by them : (for Spirits here know one another by Intuition.) I presently met a little Daughter, whom I had lost several Years before. Good Gods ! what Words can describe the Raptures, the melting passionate Tenderneſs, with which we kiſs'd each other, continuing in our Embrace, with the moſt extatic Joy, a Space, which if Time had been meaſured here as on Earth, could not be leſs than half a Year.

THE firſt Spirit, with whom I entered into Diſcourſe, was the famous *Leonidas* of *Sparta*. I acquainted him with the Honours which had been done him by a celebrated Poet of our Nation ; to which he answered, he was very much obliged to him.

WE were preſently afterwards entertained with the moſt delicious Voice I had ever heard, accompanied by a Violin, equal to Signior *Piantanida*. I preſently diſcovered the Muſician and Songſter to be *Orpheus* and *Sappho*.

OLD *Homer* was preſent at this Conſort, (if I may ſo call it) and Madam *Dacier* ſat
4 in

64 *A JOURNEY from* Book I.

in his Lap. He asked much after Mr. *Pope*, and said he was very desirous of seeing him: for that he had read his *Iliad* in his Translation with almost as much delight, as he believed he had given others in the Original. I had the Curiosity to enquire whether he had really writ that Poem in detached Pieces, and sung it about as Ballads all over *Greece*, according to the Report which went of him? He smiled at my Question, and asked me whether there appeared any Connection in the Poem; for if there did, he thought I might answer myself. I then importuned him to acquaint me in which of the Cities, which contended for the Honour of his Birth, he was really born? To which he answered,---Upon my Soul I can't tell.

VIRGIL then came up to me, with Mr. *Addison* under his Arm. Well, Sir, said he, how many Translations have these few last Years produced of my *Æneid*? I told him, I believed several, but I could not possibly remember; for that I had never read any but Dr. *Trapp*'s.---Ay, said he, that is a curious Piece indeed! I then acquainted him with the Discovery made by Mr. *Warburton* of
the

Ch. 8. *this World to the next, &c.* 65

the *Eleusinian* Mysteries couched in his 6th Book. What Mysteries? said Mr. *Addison*. The *Eleusinian*, answered *Virgil*, which I have disclosed in my 6th Book. How! replied *Addison*. You never mentioned a word of any such Mysteries to me in all our Acquaintance. I thought it was unnecessary, cried the other, to a Man of your infinite Learning: besides, you always told me, you perfectly understood my meaning. Upon this I thought the Critic looked a little out of countenance, and turned aside to a very merry Spirit; one *Dick Steele*, who embraced him, and told him, He had been the greatest Man upon Earth; that he readily resigned up all the Merit of his own Works to him. Upon which, *Addison* gave him a gracious Smile, and clapping him on the Back with much Solemnity, cried out, *Well said, Dick*.

I THEN observed *Shakespeare* standing between *Betterton* and *Booth*, and deciding a Difference between those two great Actors, concerning the placing an Accent in one of his Lines: this was disputed on both sides with a Warmth, which surprized me in *Elysium*, till I discovered by Intuition, that every Soul

66 *A JOURNEY from* Book 1.

retained its principal Characteristic, being, indeed, its very Essence. The Line was that celebrated one in *Othello*;

Put out the Light, and then put out the Light,

according to *Betterton*. Mr. *Booth* contended to have it thus;

Put out the Light, and then put out the Light,

I could not help offering my Conjecture on this Occasion, and suggested it might perhaps be,

Put out the Light, and then put out thy Light.

Another hinted a Reading very *sophisticated* in my Opinion,

*Put out the Light, and then put out thee,
Light;*

making *Light* to be the vocative Case. Another would have altered the last Word, and read,

Put out thy Light, and then put out thy Sight.
But

Ch.8. *this World to the next*, &c. 67

But *Betterton* said, if the Text was to be *disturbed*, he saw no reason why a Word might not be changed as well as a Letter, and instead of *put out thy Light*, you might read *put out thy Eyes*. At last it was agreed on all sides, to refer the matter to the Decision of *Shakespeare* himself, who delivered his Sentiments as follows: ‘Faith, Gentlemen, ‘it is so long since I wrote the Line, I have ‘forgot my Meaning. This I know, could ‘I have dreamt so much Nonsense would ‘have been talked, and writ about it, I would ‘have blotted it out of my Works: for I am ‘sure, if any of these be my Meaning, it doth ‘me very little Honour.’

HE was then interrogated concerning some other ambiguous Passages in his Works; but he declined any satisfactory Answer: Saying, if Mr. *Theobald* had not *writ about it* sufficiently, there were three or four more new Editions of his Plays coming out, which he hoped would satisfy every one: Concluding, ‘I marvel nothing so much as that Men will ‘gird themselves at discovering obscure Beauties in an Author. Certes the greatest and ‘most pregnant Beauties are ever the plainest

68 *A JOURNEY from* Book I.

‘and most evidently striking; and when
 ‘two Meanings of a Passage can in the least
 ‘ballance our Judgements which to prefer,
 ‘I hold it matter of unquestionable Certainty,
 ‘that neither of them are worth a farthing.’

FROM his Works our Conversation turned
 on his Monument; upon which, *Shakespeare*
 shaking his Sides, and addressing himself to *Mil-*
ton, cried out; ‘On my word, Brother *Mil-*
ton, they have brought a noble Set of Poets
 ‘together, they would have been hanged erst
 ‘have convened such a Company at their
 ‘Tables, when alive.’ ‘True, Brother, an-
 ‘swered *Milton*, unless we had been as inca-
 ‘pable of eating then as we are now.’

C H A P. IX.

More Adventures in Elyfium.

A CROUD of Spirits now joined us,
 whom I soon perceived to be the
 Heroes, who here frequently pay their Re-
 spects to the several Bards, the Recorders of
 their Actions. I now saw *Achilles* and *Ulysses*
 addressing

Ch. 9. *this World to the next, &c.* 69
addressing themselves to *Homer*, and *Æneas* and
Julius Cæsar to *Virgil*: *Adam* went up to
Milton, upon which I whispered Mr. *Dryden*,
that I thought the Devil should have paid
his Compliments there, according to his Opi-
nion. *Dryden* only answered, I believe the
Devil was in me, when I said so. Several ap-
plied themselves to *Shakespeare*, amongst
whom *Henry V.* made a very distinguishing
Appearance. While my Eyes were fixed on
that Monarch, a very small Spirit came up to
me, shook me heartily by the Hand, and told
me his Name was THOMAS THUMB. I ex-
pressed great Satisfaction in seeing him, nor
could I help speaking my Resentment against
the Historian, who had done such Injustice
to the Stature of this Great little Man; which
he represented to be no bigger than a Span;
whereas I plainly perceived at first sight, he
was a full Foot and a half, (and the 37th
Part of an Inch more, as he himself informed
me) being indeed little shorter than some
considerable Beaus of the present Age.

I ASKED this little Hero, concerning the
Truth of those Stories related of him, viz.
of the Pudding, and the Cow's Belly. As to

70 *A JOURNEY from* Book I.

the former, he said it was a ridiculous Legend, worthy to be laughed at ; but as to the latter, he could not help owning there was some Truth in it : nor, had he any reason to be ashamed of it, as he was swallowed by Surprise; adding with great Fierceness, that if he had had any Weapon in his Hand, the Cow should have as soon swallowed the Devil.

HE spoke the last Word with so much Fury, and seemed so confounded, that perceiving the Effect it had on him, I immediately waved the Story, and passing to other Matters, we had much Conversation touching Giants. He said, So far from killing any, he had never seen one alive; that he believed those Actions were by mistake recorded of him, instead of *Jack* the Giant-killer, whom he knew very well, and who had, he fancied, extirpated the Race. I assured him to the contrary, and told him I had myself seen a huge tame Giant, who very complacently staid in *London* a whole Winter, at the special Request of several Gentlemen and Ladies; tho' the Affairs of his Family called him home to *Sweden*.

Ch.9. *this World to the next, &c.* 71

I NOW beheld a stern-looking Spirit leaning on the Shoulder of another Spirit, and presently discerned the former to be *Oliver Cromwell*, and the latter *Charles Martel*. I own I was a little surprized at seeing *Cromwell* here; for I had been taught by my Grand-mother, that he was carried away by the Devil himself in a Tempest: but he assured me on his Honour, there was not the least Truth in that Story. However, he confessed he had narrowly escaped the Bottomless Pit; and, if the former Part of his Conduct had not been more to his Honour than the latter, he had been certainly foused into it. He was nevertheless sent back to the upper World with this Lot,

Army.

Cavalier.

Distress.

He was born for the second Time, the day of *Charles II's* Restoration, into a Family which had lost a very considerable Fortune in the Service of that Prince and his Father for which they received the Reward very often

conferred by Princes on real Merit, viz. — 000. At 16, his Father bought a small Commission for him in the Army, in which he served without any Promotion all the Reigns of *Charles II.* and of his Brother. At the Revolution he quitted his Regiment, and followed the Fortunes of his former Master, and was in his Service dangerously wounded at the famous Battle of the *Boyne*, where he fought in the Capacity of a private Soldier. He recovered of this Wound, and retired after the unfortunate King to *Paris*, where he was reduced to support a Wife, and seven Children, (for his Lot had Horns in it) by cleaning Shoes, and snuffing Candles at the Opera. In which Situation after he had spent a few miserable Years, he died half-starved and broken-hearted. He then revisited *Minos*, who compassionating his Sufferings, by means of that Family, to whom he had been in his former Capacity so bitter an Enemy, suffered him to enter here.

My Curiosity could not refrain asking him one Question, *i. e.* Whether in reality he had any desire to obtain the Crown? He smiled and said, No more than an Ecclesiastic hath

to

Ch. 9. *this World to the next, &c.* 73

to the Mitre, when he cries *Nolo Episcopari*. Indeed, he seemed to express some Contempt at the Question, and presently turned away.

A VENERABLE Spirit appeared next, whom I found to be the great Historian *Livy*. *Alexander the Great*, who was just arrived from the Palace of Death, past by him with a Frown. The Historian observing it, said, ‘Ay, you may frown: but those Troops which conquered the base *Asiatic* Slaves, would have made no Figure against the *Romans*.’ We then privately lamented the Loss of the most valuable Part of his History, after which he took occasion to commend the judicious Collection made by Mr. *Hooke*, which he said was infinitely preferable to all others; and at my mentioning *Echard*’s, he gave a Bounce, not unlike the going off of a Squib, and was departing from me, when I begged him to satisfy my Curiosity in one Point, Whether he was really superstitious or no? For I had always believed he was, till Mr. *Leibnitz* had assured me to the contrary. He answered fullenly, --- ‘Doth Mr. *Leibnitz* know my Mind better than myself?’ and then walked away.

C H A P.

C H A P. X.

The Author is surprized at meeting Julian the Apostate in Elyfium: but is satisfied by him, by what means he procured his Entrance there. Julian relates his Adventures in the Character of a Slave.

AS he was departing, I heard him salute a Spirit by the Name of Mr. *Julian* the Apostate. This exceedingly amazed me: for I had concluded, that no Man ever had a better Title to the Bottomless Pit than he. But I soon found, that this same *Julian* the Apostate was also the very individual Archbishop *Latimer*. He told me, that several Lyes had been raised on him in his former Capacity, nor was he so bad a Man as he had been represented. However, he had been denied Admittance, and forced to undergo several subsequent Pilgrimages on Earth, and to act in the different Characters of a Slave, a Jew, a General, an Heir, a Carpenter, a Beau, a Monk, a Fidler, a wise Man, a King, a Fool,

Ch. 10. *this World to the next, &c.* 75

Fool, a Beggar, a Prince, a Statesman, a Soldier, a Taylor, an Alderman, a Poet, a Knight, a Dancing-Master, and three times a Bishop before his Martyrdom, together with his other Behaviour in this last Character, satisfied the Judge, and procured him a Passage to the blessed Regions.

I TOLD him, such various Characters must have produced Incidents extremely entertaining; and if he remembered all, as I supposed he did, and had Leisure, I should be obliged to him for the Recital. He answered, he perfectly recollected every Circumstance; and as to Leisure, the only Business of that happy Place was to contribute to the Happiness of each other. He therefore thanked me for increasing his, in proposing to him a Method of pleasing mine. I then took my little Darling in one Hand, and my Favourite Fellow-Traveller in the other, and going with him to a sunny Bank of Flowers, we all sat down, and he began as follows:

‘ I SUPPOSE, you are sufficiently acquainted with my Story, during the Time I
‘ acted

76 *A JOURNEY from* Book I.

‘ acted the Part of the Emperor *Julian*, tho’
 ‘ I assure you, all which hath been related of
 ‘ me is not true, particularly with regard to
 ‘ the many Prodigies forerunning my Death.
 ‘ However, they are now very little worth
 ‘ disputing; and if they can serve any Purpose
 ‘ of the Historian, they are extremely at his
 ‘ service.

‘ My next Entrance into the World, was
 ‘ at *Laodicea* in *Syria*, in a *Roman* Family
 ‘ of no great Note; and being of a roving
 ‘ Disposition, I came at the Age of Seven-
 ‘ teen to *Constantinople*, where after about a
 ‘ Year’s stay, I set out for *Thrace* at the
 ‘ Time when the Emperor *Valens* admitted
 ‘ the *Goths* into that Country. I was there
 ‘ so captivated with the Beauty of a *Gothic*
 ‘ Lady, the Wife of one *Rodoric* a Captain,
 ‘ whose Name, out of the most delicate
 ‘ Tenderness for her lovely Sex, I shall even
 ‘ at this Distance conceal; since her Behavi-
 ‘ our to me was more consistent with Good-
 ‘ Nature, than with that Virtue which Women
 ‘ are obliged to preserve against every Assail-
 ‘ ant. In order to procure an Intimacy with
 ‘ this Woman, I sold my self a Slave to her
 ‘ Husband

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‘ Husband, who being of a Nation not over-
‘ inclined to Jealousy, presented me to his
‘ Wife, for those very Reasons, which would
‘ have induced one of a jealous Complexion
‘ to have with-held me from her, namely,
‘ for that I was young and handsome.

‘ MATTERS succeeded so far according to
‘ my Wish, and the Sequel answered those
‘ Hopes which this Beginning had raised. I
‘ soon perceived my Service was very accept-
‘ able to her, I often met her Eyes, nor did
‘ she withdraw them without a Confusion
‘ which is scarce consistent with entire Purity
‘ of Heart. Indeed, she gave me every day
‘ fresh Encouragement, but the unhappy Di-
‘ stance which Circumstances had placed be-
‘ tween us, deterred me long from making
‘ any direct Attack ; and she was too strict an
‘ Observer of Decorum, to violate the severe
‘ Rules of Modesty by advancing first: but
‘ Passion, at last, got the better of my Re-
‘ spect, and I resolved to make one bold At-
‘ tempt, whatever was the Consequence. Ac-
‘ cordingly, laying hold of the first kind Op-
‘ portunity, when she was alone, and my
‘ Master abroad, I stoutly assailed the Citadel,
‘ and

78 *A JOURNEY from* Book I.

‘ and carried it by Storm. Well may I say
 ‘ by Storm: for the Resistance I met was
 ‘ extremely resolute, and indeed, as much as
 ‘ the most perfect Decency would require.
 ‘ She swore often she would cry out for Help:
 ‘ but I answered, it was in vain, seeing there
 ‘ was no Person near to assist her; and proba-
 ‘ bly she believed me, for she did not once
 ‘ actually cry out; which if she had, I might
 ‘ very likely have been prevented.

‘ WHEN she found her Virtue thus sub-
 ‘ dued against her Will, she patiently sub-
 ‘ mitted to her Fate, and quietly suffered me
 ‘ a long time to enjoy the most delicious
 ‘ Fruits of my Victory: but envious Fortune
 ‘ resolved to make me pay a dear Price for my
 ‘ Pleasure. One day, in the midst of our
 ‘ Happiness, we were suddenly surprized by
 ‘ the unexpected Return of her Husband,
 ‘ who coming directly into his Wife’s Apart-
 ‘ ment, just allowed me time to creep un-
 ‘ der the Bed. The Disorder in which he
 ‘ found his Wife, might have surprized a jea-
 ‘ lous Temper; but his was so far otherwise,
 ‘ that possibly no Mischief might have hap-
 ‘ pened, had he not by a cross Accident dis-

Ch. 10. *this World to the next, &c.* 79

‘ covered my Legs, which were not well hid.
‘ He immediately drew me out by them, and
‘ then turning to his Wife with a stern Coun-
‘ tenance, began to handle a Weapon he wore
‘ by his Side, with which I am persuaded he
‘ would have instantly dispatched her, had I
‘ not very gallantly and with many Imprec-
‘ ations asserted her Innocence and my own
‘ Guilt; which, however, I protested had
‘ hitherto gone no farther than Design. She
‘ so well seconded my Plea, (for she was a
‘ Woman of wonderful Art) that he was at
‘ length imposed upon; and now all his Rage
‘ was directed against me, threatening all man-
‘ ner of Tortures, which the poor Lady was
‘ in too great a Fright and Confusion to dis-
‘ suade him from executing; and perhaps, if
‘ her Concern for me had made her attempt
‘ it, it would have raised a Jealousy in him
‘ not afterwards to be removed.

‘ AFTER some Hesitation, *Rodoric* cried
‘ out, he had luckily hit on the most proper
‘ Punishment for me in the World, by a Me-
‘ thod which would at once do severe Justice
‘ on me for my criminal Intention, and at
‘ the same time, prevent me from any Dan-
‘ ger

80 *A JOURNEY from* Book i.

ger of executing my wicked Purpose here-
after. This cruel Resolution was immedi-
ately executed, and I was no longer worthy
the Name of a Man.

HAVING thus disqualified me from doing
him any future Injury, he still retained me in
his Family: but the Lady, very probably
repenting of what she had done, and look-
ing on me as the Author of her Guilt,
would never, for the future, give me either
a kind Word or Look: and shortly after, a
great Exchange being made between the
Romans and the *Goths* of Dogs for Men,
my Lady exchanged me with a *Roman* Wi-
dow for a small Lap-Dog, giving a consider-
able Sum of Money to boot.

IN this Widow's Service I remained seven
Years, during all which time I was very
barbarously treated. I was worked without
the least Mercy, and often severely beat by
a swinging Maid-Servant, who never called
me by any other Names than those of *the*
Thing and *the Animal*. Though I used my
utmost Industry to please, it never was in
my power. Neither the Lady nor her Wo-
man would eat any thing I touched, saying,
they

Ch. 10. *this World to the next, &c.* 81

‘ they did not believe me wholesome. It is
‘ unnecessary to repeat Particulars; in a word,
‘ you can imagine no kind of ill Usage which
‘ I did not suffer in this Family.

‘ At last, a Heathen Priest, an Acquain-
‘ tance of my Lady’s, obtained me of her for
‘ a Present. The Scene was now totally
‘ changed, and I had as much reason to be
‘ satisfied with my present Situation, as I had
‘ to lament my former. I was so absolutely
‘ my Master’s Favourite, that the rest of the
‘ Slaves paid me almost as much Regard as
‘ they shewed to him, well knowing, that
‘ it was entirely in my power to command
‘ and treat them as I pleased. I was intrusted
‘ with all my Master’s Secrets, and used to
‘ assist him in privately conveying away by
‘ Night the Sacrifices from the Altars, which
‘ the People believed the Deities themselves
‘ devoured. Upon these we feasted very ele-
‘ gantly, nor could Invention suggest a Rarity
‘ which we did not pamper ourselves with.
‘ Perhaps you may admire at the close Union
‘ between this Priest and his Slave: but we
‘ lived in an Intimacy which the Christians
‘ thought criminal: but my Master, who knew

‘ the Will of the Gods, with whom he told me
‘ he often conversed, assured me it was per-
‘ fectly innocent.

‘ THIS happy Life continued about four
‘ Years, when my Master’s Death, occasioned
‘ by a Surfeit got by over-feeding on several
‘ exquisite Dainties, put an end to it.

‘ I Now fell into the hands of one of a
‘ very different Disposition, and this was no
‘ other than the celebrated St. *Chrysostome*,
‘ who dieted me with Sermons instead of
‘ Sacrifices, and filled my Ears with good
‘ Things, but not my Belly. Instead of
‘ high Food to fatten and pamper my Flesh, I
‘ had Receipts to mortify and reduce it.
‘ With these I edified so well, that within a
‘ few Months I became a Skeleton. How-
‘ ever, as he had converted me to his Faith, I
‘ was well enough satisfied with this new
‘ Manner of living, by which he taught me I
‘ might insure myself an eternal Reward in
‘ a future State. The Saint was a good-
‘ natured Man, and never gave me an ill
‘ Word but once, which was occasioned by
‘ my neglecting to place *Aristophanes*, which
‘ was his constant Bed-fellow, on his Pillow.
‘ He

Ch. 10. *this World to the next, &c.* 83

‘ He was, indeed, extremely fond of that
‘ Greek Poet, and frequently made me read
‘ his Comedies to him : when I came to any
‘ of the loose Passages, he would smile, and
‘ say, *It was pity his Matter was not as pure*
‘ *as his Style*; of which latter, he was so im-
‘ moderately fond, that notwithstanding the
‘ Detestation he expressed for Obscenity, he
‘ hath made me repeat those Passages ten
‘ times over. The Character of this good
‘ Man hath been very unjustly attacked by his
‘ Heathen Cotemporaries, particularly with
‘ regard to Women ; but his severe Invectives
‘ against that Sex, are his iufficient Justification.

‘ FROM the Service of this Saint, from
‘ whom I received Manumission, I entered in-
‘ to the Family of *Timasius*, a Leader of great
‘ Eminence in the Imperial Army, into whose
‘ Favour I so far insinuated myself, that he
‘ preferred me to a good Command, and
‘ soon made me Partaker of both his Com-
‘ pany and his Secrets. I soon grew in-
‘ toxicated with this Preferment, and the more
‘ he loaded me with Benefits, the more he
‘ raised my Opinion of my own Merit ;
‘ which still outstripping the Rewards he con-

'ferred on me, inspired me rather with Dis-
 'satisfaction than Gratitude. And thus, by
 'preferring me beyond my Merit or first
 'Expectation, he made me an envious aspi-
 'ring Enemy, whom perhaps, a more mo-
 'derate Bounty, would have preserved a du-
 'tiful Servant.

' I FELL now acquainted with one *Luci-*
 ' *lius*, a Creature of the Prime-Minister *Eu-*
 ' *tropius*, who had by his Favour been raised
 ' to the Post of a Tribune ; a Man of low
 ' Morals, and eminent only in that meanest
 ' of all Qualities, Cunning. This Gentle-
 ' man imagining me a fit Tool for the Mini-
 ' ster's Purpose, having often sounded my
 ' Principles of Honour and Honesty ; both
 ' which he declared to me were Words with-
 ' out Meaning : and finding my ready Con-
 ' currence in his Sentiments, recommended
 ' me to *Eutropius*, as very proper to execute
 ' some wicked Purposes he had contrived a-
 ' gainst my Friend *Timasius*. The Minister
 ' embraced this Recommendation, and I was
 ' accordingly acquainted by *Lucilius*, (after
 ' some previous Accounts of the great Esteem
 ' *Eutropius* entertained of me, from the Te-
 ' stimony

Ch. 10. *this World to the next, &c.* 85

‘stimony he had born of my Parts) that he
‘would introduce me to him; adding, that
‘he was a great Encourager of Merit, and
‘that I might depend upon his Favour.

‘I WAS with little difficulty prevailed on
‘to accept this Invitation. A late Hour there-
‘fore the next Evening being appointed, I
‘attended my Friend *Lucilius* to the Mini-
‘ster’s House. He received me with the ut-
‘most Civility and Chearfulness, and affected
‘so much Regard to me, that I, who knew
‘nothing of these high Scenes of Life, con-
‘cluded I had in him a most disinterested
‘Friend, owing to the favourable Report
‘which *Lucilius* had made of me. I was
‘however soon cured of this Opinion: for
‘immediately after Supper, our Discourse
‘turned on the Injustice which the Generality
‘of the World were guilty of in their Con-
‘duct to Great Men, expecting that they
‘should reward their private Merit, without
‘ever endeavouring to apply it to their Use.
‘*What avail* (said *Eutropius*) *the Learning,*
‘*Wit, Courage, or any Virtue which a Man*
‘*may be possess of to me, unless I receive some*
‘*Benefit from them? Hath he not more Me-*

'rit to me, who doth my Business, and obeys
 ' my Commands, without any of these Quali-
 ' ties? I gave such entire Satisfaction in my
 ' Answers on this Head, that both the Mi-
 ' nister and his Creature grew bolder, and
 ' after some Preface, began to accuse *Tima-*
 ' *sus*. At last, finding I did not attempt to
 ' defend him, *Lucilius* swore a great Oath,
 ' that he was not fit to live, and that he would
 ' destroy him. *Eutropius* answered, that it
 ' would be too dangerous a Task: *Indeed,*
 ' says he, *his Crimes are of so black a Dye,*
 ' *and so well known to the Emperor, that his*
 ' *Death must be a very acceptable Service,*
 ' *and could not fail meeting a proper Re-*
 ' *ward; but I question whether you are ca-*
 ' *pable of executing it. If he is not,* cried I,
 ' *I am; and surely, no Man can have greater*
 ' *Motives to destroy him than my self: for,*
 ' *besides his Disloyalty to my Prince, for*
 ' *whom I have so perfect a Duty, I have pri-*
 ' *vate Disobligations to him. I have had Fel-*
 ' *lows put over my head, to the great Scandal*
 ' *of the Service in general, and to my own*
 ' *Prejudice and Disappointment in particu-*
 ' *lar.*—I will not repeat you my whole
 ' Speech: but to be as concise as possible,
 ' when

Ch. 10. *this World to the next, &c.* 87

‘ when we parted that Evening, the Minister
‘ squeezed me heartily by the Hand, and
‘ with great Commendation of my Honesty,
‘ and Assurances of his Favour, he appointed
‘ me, the next Evening, to come to him
‘ alone; when finding me, after a little more
‘ Scrutiny, ready for his Purpose, he proposed
‘ to me, to accuse *Timasius* of High-Trea-
‘ son: promising me the highest Rewards, if
‘ I would undertake it. The Consequence
‘ to him, I suppose you know, was Ruin:
‘ but what was it to me? Why truly, when
‘ I waited on *Eutropius*, for the fulfilling
‘ his Promises, he received me with great
‘ Distance and Coldness; and on my drop-
‘ ping some Hints of my Expectations from
‘ him, he affected not to understand me;
‘ saying, he thought Impunity was the ut-
‘ most I could hope for, on discovering my
‘ Accomplice, whose Offence was only grea-
‘ ter than mine, as he was in a higher Station;
‘ and telling me, he had great difficulty to ob-
‘ tain a Pardon for me from the Emperor,
‘ which, he said he had struggled very hardly
‘ for, as he had worked the Discovery out of
‘ me, he turned away, and addressed himself
‘ to another Person.

‘ I WAS so incensed at this Treatment, that
 ‘ I resolved Revenge, and should certainly have
 ‘ pursued it, had he not cautiously prevented
 ‘ me, by taking effectual Means to dispatch
 ‘ me soon after out of the World.

‘ You will, I believe, now think, I had a
 ‘ second good Chance for the Bottomless Pit,
 ‘ and indeed *Minos* seemed inclined to tumble
 ‘ me in, till he was informed of the Revenge
 ‘ taken on me by *Rodoric*, and my seven
 ‘ Years subsequent Servitude to the Widow ;
 ‘ which he said he thought sufficient to make
 ‘ Atonement for all the Crimes a single Life
 ‘ could admit of, and so sent me back to try
 ‘ my Fortune a third time.’

C H A P.

C H A P. XI.

In which Julian relates his Adventures in the Character of an avaricious Jew.

THE next Character in which I was destined to appear in the Flesh, was that of an avaricious Jew. I was born in Alexandria in Egypt. My Name was Balthazar. Nothing very remarkable happened to me, till the Year of the memorable Tumult, in which the Jews of that City are reported in History to have massacred more Christians, than at that time dwelt in it. Indeed, the truth is, they did maul the Dogs pretty handsomely; but I my self was not present: for as all our People were ordered to be armed, I took that opportunity of selling two Swords, which probably I might otherwise never have disposed of, they being extremely old and rusty: so that having no Weapon left, I did not care to venture abroad. Besides, tho' I really thought it an Act meriting Salvation to murder the Nazarenes, as the Fact

was

' was to be committed at Midnight, at which
 ' Time, to avoid Suspicion, we were all to
 ' sally from our own Houses; I could not
 ' persuade my self to consume so much Oil in
 ' sitting up till that Hour: for these Reasons
 ' therefore, I remained at home that Even-
 ' ing.

' I WAS at this time greatly enamoured
 ' with one *Hypatia*, the Daughter of a Phi-
 ' losopher; a young Lady of the greatest
 ' Beauty and Merit: indeed, she had every
 ' imaginable Ornament both of Mind and
 ' Body. She seemed not to dislike my Per-
 ' son: but there were two Obstructions to our
 ' Marriage, *viz.* my Religion and her Poverty:
 ' both which might probably have been got
 ' over, had not those Dogs the Christians mur-
 ' dered her; and, what is worse, afterwards
 ' burnt her Body: worse, I say, because I
 ' lost by that means a Jewel of some Value,
 ' which I had presented to her, designing, if
 ' our Nuptials did not take place, to demand
 ' it of her back again.

' BEING thus disappointed in my Love, I
 ' soon after left *Alexandria*, and went to the
 ' Imperial

Ch. II. *this World to the next, &c.* 91

‘ Imperial City, where I apprehended I should
‘ find a good Market for Jewels on the ap-
‘ proaching Marriage of the Emperor with
‘ *Athenais*. I disguised my self as a Beggar on
‘ this Journey, for these Reasons: first, as I
‘ imagined I should thus carry my Jewels
‘ with greater Safety; and secondly, to lessen
‘ my Expences: which latter Expedient suc-
‘ ceeded so well, that I begged two Oboli on
‘ my way more than my Travelling cost me,
‘ my Diet being chiefly Roots, and my Drink
‘ Water,

‘ BUT perhaps, it had been better for me if I
‘ had been more lavish, and more expeditious:
‘ for the Ceremony was over before I reached
‘ *Constantinople*; so that I lost that glorious
‘ Opportunity of disposing of my Jewels, with
‘ which many of our People were greatly en-
‘ riched.

‘ THE Life of a Miser is very little worth
‘ relating, as it is one constant Scheme of get-
‘ ting or saving Money. I shall therefore re-
‘ peat to you some few only of my Adven-
‘ tures, without regard to any Order.

‘ A

‘ A *Roman Jew*, who was a great Lover
 ‘ of *Falernian Wine*, and who indulged him-
 ‘ self very freely with it, came to dine at my
 ‘ House ; when knowing he should meet with
 ‘ little Wine, and that of the cheaper sort,
 ‘ sent me in half a dozen Jars of *Falernian*.
 ‘ Can you believe I would not give this Man
 ‘ his own Wine ? Sir, I adulterated it so, that I
 ‘ made six Jars of them ; three, which he and
 ‘ his Friend drank ; the other three I afterwards
 ‘ sold to the very Person who originally sent
 ‘ them me, knowing he would give a better
 ‘ Price than any other.

‘ A *NOBLE Roman* came one day to my
 ‘ House in the Country, which I had pur-
 ‘ chased, for half the Value, of a distressed
 ‘ Person. My Neighbours paid him the Com-
 ‘ pliment of some Music, on which account,
 ‘ when he departed, he left a Piece of Gold
 ‘ with me, to be distributed among them.
 ‘ I pocketed this Money, and ordered
 ‘ them a small Vessel of four Wine, which I
 ‘ could not have sold for above two Drachmas,
 ‘ and afterwards made them pay in Work
 ‘ three times the Value of it.

‘ As

‘ As I was not entirely void of Religion,
 ‘ tho’ I pretended to infinitely more than I
 ‘ had, so I endeavoured to reconcile my
 ‘ Transactions to my Conscience as well as
 ‘ possible. Thus I never invited any one to
 ‘ eat with me, but those on whose Pockets
 ‘ I had some Design. After our Collation, it
 ‘ was constantly my Method to set down in a
 ‘ Book I kept for that purpose, what I thought
 ‘ they owed me for their Meal. Indeed, this
 ‘ was generally a hundred times as much
 ‘ as they could have dined elsewhere for: but
 ‘ however, it was *quid pro quo*, if not *ad*
 ‘ *valorem*. Now whenever the Opportunity
 ‘ offered of imposing on them, I considered it
 ‘ only as paying my self what they owed me:
 ‘ indeed, I did not always confine my self
 ‘ strictly to what I had set down, however ex-
 ‘ travagant that was; but I reconciled taking
 ‘ the Overplus to my self as Usance.

‘ But I was not only too cunning for o-
 ‘ thers, I sometimes over-reached my self. I
 ‘ have contracted Distempers for want of
 ‘ Food and Warmth, which have put me to
 ‘ the Expence of a Physician: Nay, I once
 ‘ very

‘ very narrowly escaped Death by taking bad
 ‘ Drugs, only to save one Seven Eighths *per*
 ‘ Cent. in the Price.

‘ By these and such like Means, in the
 ‘ midst of Poverty and every kind of Distress,
 ‘ I saw my self Master of an immense For-
 ‘ tune : the casting up and ruminating on
 ‘ which was my daily and only Pleasure.
 ‘ This was however obstructed and embittered
 ‘ by two Considerations, which against my
 ‘ Will often invaded my Thoughts. One
 ‘ would have been intolerable (but that in-
 ‘ deed seldom troubled me) was, that I
 ‘ must one day leave my darling Treasure. The
 ‘ other haunted me continually, *viz.* that
 ‘ my Riches were no greater. However, I
 ‘ comforted my self against this Reflection,
 ‘ by an Assurance that they would increase
 ‘ daily : On which Head, my Hopes were
 ‘ so extensive, that I may say with *Virgil*,

His ego nec Metas Rerum nec Tempora pono.

‘ Indeed I am convinced, that had I possessed
 ‘ the whole Globe of Earth, save one single
 ‘ Drachma, which I had been certain never to

Ch. II. *this World to the next, &c.* 95

‘ be master of, I am convinced, I say, that
‘ single Drachma, would have given me more
‘ Uneasiness than all the rest could afford me
‘ Pleasure.

‘ To say the truth, between my Solici-
‘ tude in contriving Schemes to procure Mo-
‘ ney, and my extreme Anxiety in preserving
‘ it, I never had one Moment of Ease while
‘ awake, nor of Quiet when in my Sleep.
‘ In all the Characters through which I have
‘ passed, I have never undergone half the Mi-
‘ sery I suffered in this, and indeed *Minos*
‘ seemed to be of the same Opinion: for
‘ while I stood trembling and shaking in Ex-
‘ pectation of my Sentence, he bid me go
‘ back about my Business; for that no body
‘ was to be d—n’d in more Worlds than
‘ one. And indeed, I have since learnt, that
‘ the Devil will not receive a Miser.

C H A P.

C H A P. XII.

What happened to Julian in the Characters of a General, an Heir, a Carpenter, and a Beau.

‘ THE next Step I took into the World,
 ‘ was at *Apollonia* in *Thrace*; where
 ‘ I was born of a beautiful *Greek* Slave, who
 ‘ was the Mistress of *Eutyches*, a great Fa-
 ‘ vourite of the Emperor *Zeno*. That Prince,
 ‘ at his Restoration, gave me the Command
 ‘ of a Cohort, I being then but fifteen Years
 ‘ of Age; and a little afterwards, before I had
 ‘ ever seen an Army, preferred me, over the
 ‘ Heads of all the old Officers, to be a Tri-
 ‘ bune.

‘ As I found an easy Access to the Em-
 ‘ peror, by means of my Father’s Intimacy
 ‘ with him, he being a very good Courtier, or
 ‘ in other Words, a most prostitute Flatterer;
 ‘ so I soon ingratiated myself with *Zeno*, and
 ‘ so well imitated my Father in flattering
 ‘ him, that he would never part with me
 ‘ from about his Person. So that the first
 ‘ armed Force I ever beheld, was that with
 ‘ which

Ch. 12. *this World to the next, &c.* 97

‘ which *Martian* surrounded the Palace, where
‘ I was then shut up with the rest of the Court.

‘ I WAS after put at the Head of a Legion, and ordered to march into *Syria*,
‘ with *Theodoric* the *Goth*; that is, I mean my
‘ Legion was so ordered: for as to myself, I
‘ remained at Court, with the Name and
‘ Pay of a General, without the Labour or
‘ the Danger.

‘ As nothing could be more gay, *i. e.*
‘ debauched, than *Zeno*’s Court, so the Ladies
‘ of gay Disposition had great sway in it; particularly one, whose Name was *Fausta*,
‘ who, tho’ not extremely handsome, was by
‘ her Wit and Spriteliness very agreeable to
‘ the Emperor. With her I lived in good
‘ Correspondence, and we together disposed
‘ of all kinds of Commissions in the Army,
‘ not to those who had most Merit, but who
‘ would purchase at the highest Rate. My
‘ Levee was now prodigiously thronged by
‘ Officers, who returned from the Campaigns;
‘ who, tho’ they might have been convinced,
‘ by daily Example, how ineffectual a Recommendation their Services were, still con-

'tinued indefatigable in Attendance, and be-
 'haved to me with as much Observance and
 'Respect, as I should have been entitled to,
 'for making their Fortunes, while I suffered
 'them and their Families to starve.

'SEVERAL Poets, likewise, addressed
 'Verses to me, in which they celebrated my
 'Military Atchievements; and what, perhaps,
 'may seem strange to us at present, I received
 'all this Incense with most greedy Vanity,
 'without once reflecting, that as I did not de-
 'serve these Compliments, they should rather
 'put me in mind of my Defects.

'MY Father was now dead, and I became
 'so absolute in the Emperor's Grace, that
 'one unacquainted with Courts would scarce
 'believe the Servility with which all kinds
 'of Persons, who entered the Walls of the
 'Palace, behaved towards me. A Bow, a
 'Smile, a Nod from me, as I past through
 'cringing Crouds, were esteemed as signal
 'Favours, but a gracious Word made any one
 'happy; and, indeed, had this real Benefit
 'attending it, that it drew on the Person, on
 'whom it was bestowed, a very great Degree
 ' of

Ch. 12. *this World to the next, &c.* 99

‘ of Respect from all others ; for these are of
‘ current Value in Courts, and, like Notes in
‘ trading Communities, are assignable from
‘ one to the other. The Smile of a Court-Fa-
‘ vourite immediately raises the Person who
‘ receives it, and gives a Value to his Smile
‘ when conferred on an Inferiour : thus the
‘ Smile is transferred from one to the other,
‘ and the Great Man at last is the Person to
‘ discount it. For instance, a very low Fellow
‘ hath a desire for a Place. To whom is he
‘ to apply ? Not to the Great Man ; for to
‘ him he hath no Access. He therefore ap-
‘ plies to *A*, who is the Creature of *B*, who
‘ is the Tool of *C*, who is the Flatterer of
‘ *D*, who is the Catamite of *E*, who is the
‘ Pimp of *F*, who is the Bully of *G*, who is
‘ the Buffoon of *I*, who is the Husband of
‘ *K*, who is the Whore of *L*, who is the
‘ Bastard of *M*, who is the Instrument of
‘ the Great Man. Thus the Smile descend-
‘ ing regularly from the Great Man to *A*, is
‘ discounted back again, and at last paid by
‘ the Great Man.

‘ It is manifest, that a Court would subsist
‘ as difficultly without this kind of Coin, as a

‘ trading City without Paper Credit. In-
 ‘ deed, they differ in this, that their Value is
 ‘ not quite so certain, and a Favourite may
 ‘ protest his Smile without the Danger of
 ‘ Bankruptcy.

‘ IN the midst of all this Glory, the Em-
 ‘ peror died, and *Anastasius* was preferred to
 ‘ the Crown. As it was yet uncertain whe-
 ‘ ther I should not continue in favour, I was
 ‘ received as usual at my Entrance into the
 ‘ Palace, to pay my Respects to the new Em-
 ‘ peror ; but I was no sooner rumped by him,
 ‘ than I received the same Compliment from
 ‘ all the rest ; the whole Room, like a Regi-
 ‘ ment of Soldiers, turning their Backs to me
 ‘ all at once, my Smile now was become of
 ‘ equal Value with the Note of a broken
 ‘ Banker, and every one was as cautious not
 ‘ to receive it.

‘ I MADE as much haste as possible from
 ‘ the Court, and shortly after from the City
 ‘ retreating to the Place of my Nativity,
 ‘ where I spent the Remainder of my Days
 ‘ in a retired Life in Husbandry, the only
 ‘ Amusement

Ch. 12. *this World to the next, &c.* 101

‘ Amusement for which I was qualified,
‘ having neither Learning nor Virtue.

‘ WHEN I came to the Gate, *Minos*
‘ again seemed at first doubtful, but at length
‘ dismissed me; saying, tho’ I had been guilty
‘ of many heinous Crimes, in as much as I
‘ had, tho’ a General, never been concerned
‘ in spilling human Blood, I might return again
‘ to Earth.

‘ I WAS now again born in *Alexandria*,
‘ and, by great Accident, entring into the
‘ Womb of my Daughter-in-Law, came
‘ forth my own Grandson, inheriting that For-
‘ tune which I had before amassed.

‘ EXTRAVAGANCE was now as notori-
‘ ously my Vice, as Avarice had been former-
‘ ly; and I spent, in a very short Life, what
‘ had cost me the Labour of a very long one
‘ to rake together. Perhaps, you will think
‘ my present Condition was more to be envied
‘ than my former: but upon my Word it was
‘ very little so; for by possessing every thing
‘ almost before I desired it, I could hardly ever
‘ say, I enjoyed my Wish: I scarce ever knew

' the Delight of satisfying a craving Appetite.
 ' Besides, as I never once thought, my Mind
 ' was useless to me, and I was an absolute
 ' Stranger to all the Pleasures arising from it.
 ' Nor, indeed, did my Education qualify me
 ' for any Delicacy in other Enjoyments; so
 ' that in the midst of Plenty I loathed every
 ' thing. Taste for Elegance, I had none; and
 ' the greatest of corporeal Bliss I felt no
 ' more from, than the lowest Animal. In a
 ' word, as while a Miser I had Plenty without
 ' daring to use it, so now I had it without
 ' Appetite.

' BUT if I was not very happy in the
 ' height of my Enjoyment, so I afterward
 ' became perfectly miserable; being soon over-
 ' taken by Disease, and reduced to Distress,
 ' till at length with a broken Constitution,
 ' and broken Heart, I ended my wretched
 ' Days in a Goal: nor can I think the Sentence
 ' of *Minos* too mild, who condemned me, af-
 ' ter having taken a large Dose of Avarice, to
 ' wander three Years on the Banks of *Cocytus*,
 ' with the Knowledge of having spent the
 ' Fortune in the Person of the Grandson,
 ' which

Ch. I 2. *this World to the next, &c.* 103

‘ which I had raised in that of the Grand-
‘ father.

‘ THE Place of my Birth, on my return
‘ to the World, was *Constantinople*, where my
‘ Father was a Carpenter. The first Thing I
‘ remember was, the Triumph of *Belisarius* ;
‘ which was, indeed, a most noble Shew: but
‘ nothing pleased me so much as the Figure
‘ of *Gelimer*, King of the *African Vandals*,
‘ who being led Captive on this Occasion,
‘ reflecting with Disdain on the Mutation of
‘ his own Fortune, and on the ridiculous
‘ empty Pomp of the Conqueror, cried out,
‘ VANITY, VANITY, ALL IS MERE VA-
‘ NITY.

‘ I WAS bred up to my Father’s Trade,
‘ and you may easily believe so low a Sphere
‘ could produce no Adventures worth your
‘ Notice. However, I married a Woman I
‘ liked, and who proved a very tolerable
‘ Wife. My Days were past in hard Labour,
‘ but this procured me Health, and I enjoyed
‘ a homely Supper at night with my Wife,
‘ with more Pleasure than I apprehend greater
‘ Persons find at their luxurious Meals. My

' Life had scarce any Variety in it, and at my
 ' Death, I advanced to *Minos* with great Con-
 ' fidence of entring the Gate : but I was un-
 ' happily obliged to discover some Frauds I
 ' had been guilty of in the Measure of my
 ' Work, when I worked by the Foot, as well
 ' as my Laziness, when I was employed by
 ' the Day. On which account when I at-
 ' tempted to pass, the angry Judge laid hold
 ' on me by the Shoulders, and turned me
 ' back so violently, that had I had a Neck of
 ' Flesh and Bone, I believe he would have
 ' broke it.

C H A P. XIII.

Julian passes into a Fop.

' **M**Y next Scene of Action was *Rome*.
 ' I was born into a noble Family, and
 ' Heir to a considerable Fortune. On which
 ' my Parents, thinking I should not want any
 ' Talents, resolved very kindly and wisely to
 ' throw none away upon me. The only In-
 ' structors of my Youth were therefore one
 ' *Saltator*, who taught me several Motions
 ' for my Legs ; and one *Ficus*, whose Busi-
 ' ness

Ch. I 3. *this World to the next, &c.* 105

‘ nefs was to shew me the cleanest way (as
‘ he called it) of cutting off a Man’s Head.
‘ When I was well accomplished in these
‘ Sciences, I thought nothing more wanting,
‘ but what was to be furnished by the several
‘ Mechanics in *Rome*, who dealt in dressing
‘ and adorning the Pope. Being therefore
‘ well equipped with all which their Art could
‘ produce, I became at the Age of Twenty,
‘ a complete finished Beau. And now during
‘ 45 Years I drest, I sang and danced, and
‘ danced and sang, I bowed and ogled, and
‘ ogled and bowed, ’till in the 66th Year of
‘ my Age, I got cold by over-heating myself
‘ with dancing, and died.

‘ MINOS told me as I was unworthy of
‘ *Elysium*, so I was too insignificant to be
‘ damned, and therefore bad me walk back
‘ again.

CH A P.

Adventures in the Person of a Monk.

' FORTUNE now placed me in the Cha-
 ' racter of a younger Brother of a good
 ' House, and I was in my Youth sent to School;
 ' but Learning was now at so low an Ebb,
 ' that my Master himself could hardly construe
 ' a Sentence of *Latin*; and as for *Greek*, he
 ' could not read it. With very little Know-
 ' ledge therefore, and with altogether as little
 ' Virtue, I was set apart for the Church,
 ' and at the proper Age commenced Monk.
 ' I lived many Years retired in a Cell, a Life
 ' very agreeable to the Gloominess of my Tem-
 ' per, which was much inclined to despise
 ' the World; that is, in other Words, to envy
 ' all Men of superiour Fortune and Qualifica-
 ' tions, and in general, to hate and detest
 ' the human Species. Notwithstanding which,
 ' I could, on proper Occasions, submit to
 ' flatter the vilest Fellow in Nature, which I
 ' did one *Stephen* an Eunuch, a Favourite of
 ' the Emperor *Justinian* II. one of the
 ' wickedest Wretches whom perhaps the
 ' World

' World ever saw. I not only wrote a Pane-
 ' gyric on this Man, but I commended him
 ' as a Pattern to all others in my Sermons,
 ' by which means I so greatly ingratiated my
 ' self with him, that he introduced me to the
 ' Emperor's Presence, where I prevailed so
 ' far by the same Methods, that I was short-
 ' ly taken from my Cell, and preferred to a
 ' Place at Court. I was no sooner established
 ' in the Favour of *Justinian*, than I prompt-
 ' ed him to all kind of Cruelty. As I was
 ' of a sour morose Temper, and hated no-
 ' thing more than the Symptoms of Happi-
 ' ness appearing in any Countenance, I repre-
 ' sented all kind of Diversion and Amusement
 ' as the most horrid Sins. I inveighed against
 ' Cheerfulness as Levity, and encouraged no-
 ' thing but Gravity, or, to confess the Truth
 ' to you, Hypocrisy. The unhappy Emperor
 ' followed my Advice, and incensed the People
 ' by such repeated Barbarities, that he was at
 ' last deposed by them and banished.

' I Now retired again to my Cell, (for
 ' Historians mistake in saying I was put to
 ' death) where I remained safe from the Danger
 ' of the irritated Mob, whom I cursed in my
 ' own

own Heart, as much as they could curse
me.

JUSTINIAN, after three Years of his Banishment, returned to *Constantinople* in disguise, and paid me a Visit. I at first affected not to know him, and without the least Compunction of Gratitude for his former Favors, intended not to receive him, till a Thought immediately suggesting it self to me, how I might convert him to my Advantage, I pretended to recollect him ; and blaming the shortness of my Memory and badness of my Eyes, I sprung forward and embraced him with great Affection.

My Design was to betray him to *Apsimar*, who, I doubted not, would generously reward such a Service. I therefore very earnestly requested him to spend the whole Evening with me ; to which he consented. I formed an Excuse for leaving him a few Minutes, and ran away to the Palace to acquaint *Apsimar* with the Guest whom I then had in my Cell. He presently ordered a Guard to go with me and seize him : but whether the Length of my
Stay

Ch. 14. *this World to the next, &c.* 109

‘ Stay gave him any Suspicion, or whether he
‘ changed his Purpose after my Departure, I
‘ know not: for at my Return, we found he
‘ had given us the slip; nor could we with
‘ the most diligent Search discover him.

‘ APSIMAR being disappointed of his Prey,
‘ now raged at me; at first denouncing the
‘ most dreadful Vengeance, if I did not pro-
‘ duce the deposed Monarch: However, by
‘ soothing his Passion when at the highest,
‘ and afterwards by Canting and Flattery, I
‘ made a shift to escape his Fury.

‘ WHEN *Justinian* was restored, I very
‘ confidently went to wish him Joy of his
‘ Restoration: but it seems, he had unfortu-
‘ nately heard of my Treachery, so that he
‘ at first received me coldly, and afterwards
‘ upbraided me openly with what I had done.
‘ I persevered stoutly in denying it, as I knew
‘ no Evidence could be produced against me;
‘ till finding him irreconcilable, I betook my
‘ self to reviling him in my Sermons, and on
‘ every other Occasion, as an Enemy to the
‘ Church, and good Men, and as an Infidel,
‘ an Heretic, an Atheist, a Heathen, and an
‘ Arian.

110 *A JOURNEY from* Book I.

‘ Arian. This I did immediately on his Re-
‘ turn, and before he gave those flagrant
‘ Proofs of his Inhumanity, which after-
‘ wards sufficiently verified all I had said.

‘ LUCKILY, I died on the same Day,
‘ when a great Number of those Forces
‘ which *Justinian* had sent against the *Thra-*
‘ *cian Bosphorus*, and who had executed such
‘ unheard of Cruelties there, perished. As every
‘ one of these was cast into the Bottomless
‘ Pit, *Minos* was so tired with Condemnation,
‘ that he proclaimed that all present, who
‘ had not been concerned in that bloody Ex-
‘ pedition, might, if they pleased, return to the
‘ other World. I took him at his Word, and
‘ presently turning about, began my Journey.

C H A P.

Ch. I 5. *this World to the next, &c.* III

C H A P. XV.

*Julian passes into the Character of
a Fiddler.*

‘ R O M E was now the Seat of my Na-
‘ tivity. My Mother was an *Afri-*
‘ *can*, a Woman of no great Beauty, but a
‘ Favourite, I suppose from her Piety, to
‘ Pope Gregory II. Who was my Father, I
‘ know not; but I believe no very consider-
‘ able Man: for after the Death of that
‘ Pope, who was, out of his Religion, a very
‘ good Friend of my Mother, we fell into
‘ great Distress, and were at length reduced
‘ to walk the Streets of *Rome*; nor had either
‘ of us any other Support but a Fiddle, on
‘ which I played with pretty tolerable skill:
‘ for as my Genius turned naturally to Music,
‘ so I had been in my Youth very early in-
‘ structed at the Expence of the good Pope.
‘ This afforded us but a very poor Livelihood:
‘ for tho’ I had often a numerous Croud of
‘ Hearers, few ever thought themselves ob-
‘ liged to contribute the smallest Pittance to
‘ the poor starving Wretch who had given
‘ them

112 *A JOURNEY from* Book I.

‘ them Pleasure. Nay, some of the Graver
 ‘ Sort after an Hour’s Attention to my Music,
 ‘ have gone away shaking their Heads, and
 ‘ crying, it was a shame such Vagabonds were
 ‘ suffered to stay in the City.

‘ To say the truth, I am confident the Fiddle
 ‘ would not have kept us alive, had we entire-
 ‘ ly depended on the Generosity of my Hearers.
 ‘ My Mother therefore was forced to use her
 ‘ own Industry; and while I was soothing
 ‘ the Ears of the Croud, she applied to their
 ‘ Pockets, and that generally with such good Suc-
 ‘ cess, that we now began to enjoy a very com-
 ‘ fortable Subsistence; and indeed, had we had
 ‘ the least Prudence or Forecast, might have
 ‘ soon acquired enough to enable us to quit
 ‘ this dangerous and dishonourable Way of
 ‘ Life: but I know not what is the reason,
 ‘ that Money got with Labour and Safety is
 ‘ constantly preserved, while the Produce of
 ‘ Danger and Ease is commonly spent as easily,
 ‘ and often as wickedly, as acquired. Thus we
 ‘ proportioned our Expences rather by what
 ‘ we had than what we wanted, or even de-
 ‘ fired; and on obtaining a considerable Booty,
 ‘ we have even forced Nature into the most
 ‘ profligate

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‘ profligate Extravagance ; and have been
‘ wicked without Inclination.

‘ WE carried on this Method of Thievery
‘ for a long time without Detection : but
‘ as Fortune generally leaves Persons of ex-
‘ traordinary Ingenuity in the lurch at last ;
‘ so did she us : for my poor Mother was ta-
‘ ken in the Fact, and together with my self,
‘ as her Accomplice, hurried before a Magi-
‘ strate.

‘ LUCKILY for us, the Person who was
‘ to be our Judge, was the greatest Lover of
‘ Music in the whole City, and had often sent
‘ for me to play to him, for which, as he
‘ had given me very small Rewards, perhaps
‘ his Gratitude now moved him : but, what-
‘ ever was his Motive, he browbeat the In-
‘ formers against us, and treated their Evi-
‘ dence with so little Favour, that their Mouths
‘ were soon stopped, and we dismissed with
‘ Honour ; acquitted, I should rather have
‘ said : for we were not suffered to depart, till
‘ I had given the Judge several Tunes on the
‘ Fiddle.

' WE escaped the better on this Occasion,
 ' because the Person robbed happened to be a
 ' Poet ; which gave the Judge, who was a fa-
 ' cetious Person, many Opportunities of jest-
 ' ing. He said, Poets and Musicians should
 ' agree together, seeing they had married Si-
 ' sters, which he afterwards explained to be
 ' the Sister Arts. And when the Piece of
 ' Gold was produced, he burst into a loud
 ' Laugh, and said it must be the golden Age
 ' when Poets had Gold in their Pockets, and
 ' in that Age there could be no Robbers. He
 ' made many more Jest of the same kind,
 ' but a small Taste will suffice.

' IT is a common Saying, that Men should
 ' take Warning by any signal Delivery ; but
 ' I cannot approve the Justice of it : for to me
 ' it seems, that the Acquittal of a guilty Per-
 ' son should rather inspire him with Confi-
 ' dence, and it had this Effect on us : for
 ' we now laughed at the Law and despised its
 ' Punishments, which we found were to be e-
 ' scaped even against positive Evidence. We ima-
 ' gined the late Example was rather a Warn-
 ' ing to the Accuser than the Criminal, and
 ' accordingly

Ch. I 5. *this World to the next, &c.* I I 5

‘ accordingly proceeded in the most impudent
‘ and flagitious manner.

‘ AMONG other Robberies, one Night being
‘ admitted by the Servants into the House of an
‘ opulent Priest, my Mother took an opportunity
‘ whilst the Servants were dancing to my
‘ Tunes, to convey away a Silver Vessel; this she
‘ did without the least sacrilegious Intention:
‘ but it seems the Cup, which was a pretty large
‘ one, was dedicated to holy Uses, and only
‘ borrowed by the Priest on an Entertainment
‘ which he made for some of his Brethren.
‘ We were immediately pursued upon this Rob-
‘ bery, (the Cup being taken in our possession,)
‘ and carried before the same Magistrate, who
‘ had before behaved to us with so much Gen-
‘ tleness: but his Countenance was now chan-
‘ ged; for the moment the Priest appeared
‘ against us, his Severity was as remarkable as
‘ his Candour had been before, and we were
‘ both ordered to be stript and whipt through
‘ the Streets.

‘ THIS Sentence was executed with great
‘ Severity, the Priest himself attending and
‘ encouraging the Executioner, which he said

' he did for the good of our Souls: but though
 ' our Backs were both flea'd, neither my Mo-
 ' ther's Torments nor my own afflicted me so
 ' much, as the Indignity offered to my poor
 ' Fiddle, which was carried in Triumph be-
 ' fore me, and treated with a Contempt by
 ' the Multitude, intimating a great Scorn for
 ' the Science I had the Honour to profess;
 ' which, as it is one of the noblest Inventions
 ' of Men, and as I had been always in the high-
 ' est degree proud of my Excellence in it, I
 ' suffered so much from the ill Treatment my
 ' Fiddle received, that I would have given all
 ' my Remainder of Skin to have preserved
 ' it from this Affront.

' My Mother survived the Whipping a
 ' very short time, and I was now reduced to
 ' great Distress and Misery; till a young Ro-
 ' man of considerable Rank took a fancy to
 ' me, received me into his Family, and con-
 ' versed with me in the utmost Familiarity.
 ' He had a violent Attachment to Music, and
 ' would learn to play on the Fiddle: but
 ' through want of Genius for the Science, he
 ' never made any considerable progress. How-
 ' ever, I flattered his Performance, and he
 ' grew

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‘ grew extravagantly fond of me for so doing.
‘ Had I continued this Behaviour, I might
‘ possibly have reaped the greatest Advantages
‘ from his Kindness: but I had raised his
‘ own Opinion of his musical Abilities so high,
‘ that he now began to prefer his Skill to
‘ mine, a Presumption I could not bear.
‘ One day as we were playing in Concert he
‘ was horribly out; nor was it possible, as he
‘ destroyed the Harmony, to avoid telling
‘ him of it. Instead of receiving my Correc-
‘ tion, he answered, It was my Blunder, and
‘ not his, and that I had mistaken the Key.
‘ Such an Affront from my own Scholar was
‘ beyond human Patience; I flew into a vio-
‘ lent Passion, I flung down my Instrument
‘ in a Rage, and swore, I was not to be taught
‘ Music at my Age. He answered with as
‘ much Warmth, nor was he to be instructed
‘ by a strolling Fiddler. The Dispute ended in a
‘ Challenge to play a Prize before Judges. This
‘ Wager was determined in my favour: but
‘ the Purchase was a dear one; for I lost my
‘ Friend by it, who now twitting me with
‘ all his Kindness, with my former ignomi-
‘ nious Punishment, and the destitute Condi-

118 *A JOURNEY from* Book 1.

‘ tion from which I had been by his Bounty
‘ relieved, discarded me for ever.

‘ WHILE I lived with this Gentleman,
‘ I became known, among others to *Sabina*
‘ a Lady of Distinction, and who valued her
‘ self much on her Taste for Music. She
‘ no sooner heard of my being discarded, than
‘ she took me into her House, where I was
‘ extremely well cloathed and fed. Notwith-
‘ standing which, my Situation was far from
‘ agreeable: for I was obliged to submit to
‘ her constant Reprehensions before Com-
‘ pany; which gave me the greater Uneasi-
‘ ness, because they were always wrong; nor
‘ am I certain that she did not by these Pro-
‘ vocations contribute to my Death: for as Ex-
‘ perience had taught me to give up my Re-
‘ sentment to my Bread, so my Passions, for
‘ want of outward Vent, preyed inwardly on
‘ my Vitals, and perhaps occasioned the Dis-
‘ temper of which I sicken’d,

‘ THE Lady who, amidst all the Faults she
‘ found, was very fond of me; nay, probably
‘ was the sinder of me the more Faults she
‘ found; immediately called in the Aid of
‘ three

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‘ three celebrated Physicians. The Doctors (being well feed,) made me seven Visits in three Days ; and two of them were at the Door to visit me the eighth time, when being acquainted that I was just dead, they shook their Heads and departed.

‘ WHEN I came to *Minos*, he asked me with a Smile, whether I had brought my Fiddle with me ; and receiving an Answer in the Negative, he bid me get about my business, saying, it was well for me that the Devil was no Lover of Music.

C H A P. XVI.

The History of the Wise Man.

‘ I Now returned to *Rome*, but in a very different Character. Fortune had now allotted me a serious Part to act. I had even in my Infancy a grave Disposition, nor was I ever seen to smile ; which infused an Opinion into all about me, that I was a Child of great Solidity : some foreseeing that I

' should be a Judge, and others a Bishop. At
 ' two Years old my Father presented me with
 ' a Rattle, which I broke to pieces with great
 ' indignation. This the good Parent, being ex-
 ' tremely wise, regarded as an eminent Symp-
 ' tom of my Wisdom, and cried out in a
 ' kind of Extasy, *Well said, Boy, I warrant*
 ' *thou makest a Great Man.*

' AT School, I could never be persuaded
 ' to play with my Mates; not that I spent
 ' my Hours in Learning, to which I was not
 ' in the least addicted, nor indeed had I any
 ' Talents for it. However, the Solemnity of
 ' my Carriage won so much on my Master,
 ' who was a most sagacious Person, that I was
 ' his chief Favourite, and my Example on all Oc-
 ' casions was recommended to the other Boys,
 ' which filled them with Envy, and me with
 ' Pleasure: but though they envied me, they
 ' all paid me that involuntary Respect, which
 ' it is the Curse attending this Passion to bear
 ' towards its Object.

' I HAD now obtained universally the Cha-
 ' racter of a very wise young Man, which I
 ' did not altogether purchase without Pains; for
 ' the

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‘ the Restraint I laid on my self in abstaining
‘ from the several Diversions adapted to my
‘ Years, cost me many a yearning : but the
‘ Pride which I inwardly enjoyed in the fan-
‘ cied Dignity of my Character, made me
‘ some Amends.

‘ THUS I past on, without any thing very
‘ memorable happening to me, till I arrived
‘ at the Age of Twenty-three ; when unfor-
‘ tunately I fell acquainted with a young *Nea-*
‘ *politan* Lady, whose Name was *Ariadne*.
‘ Her Beauty was so exquisite, that her first
‘ Sight made a violent Impression on me ;
‘ this was again improved by her Behaviour,
‘ which was most genteel, easy, and affable :
‘ Lastly, her Conversation compleated the
‘ Conquest. In this she discovered a strong
‘ and lively Understanding, with the sweetest
‘ and most benign Temper. This lovely
‘ Creature was about Eighteen when I first
‘ unhappily beheld her at *Rome*, in a Visit to
‘ a Relation, with whom I had great Intima-
‘ cy. As our Interviews at first were extreme-
‘ ly frequent, my Passions were captivated be-
‘ fore I apprehended the least Danger ; and the
‘ sooner probably, as the young Lady herself
‘ to

122. *A JOURNEY from* Book I.

‘ to whom I consulted every Method of Re-
 ‘ commendation, was not displeased with my
 ‘ being her Admirer.

‘ *ARIADNE* having spent three Months at
 ‘ *Rome*, now returned to *Naples*, bearing my
 ‘ Heart with her; on the other hand, I had
 ‘ all the Assurances consistent with the con-
 ‘ straint under which the most perfect Mode-
 ‘ sty lays a young Woman, that her own
 ‘ Heart was not entirely unaffected. I soon
 ‘ found her Absence gave me an Uneasiness
 ‘ not easy to be born, or to remove. I now
 ‘ first applied to Diversions (of the graver sort,
 ‘ particularly to Music) but in vain; they ra-
 ‘ ther raised my Desires, and heightened my
 ‘ Anguish. My Passion at length grew so
 ‘ violent, that I began to think of satisfying
 ‘ it. As the first Step to this, I cautiously
 ‘ enquired into the Circumstances of *Ariadne’s*
 ‘ Parents, with which I was hitherto unac-
 ‘ quainted; tho’ indeed, I did not apprehend
 ‘ they were extremely great, notwithstanding
 ‘ the handsome Appearance of their Daughter
 ‘ at *Rome*. Upon Examination, her Fortune
 ‘ exceeded my Expectation; but was not suf-
 ‘ ficient to justify my Marriage with her, in
 ‘ the

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‘ the Opinion of the Wise and Prudent. I
‘ had now a violent Struggle between Wis-
‘ dom and Happiness, in which, after several
‘ grievous Pangs, Wisdom got the better. I
‘ could by no means prevail with my self to
‘ sacrifice that Character of profound Wisdom,
‘ which I had with such uniform Conduct
‘ obtained, and with such Caution hitherto
‘ preserved. I therefore resolved to conquer
‘ my Affection, whatever it cost me, and
‘ indeed it did not cost me a little.

‘ WHILE I was engaged in this Conflict,
‘ (for it lasted a long time) *Ariadne* returned to
‘ *Rome*: Her Presence was a terrible Enemy
‘ to my Wisdom, which even in her Absence
‘ had with great difficulty stood its ground.
‘ It seems (as she hath since told me in *Ely-*
‘ *sium* with much merriment) I had made
‘ the same Impressions on her which she had
‘ made on me. Indeed, I believe my Wisdom
‘ would have been totally subdued by this
‘ Surprise, had it not cunningly suggested to
‘ me a Method of satisfying my Passion with-
‘ out doing any Injury to my Reputation.
‘ This was by engaging her privately as a Mi-
‘ stress, which was at that time reputable
‘ enough

‘ enough at *Rome*, provided the Affair was
 ‘ managed with an Air of Slyness and Gravity,
 ‘ tho’ the Secret was known to the whole
 ‘ City.

‘ I IMMEDIATELY set about this Pro-
 ‘ ject, and employed every Art and Engine to
 ‘ effect it. I had particularly bribed her Priest,
 ‘ and an old Female Acquaintance and distant
 ‘ Relation of hers into my Interest: but
 ‘ all was in vain; her Virtue opposed the Pas-
 ‘ sion in her Breast as strongly as Wisdom had
 ‘ opposed it in mine. She received my Pro-
 ‘ posals with the utmost Disdain, and presently
 ‘ refused to see or hear from me any more.

‘ SHE returned again to *Naples*, and left
 ‘ me in a worse Condition, than before. My
 ‘ Days I now passed with the most irksome
 ‘ Uneasiness, and my Nights were restless and
 ‘ sleepless. The Story of our Amour was
 ‘ now pretty public, and the Ladies talked of
 ‘ our Match as certain; but my Acquaintance
 ‘ denied their Assent, saying, No, no,
 ‘ he is too wise to marry so imprudently.
 ‘ This their Opinion gave me, I own, very
 ‘ great Pleasure: but to say the truth, scarce
 com-

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‘compensated the Pangs I suffered to preserve it.’

‘ONE day, while I was balancing with myself, and had almost resolved to enjoy my Happiness, at the Price of my Character, a Friend brought me word, that *Ariadne* was married. This News struck me to the Soul, and tho’ I had Resolution enough to maintain my Gravity before him, (for which I suffered not a little the more) the Moment I was alone, I threw myself into the most violent Fit of Despair, and would willingly have parted with Wisdom, Fortune, and every thing else, to have retrieved her: but that was impossible, and I had now nothing but Time to hope a Cure from. This was very tedious in performing it, and the longer as *Ariadne* had married a *Roman* Cavalier, was now become my near Neighbour, and I had the mortification of seeing her make the best of Wives, and of having the Happiness, which I had lost, every day before my Eyes.

‘IF I suffered so much on account of my Wisdom, in having refused *Ariadne*, I was not

' not much more obliged to it, for procuring
 ' me a rich Widow, who was recommend-
 ' ed to me by an old Friend, as a very pru-
 ' dent Match, and, indeed; so it was; her
 ' Fortune being superiour to mine, in the
 ' same Proportion as that of *Ariadne* had been
 ' inferiour. I therefore embraced this Pro-
 ' posal, and my Character of Wisdom soon
 ' pleaded so effectually for me with the Wi-
 ' dow, who was herself a Woman of great
 ' Gravity and Discretion, that I soon suc-
 ' ceeded; and as soon as Decency would per-
 ' mit, (of which this Lady was the strictest
 ' Observer) we were married; being the se-
 ' cond Day of the second Week, of the second
 ' Year, after her Husband's Death: for she
 ' said, she thought some Period of Time above
 ' the Year had a great Air of Decorum.

' BUT prudent as this Lady was, she made
 ' me miserable. Her Person was far from be-
 ' ing lovely; but her Temper was intolerable.
 ' During fifteen Years Habitation, I never
 ' passed a single Day without heartily cursing
 ' her, and the Hour in which we came toge-
 ' ther. The only Comfort I received in the
 ' midst of the highest Torments, was from
 ' continually

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‘ continually hearing the Prudence of my
‘ Match commended by all my Acquain-
‘ tance.

‘ THUS you see in the Affairs of Love,
‘ I bought the Reputation of Wisdom pretty
‘ dear. In other Matters, I had it somewhat
‘ cheaper; not that Hypocrisy, which was the
‘ Price I gave for it, gives one no pain. I have
‘ refused myself a thousand little Amusements
‘ with a feign’d Contempt, while I have really
‘ had an Inclination to them. I have often
‘ almost choak’d myself to restrain from
‘ laughing at a Jest, and (which was perhaps
‘ to myself the least hurtful of all my Hy-
‘ pocrify) have heartily enjoyed a Book in
‘ my Closet, which I have spoke with de-
‘ testation of in public. To sum up my
‘ History in short, as I had few Adventures
‘ worth remembring, my whole Life was one
‘ constant Lye; and happy would it have
‘ been for me, if I could as thoroughly have
‘ impos’d on myself, as I did on others: for
‘ Reflection, at every turn, would often
‘ remind me I was not so wise as People
‘ thought me; and this considerably embit-
‘ tered the Pleasure I received from the
‘ public

‘ public Commendation of my Wisdom.
 ‘ This Self-Admonition, like a *Memento mori*,
 ‘ or *Mortalis es*, must be, in my opinion, a
 ‘ very dangerous Enemy to Flattery : indeed,
 ‘ a Weight sufficient to counter-balance all
 ‘ the false Praise of the World. But whether
 ‘ it be, that the generality of wise Men do
 ‘ not reflect at all, or whether they have, from
 ‘ a constant Imposition on others, contracted
 ‘ such a Habit of Deceit, as to deceive them-
 ‘ selves ; I will not determine : it is, I believe,
 ‘ most certain, that very few wise Men know
 ‘ themselves what Fools they are, more than
 ‘ the World doth. Good Gods ! could one
 ‘ but see what passes in the Closet of Wis-
 ‘ dom ! how ridiculous a Sight must it be to
 ‘ behold the wise Man, who despises gratify-
 ‘ ing his Palate, devouring Custard ; the so-
 ‘ ber wise Man with his Dram-bottle ; or,
 ‘ the Anti-Carnalist (if I may be allowed the
 ‘ Expression) chuckling over a B—y Book or
 ‘ Picture, and perhaps caressing his House-
 ‘ Maid !

‘ BUT to conclude a Character, in which
 ‘ I apprehend I made as absurd a Figure, as
 ‘ in any in which I trod the Stage of Earth,
 ‘ my

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‘ my Wisdom at last put an end to itself; that
‘ is, occasioned my Dissolution.

‘ A RELATION of mine in the Eastern
‘ Part of the Empire, disinherited his Son, and
‘ left me his Heir. This happened in the
‘ depth of Winter, when I was in my grand
‘ Climacteric, and had just recovered of a
‘ dangerous Disease. As I had all the Reason
‘ imaginable to apprehend the Family of the
‘ Deceased would conspire against me, and em-
‘ bezzle as much as they could, I advised with
‘ a grave and wise Friend, what was proper
‘ to be done; whether I should go myself, or
‘ employ a Notary on this occasion, and defer
‘ my Journey to the Spring. To say the
‘ truth, I was most inclined to the latter; the
‘ rather, as my Circumstances were extremely
‘ flourishing, as I was advanced in Years, and
‘ had not one Person in the World, to whom I
‘ should with pleasure bequeath any Fortune
‘ at my Death.

‘ My Friend told me, he thought my
‘ Question admitted no manner of Doubt or
‘ Debate; that common Prudence absolutely
‘ required my immediate Departure; adding,

' that if the same good luck had happened to
 ' him, he would have been already on his Jour-
 ' ney: For, continued he, a Man who knows
 ' the World so well as you, would be inex-
 ' cusable to give Persons such an Opportunity
 ' of cheating you, who, you must be assured,
 ' will be too well inclined; and as for employ-
 ' ing a Notary, remember that excellent
 ' Maxim, *Ne facias per alium, quod fieri*
 ' *potest per te.* I own the Badness of the Sea-
 ' son, and your very late Recovery are un-
 ' lucky Circumstances: but a wise Man must
 ' get over Difficulties, when Necessity obliges
 ' him to encounter them.

' I WAS immediately determined by this
 ' Opinion. The Duty of a wise Man made
 ' an irresistible Impression, and I took the
 ' Necessity for granted, without Examination.
 ' I accordingly set forward the next Morning;
 ' very tempestuous Weather soon overtook
 ' me; I had not travelled three Days before I
 ' relapsed into my Fever, and died.

' I WAS now as cruelly disappointed by
 ' *Minos*, as I had formerly been happily so.
 ' I advanced with the utmost Confidence to
 ' the

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‘ the Gate, and really imagined I should
‘ have been admitted by the Wisdom of my
‘ Countenance, even without any Questions
‘ asked: but this was not my Case; and to
‘ my great Surprise, *Minos*, with a menacing
‘ Voice, called out to me — You Mr. there,
‘ with the grave Countenance, whither so
‘ fast, pray? Will you please, before you
‘ move any farther forwards, to give me a short
‘ Account of your Transactions below. I
‘ then began, and recounted to him my whole
‘ History, still expecting, at the end of every
‘ Period, that the Gate would be ordered
‘ to fly open: but I was obliged to go quite
‘ through with it, and then *Minos*, after some
‘ little Consideration, spoke to me as follows.

‘ You, Mr. *Wise-man*; stand forth, if
‘ you please. Believe me, Sir, a trip back
‘ again to Earth, will be one of the wisest
‘ Steps you ever took, and really more to the
‘ Honour of your Wisdom, than any you
‘ have hitherto taken. On the other side, no-
‘ thing could be simpler, than to endeavour
‘ at *Elysium*; for who, but a Fool, would
‘ carry a Commodity, which is of such in-
‘ finite Value in one Place, into another where

‘ it is of none. But without attempting to
 ‘ offend your Gravity with a Jest, you must
 ‘ return to the Place from whence you came :
 ‘ for *Elysium* was never designed for those
 ‘ who are too wise to be happy.

‘ THIS Sentence confounded me greatly,
 ‘ especially as it seemed to threaten me with
 ‘ carrying my Wisdom back again to Earth.
 ‘ I told the Judge, tho’ he would not admit
 ‘ me at the Gate, I hoped I had committed
 ‘ no Crime, while alive, which merited my
 ‘ being wise any longer. He answered me, I
 ‘ must take my Chance as to that matter, and
 ‘ immediately we turned our backs to each
 ‘ other.

C H A P. XVII.

*Julian enters into the Person of a
 King.*

‘ I WAS now born at *Oviedo* in *Spain*.
 ‘ My Father’s Name was *Veremond*, and
 ‘ I was adopted by my Uncle, King *Alphonso*
 ‘ the Chaste. I don’t recollect in all the Pil-
 ‘ grimages

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‘ grimaces I have made on Earth, that I ever
‘ past a more miserable Infancy than now;
‘ being under the utmost Confinement and
‘ Restraint, and surrounded with Physicians,
‘ who were ever dosing me; and Tutors, who
‘ were continually plaguing me with their
‘ Instructions; even those Hours of Leisure,
‘ which my Inclination would have spent in
‘ Play, were allotted to tedious Pomp and
‘ Ceremony, which at an Age wherein I had
‘ no Ambition to enjoy the Servility of Courtiers,
‘ enslaved me more than it could the meanest
‘ of them. However, as I advanced towards
‘ Manhood, my Condition made me some
‘ Amends: for the most beautiful Women
‘ of their own accord threw out Lures for
‘ me, and I had the Happiness, which no
‘ Man in an inferiour Degree can arrive at,
‘ of enjoying the most delicious Creatures,
‘ without the previous and tiresome Ceremo-
‘ nies of Courtship, unless with the most sim-
‘ ple, young and unexperienced. As for the
‘ Court Ladies, they regarded me rather as Men
‘ do the most lovely of the other Sex; and
‘ tho’ they outwardly retained some Appea-
‘ rance of Modesty, they in reality rather

‘ considered themselves as receiving than conferring Favours.

‘ ANOTHER Happiness I enjoyed, was in
 ‘ conferring Favours of another sort ; for as
 ‘ I was extremely good-natured and generous,
 ‘ so I had daily Opportunities of satisfying
 ‘ those Passions. Besides my own princely
 ‘ Allowance, which was very bountiful, and
 ‘ with which I did many liberal and good Actions, I recommended numberless Persons of
 ‘ Merit in Distress to the King’s Notice,
 ‘ most of whom were provided for.

‘ INDEED, had I sufficiently known my
 ‘ blest Situation at this time, I should have
 ‘ grieved at nothing more than the Death of
 ‘ *Alphonso*, by which the Burden of Government devolved upon me: but so blindly
 ‘ fond is Ambition, and such Charms doth it
 ‘ fancy in the Power, and Pomp, and Splendor
 ‘ of a Crown, that tho’ I vehemently loved
 ‘ that King, and had the greatest Obligations
 ‘ to him, the Thoughts of succeeding him
 ‘ obliterated my Regret at his Loss, and the
 ‘ Wish for my approaching Coronation dried
 ‘ my Eyes at his Funeral.

‘ BUT

‘ BUT my Fondness for the Name of
 ‘ King, did not make me forgetful of those,
 ‘ over whom I was to reign. I considered
 ‘ them in the Light in which a tender Father
 ‘ regards his Children, as Persons whose
 ‘ Well-being God had intrusted to my Care;
 ‘ and again, in that in which a prudent Lord
 ‘ respects his Tenants, as those on whose
 ‘ Wealth and Grandeur he is to build his own.
 ‘ Both these Considerations inspired me with
 ‘ the greatest Care for their Welfare, and their
 ‘ Good was my first and ultimate Concern.

‘ THE Usurper *Mauregas* had impiously
 ‘ obliged himself, and his Successors, to pay
 ‘ to the *Moors* every Year an infamous Tri-
 ‘ bute of a hundred young Virgins: from this
 ‘ cruel and scandalous Imposition, I resolved to
 ‘ relieve my Country. Accordingly, when their
 ‘ Emperor *Abderames* the Second had the
 ‘ Audaciousness to make this Demand of me,
 ‘ instead of complying with it, I ordered his
 ‘ Ambassadors to be driven away with all
 ‘ imaginable Ignominy, and would have con-
 ‘ demned them to Death, could I have done

‘ it without a manifest Violation of the Law
 ‘ of Nations.

‘ I Now raised an immense Army. At
 ‘ the levying of which, I made a Speech from
 ‘ my Throne, acquainting my Subjects with
 ‘ the Necessity, and the Reasons of the War
 ‘ in which I was going to engage : which I
 ‘ convinced them I had undertaken for their
 ‘ Ease and Safety, and not for satisfying any
 ‘ wanton Ambition, or revenging any private
 ‘ Pique of my own. They all declared un-
 ‘ animously, that they would venture their
 ‘ Lives, and every thing dear to them in my
 ‘ Defence, and in the Support of the Honour
 ‘ of my Crown. Accordingly my Levies
 ‘ were instantly complete, sufficient Num-
 ‘ bers being only left to till the Land; Church-
 ‘ men, even Bishops themselves, enlisting
 ‘ themselves under my Banners.

‘ THE Armies met at *Alvelda*, where we
 ‘ were discomfited with immense Loss, and
 ‘ nothing but the lucky Intervention of the
 ‘ Night could have saved our whole Army.

‘ I RETREATED to the Summit of a Hill,
‘ where I abandoned myself to the highest
‘ Agonies of Grief, not so much for the Dan-
‘ ger in which I then saw my Crown; as for
‘ the Loss of those miserable Wretches, who
‘ had exposed their Lives at my Command.
‘ I could not then avoid this Reflection; That
‘ if the Deaths of these People in a War,
‘ undertaken absolutely for their Protection,
‘ could give me such Concern; what Horror
‘ must I have felt, if, like Princes greedy of
‘ Dominion, I had sacrificed such Numbers
‘ to my own Pride, Vanity, and ridiculous
‘ Lust of Power.

‘ AFTER having vented my Sorrows for
‘ some time in this manner, I began to con-
‘ sider by what means I might possibly en-
‘ deavour to retrieve this Misfortune; when
‘ reflecting on the great number of Priests I
‘ had in my Army, and on the prodigious
‘ Force of Superstition, a Thought luckily
‘ suggested itself to me, to counterfeit that
‘ St. *James* had appeared to me in a Vision,
‘ and had promised me the Victory. While
‘ I was ruminating on this, the Bishop of
‘ *Najara*

' *Najara* came opportunely to me. As I did
 ' not intend to communicate the Secret to
 ' him, I took another Method, and instead of
 ' answering any thing the Bishop said to me,
 ' I pretended to talk to St. *James*, as if he
 ' had been really present; till at length, after
 ' having spoke those things, which I thought
 ' sufficient, and thanked the Saint aloud for
 ' his Promise of the Victory, I turned about
 ' to the Bishop, and embracing him with a
 ' pleased Countenance, protested I did not
 ' know he was present; and then informing
 ' him of this supposed Vision, I asked him,
 ' if he had not himself seen the Saint? He an-
 ' swered me, he had; and afterwards proceed-
 ' ed to assure me, that this Appearance of St.
 ' *James* was entirely owing to his Prayers;
 ' for that he was his tutelar Saint. He added,
 ' he had a Vision of him a few hours before,
 ' when he promised him a Victory over the
 ' Infidels, and acquainted him at the same
 ' time of the Vacancy of the See of *Toledo*.
 ' Now this News being really true, tho' it had
 ' happened so lately, that I had not heard of it,
 ' (nor, indeed, was it well possible I should,
 ' considering the great Distance of the Way)
 ' when I was afterwards acquainted with it, a
 little

Ch. I 7. *this World to the next*, &c. 139

‘ little staggered me, tho’ far from being
‘ superstitious; till being informed, that the
‘ Bishop had lost three Horses on a late Ex-
‘ pedition, I was satisfied,

‘ THE next Morning, the Bishop, at my
‘ Desire, mounted the Rostrum, and trumpeted
‘ forth this Vision so effectually, which he said
‘ he had that Evening twice seen with his own
‘ Eyes, that a Spirit began to be infused
‘ through the whole Army, which rendered
‘ them superiour to almost any Force: the
‘ Bishop insisted, that the least Doubt of Suc-
‘ cess was giving the lye to the Saint, and a
‘ damnable Sin, and he took upon him in his
‘ Name to promise them Victory.

‘ THE Army being drawn out, I soon ex-
‘ perience the Effect of Enthusiasm, for
‘ having contrived another * Stratagem to
‘ strengthen what the Bishop had said, the
‘ Soldiers fought more like Furies than Men.
‘ My Stratagem was this: I had about me a
‘ dextrous Fellow, who had been formerly a
‘ Pimp in my Amours. Him I drest up in a
‘ strange

* This silly Story is told as a solemn Truth, (i. e.
that St. James really appeared in the manner this
Fellow is described) by Mariana, L. 7. §. 78.

' strange antick Dress, with a Pair of white
 ' Colours in his right Hand, a red Cross
 ' in his left, and having disguised him so, that
 ' no one could know him, I placed him on a
 ' white Horse, and ordered him to ride to the
 ' Head of the Army, and cry out, *Follow St.*
 ' *James*. These Words were reiterated by all
 ' the Troops, who attacked the Enemy with
 ' such Intrepidity, that notwithstanding our
 ' Inferiority of Numbers, we soon obtained a
 ' complete Victory.

' THE Bishop was come up by the time
 ' that the Enemy was routed, and acquaint-
 ' ing us, that he had met *St. James* by the
 ' way, and that he had informed him of
 ' what had past, he added, that he had ex-
 ' press Orders from the Saint, to receive a
 ' considerable Sum for his Use, and that a
 ' certain Tax on Corn and Wine should be
 ' settled on his Church for ever; and lastly,
 ' that a Horseman's Pay should be allowed
 ' for the future to the Saint himself, of which
 ' he and his Successors were appointed Re-
 ' ceivers. The Army received these Demands
 ' with such Acclamations, that I was obliged
 ' to comply with them, as I could by no
 ' means

Ch. 17. *this World to the next, &c.* 141

‘ means discover the Imposition, nor do I believe I should have gained any Credit if I had.

‘ I HAD now done with the Saint, but the Bishop had not; for about a Week afterwards, Lights were seen in a Wood near where the Battle was fought; and in a short time afterwards, they discovered his Tomb at the same Place. Upon this, the Bishop made me a Visit, and forced me to go thither to build a Church to him, and largely endow it. In a word, the good Man so plagued me with Miracle after Miracle, that I was forced to make interest with the Pope to convey him to *Toledo*, to get rid of him.

‘ BUT to proceed to other Matters.— There was an inferiour Officer, who had behaved very bravely in the Battle against the *Moors*, and had received several Wounds, who solicited me for Preferment; which I was about to confer on him, when one of my Ministers came to me in a Fright, and told me, that he had promised the Post I designed for this Man to the Son of Count

‘ *Alderredo*;

' *Alderedo*; and that the Count, who was a
 ' powerful Person, would be greatly disoblig-
 ' ed at the Refusal, as he had sent for his
 ' Son from School to take possession of it. I
 ' was obliged to agree with my Minister's Rea-
 ' sons, and at the same time recommended
 ' the wounded Soldier to be preferred by him;
 ' which he faithfully promised he would: but
 ' I met the poor Wretch since in *Elysium*,
 ' who informed me he was afterwards starved
 ' to death.

' NONE, who hath not been himself a
 ' Prince, nor any Prince, till his Death, can
 ' conceive the Impositions daily put on them
 ' by their Favourites and Ministers; so that
 ' Princes are often blamed for the Faults of
 ' others. The Count of *Saldagne*, had been
 ' long confined in Prison, when his Son
 ' *D. Bernard del Carpio*, who had performed
 ' the greatest Actions against the *Moors*, en-
 ' treated me as a Reward for his Service, to
 ' grant him his Father's Liberty. The old
 ' Man's Punishment had been so tedious, and
 ' the Services of the young one so singularly
 ' eminent, that I was very inclinable to grant
 ' the Request: but my Ministers strongly op-
 ' posed

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‘ posed it. They told me, My Glory de-
‘ manded Revenge for the Dishonour offered to
‘ my Family; that so positive a Demand car-
‘ ried with it rather the Air of Menace than
‘ Entreaty. That the vain Detail of his Ser-
‘ vices, and the Recompence due to them, was
‘ an injurious Reproach. That to grant what
‘ had been so haughtily demanded, would argue
‘ in the Monarch both Weakness and Timi-
‘ dity; in a word, that to remit the Pu-
‘ nishment inflicted by my Predecessors, would
‘ be to condemn their Judgment. Lastly, one
‘ told me in a Whisper, his whole Family are
‘ Enemies to your House. By these means the
‘ Ministers prevailed. The young Lord
‘ took the Refusal so ill, that he retired from
‘ Court, and abandoned himself to Despair,
‘ whilst the old one languished in Prison. By
‘ which means, as I have since discovered, I
‘ lost the Use of two of my best Subjects.

‘ To confess the Truth; I had by means of
‘ my Ministers conceived a very unjust Opi-
‘ nion of my whole People, whom I fancied
‘ to be daily conspiring against me, and to en-
‘ tertain the most disloyal Thoughts; when in
‘ reality (as I have known since my death)

' they held me in universal Respect and E-
 ' steem. This is a Trick, I believe, too often
 ' played with Sovereigns; who by such Means
 ' are prevented from that open Intercourse
 ' with their Subjects; which as it would great-
 ' ly endear the Person of the Prince to the
 ' People, so might it often prove dangerous to
 ' a Minister, who was consulting his own In-
 ' terest only at the expence of both. I believe
 ' I have now recounted to you the most ma-
 ' terial Passages of my Life; for I assure you,
 ' there are some Incidents in the Lives of
 ' Kings not extremely worth relating. Every
 ' thing which passes in their Minds and Fami-
 ' lies, is not attended with the Splendor which
 ' surrounds their Throne: indeed, there are
 ' some Hours wherein the naked King and the
 ' naked Cobler can scarce be distinguished
 ' from each other.

' HAD it not been, however, for my In-
 ' gratitude to *Bernard del Carpio*, I believe
 ' this would have been my last Pilgrimage
 ' on Earth: for as to the Story of *St. James*,
 ' I thought *Minos* would have burst his Sides
 ' at it: but he was so displeased with me on
 ' the other account, that with a Frown, he
 ' cried

Ch. 18. *this World to the next, &c.* 145

' cried out, Get thee back again, King. Nor
' would he suffer me to say another Word.

C H A P. XVIII.

Julian passes into a Fool.

' **T**HE next Visit I made to the World,
' was performed in *France*, where I
' was born in the Court of *Lewis III.* and
' had afterwards the Honour to be preferred to
' be Fool to the Prince, who was surnamed
' *Charles the Simple.* But in reality, I know
' not whether I might so properly be said to
' have acted the Fool in his Court, as to have
' made Fools of all others in it. Certain it is,
' I was very far from being what is generally
' understood by that Word, being a most cunning,
' designing, arch Knave. I knew very
' well the Folly of my Master and of many
' others, and how to make my advantage of
' this Knowledge. I was as dear to *Charles*
' *the Simple*, as the Player *Paris* was to *Domitian*,
' and, like him, bestowed all manner
' of Offices and Honours on whom I pleased.

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' This

' This drew me a great Number of Follow-
 ' ers among the Courtiers, who really mistook
 ' me for a Fool, and yet flattered my Under-
 ' standing. There was particularly in the Court
 ' a Fellow, who had neither Honour, Ho-
 ' nesty, Sense, Wit, Courage, Beauty, nor
 ' indeed any one good Quality either of Mind
 ' or Body, to recommend him: but was at
 ' the same time, perhaps, as cunning a Mon-
 ' ster as ever lived. This Gentleman took
 ' it into his head to list under my Banner,
 ' and pursued me so very assiduously with
 ' Flattery, constantly reminding me of my
 ' good Sense, that I grew immoderately fond
 ' of him: for tho' Flattery is not most judi-
 ' ciously applied to Qualities which the Per-
 ' sons flattered possess, yet as, notwithstand-
 ' ing my being well assured of my own Parts,
 ' I past in the whole Court for a Fool, this
 ' Flattery was a very sweet Morsel to me. I
 ' therefore got this Fellow preferred to a Bi-
 ' shopric, but I lost my Flatterer by it: for
 ' he never afterwards said a civil Thing to
 me.

' I NEVER baulked my Imagination for
 ' the Grossness of the Reflection on the Cha-
 racter

Ch. 18. *this World to the next, &c.* 147

‘ racter of the greatest Noble, nay even the
‘ King himself; of which, I will give you
‘ a very bold Instance. One day, his simple
‘ Majesty told me, he believed I had so much
‘ Power, that his People looked on me as the
‘ King, and himself as my Fool. At this I
‘ pretended to be angry as with an Affront.
‘ Why, how now, says the King; Are you
‘ ashamed of being a King? No Sir, says I,
‘ but I am devilishly ashamed of my Fool.

‘ HEBERT, Earl of *Vermandois*, had by
‘ my means been restored to the Favour of
‘ *The Simple*, (for so I used always to call
‘ *Charles*.) He afterwards prevailed with the
‘ King to take the City of *Arras* from Earl
‘ *Baldwin*, by which means *Hebert* in ex-
‘ change for this City had *Peronne* restored
‘ to him by Count *Altmar*. *Baldwin* came
‘ to Court, in order to procure the Restoration
‘ of his City; but, either through Pride or Ig-
‘ norance, neglected to apply to me. As I
‘ met him at Court during his Solicitation, I
‘ told him he did not apply the right way;
‘ he answered roughly, he should not ask a
‘ Fool’s Advice. I replied, I did not wonder
‘ at his Prejudice; since he had miscarried al-

' ready by following a Fool's Advice: but I
 ' told him, there were Fools, who had more
 ' Interest than that he had brought with him
 ' to Court. He answered me surlily, he had
 ' no Fool with him, for that he travelled a-
 ' lone.—Ay, my Lord, says I, I often travel
 ' alone, and yet they will have it I always car-
 ' ry a Fool with me. This raised a Laugh
 ' among the By-standers, on which he gave
 ' me a Blow. I immediately complained of
 ' this Usage to *The Simple*, who dismissed the
 ' Earl from Court with very hard Words, in-
 ' stead of granting him the Favour he solici-
 ' ted.

' I GIVE you these rather as a Specimen of
 ' my Interest and Impudence than of my Wit ;
 ' indeed my Jests were commonly more ad-
 ' mired than they ought to be: for perhaps,
 ' I was not in reality much more a Wit
 ' than a Fool. But with the Latitude of un-
 ' bounded Scurrility, it is easy enough to at-
 ' tain the Character of Wit, especially in a
 ' Court, where, as all Persons hate and envy
 ' one another heartily, and are at the same
 ' time obliged by the constrained Behaviour
 ' of Civility to profess the greatest Liking, so
 ' it

Ch. I 8. *this World to the next*, &c. 149

‘ it is and must be wonderfully pleasant to
‘ them to see the Follies of their Acquaintance
‘ exposed by a third Person. Besides, the
‘ Opinion of the Court is as uniform as the
‘ Fashion, and is always guided by the Will
‘ of the Prince or of the Favourite. I doubt
‘ not that *Caligula*’s Horse was universally
‘ held in his Court to be a good and able Con-
‘ sul. In the same manner was I universally
‘ acknowledged to be the wittiest Fool in
‘ the World. Every Word I said raised
‘ Laughter, and was held to be a Jest, espe-
‘ cially by the Ladies; who sometimes laughed
‘ before I had discovered my Sentiment, and
‘ often repeated that as a Jest which I did
‘ not even intend as one.

‘ I WAS as severe on the Ladies as on the
‘ Men, and with the same Impunity; but
‘ this at last cost me dear: for once having
‘ joked the Beauty of a Lady, whose Name
‘ was *Adelaide*, a Favourite of *the Simple*’s;
‘ she pretended to smile and be pleased at
‘ my Wit with the rest of the Company;
‘ but in reality, she highly resented it, and
‘ endeavoured to undermine me with the
‘ King. In which she so greatly succeeded

‘ (for what can’t a favourite Woman do with
 ‘ one who deserves the Surname of *Simple*?)
 ‘ that the King grew every day more reserved
 ‘ to me, and when I attempted any Freedom,
 ‘ gave me such Marks of his Displeasure; that
 ‘ the Courtiers (who have all Hawk’s Eyes at
 ‘ a Slight from the Sovereign) soon discerned
 ‘ it: and indeed, had I been blind enough
 ‘ not to have discovered that I had lost ground
 ‘ in the *Simple*’s Favour, by his own Change
 ‘ in his Carriage towards me, I must have
 ‘ found it, nay even felt it, in the Behaviour of
 ‘ the Courtiers: for as my Company was two
 ‘ days before solicited with the utmost Eager-
 ‘ ness, it was now rejected with as much Scorn.
 ‘ I was now the Jest of the Ushers and Pages;
 ‘ and an Officer of the Guards, on whom I
 ‘ was a little jocular, gave me a Box on the Ear,
 ‘ bidding me make free with my Equals. This
 ‘ very Fellow had been my Butt for many
 ‘ Years, without daring to lift his Hand a-
 ‘ gainst me.

‘ BUT tho’ I visibly perceived the Alte-
 ‘ ration in the *Simple*, I was utterly unable to
 ‘ make any Guess at the Occasion. I had
 ‘ not the least Suspicion of *Adelaide*: for be-
 ‘ sides her being a very good-humour’d Wo-
 ‘ man,

Ch. 18. *this World to the next, &c.* 151

‘ man, I had often made severe Jest on her
‘ Reputation, which I had all the reason
‘ imaginable to believe had given her no Of-
‘ fence. But I soon perceived, that a Woman
‘ will bear the most bitter Censures on her
‘ Morals, easier than the smallest Reflection
‘ on her Beauty: for she now declared pub-
‘ lickly, that I ought to be dismiss’d from
‘ Court, as the stupidest of Fools, and one in
‘ whom there was no Diversion; and that
‘ she wondered how any Person could have so
‘ little Taste, as to imagine I had any Wit.
‘ This Speech was echoed through the Draw-
‘ ing Room, and agreed to by all present. E-
‘ very one now put on an unusual Gravity on
‘ their Countenance whenever I spoke; and
‘ it was as much out of my power to raise
‘ a Laugh, as formerly it had been for me to
‘ open my Mouth without one.

‘ WHILE my Affairs were in this po-
‘ sture, I went one day into the Circle,
‘ without my Fool’s Dress. The *Simple*, who
‘ would still speak to me, cried out, So, Fool,
‘ what’s the matter now? Sir, answered I
‘ Fools are like to be so common a Commo-
‘ dity at Court, that I am weary of my Coat.

' How dost thou mean, answered the *Simple* ;
 ' What can make them commoner now than
 ' usual?—O, Sir, said I, there are Ladies
 ' here make your Majesty a Fool every Day
 ' of their Lives. The *Simple* took no notice
 ' of my Jest, and several present said my Bones
 ' ought to be broke for my Impudence ; but
 ' it pleased the Queen, who knowing *Adè-*
 ' *laide*, whom she hated, to be the Cause of
 ' my Disgrace, obtained me of the King, and
 ' took me into her Service ; so that I was
 ' henceforth called the Queen's Fool, and in
 ' her Court received the same Honour, and
 ' had as much Wit as I had formerly had in
 ' the King's. But as the Queen had really no
 ' Power unless over her own Domestics, I
 ' was not treated in general with that Com-
 ' placence, nor did I receive those Bribes and
 ' Presents, which had once fallen to my
 ' share.

' Nor did this confined Respect continue
 ' long : for the Queen, who had in fact no
 ' Taste for Humour, soon grew sick of my
 ' Foolery, and forgetting the Cause for which
 ' she had taken me, neglected me so much,
 ' that

‘ that her Court grew intolerable to my Temper, and I broke my Heart and died.

‘ MINOS. laughed heartily at several things
‘ in my Story, and then telling me, No one
‘ played the Fool in *Elysium*, bid me go back
‘ again.

C H A P. XIX.

*Julian appears in the Character of
a Beggar.*

‘ I Now returned to *Rome*, and was born
‘ into a very poor and numerous Family,
‘ which, to be honest with you, procured its
‘ Livelihood by Begging. This, if you was
‘ never yourself of the Calling, you do not
‘ know, I suppose, to be as regular a Trade
‘ as any other; to have its several Rules and
‘ Secrets, or Mysteries, which to learn re-
‘ quire perhaps as tedious an Apprenticeship
‘ as those of any Craft whatever.

‘ THE first thing we are taught is *the Coun-*
‘ *tenance miserable.* This indeed Nature makes
‘ much easier to some than others: but there
‘ are

‘are none who cannot accomplish it, if they
 ‘begin early enough in Youth, and before
 ‘the Muscles are grown too stubborn.

‘THE second Thing is, *the Voice lamentable*. In this Qualification too, Nature
 ‘must have her share in producing the most
 ‘consummate Excellence: however, Art will
 ‘here, as in every other Instance, go a great
 ‘way with Industry and Application, even
 ‘without the Assistance of Genius; especially
 ‘if the Student begins young.

‘THERE are many other Instructions: but
 ‘these are the most considerable. The Wo-
 ‘men are taught one Practice more than the
 ‘Men; for they are instructed in the Art
 ‘of Crying, that is, to have their Tears rea-
 ‘dy on all Occasions: but this is attained
 ‘very easily by most. Some indeed arrive at
 ‘the utmost Perfection in this Art with incre-
 ‘dible Facility.

‘No Profession requires a deeper Insight
 ‘into human Nature, than the Beggar’s. Their
 ‘Knowledge of the Passions of Men is so ex-
 ‘tensive, that I have often thought, it would

Ch. 19. *this World to the next*, &c. 155

‘ be of no little service to a Politician to
‘ have his Education among them. Nay,
‘ there is a much greater Analogy between
‘ these two Characters than is imagined: for
‘ both concur in their first and grand Prin-
‘ ciple, it being equally their Business to de-
‘ clude and impose on Mankind. It must be
‘ confess’d, that they differ widely in the De-
‘ gree of Advantage, which they make by
‘ their Deceit: for, whereas the Beggar is
‘ contented with a little, the Politician leaves
‘ but a little behind.

‘ A VERY great *English* Philosopher hath
‘ remarked our Policy, in taking Care never
‘ to address any one with a Title inferiour to
‘ what he really claims. My Father was of
‘ the same Opinion: for I remember when I
‘ was a Boy, the Pope happening to pass by,
‘ I attended him with Pray Sir; for God’s
‘ sake, Sir; for the Lord’s sake, Sir.—To which
‘ he answered gravely, *Sirrah, Sirrah, you ought*
‘ *to be whipt, for taking the Lord’s Name in*
‘ *vain*; and in vain it was indeed, for he gave
‘ me nothing. My Father over-hearing this,
‘ took his Advice and whipt me very severely.
‘ While I was under Correction, I promis’d

156 *A JOURNEY from* Book I.

‘ often never to take the Lord’s Name in vain
 ‘ any more. My Father then said, Child, I
 ‘ do not whip you for taking his Name in
 ‘ vain : I whip you for not calling the Pope
 ‘ *his Holiness*.

‘ If all Men were so wise and good to fol-
 ‘ low the Clergy’s Example, the Nufance of
 ‘ Beggars would soon be removed. I do not re-
 ‘ member to have been above twice relieved by
 ‘ them during my whole State of Beggary. Once
 ‘ was by a very well-looking Man, who gave
 ‘ me a small Piece of Silver, and declared, he
 ‘ had given me more than he had left him-
 ‘ self; the other was by a spruce young Fel-
 ‘ low, who had that very day first put on
 ‘ his Robes, whom I attended with *Pray,*
 ‘ *Reverend Sir, good Reverend Sir, consider*
 ‘ *your Cloth.* He answered, *I do, Child, consi-*
 ‘ *der my Office, and I hope all of our Cloth do*
 ‘ *the same.* He then threw down some Money,
 ‘ and strutted off with great Dignity.

‘ WITH the Women, I had one general
 ‘ Formulary: *Sweet pretty Lady, God bless*
 ‘ *your Ladyship, God bless your handsome Face.*
 ‘ This generally succeeded; but I observed, the
 ‘ uglier

Ch. 19. *this World to the next, &c.* 157

‘ uglier the Woman was, the surer I was of
‘ Success.

‘ IT was a constant Maxim among us,
‘ that the greater Retinue any one travelled
‘ with, the less Expectation we might promise
‘ ourselves from them; but whenever we saw
‘ a Vehicle with a single, or no Servant, we
‘ imagined our Booty sure, and were seldom
‘ deceived.

‘ WE observed great Difference intro-
‘ duced by Time and Circumstance in the
‘ same Person: for instance, a losing Game-
‘ ster is sometimes generous; but from a
‘ Winner, you will as easily obtain his Soul, as
‘ a single Groat. A Lawyer travelling from
‘ his Country Seat to his Clients at *Rome*, and
‘ a Physician going to visit a Patient, were al-
‘ ways worth asking: but the same on their
‘ Return were (according to our Cant Phrase)
‘ *untouchable*.

‘ THE most general, and indeed, the truest
‘ Maxim among us, was, That those who
‘ possess’d the least were always the readiest to
‘ give. The chief Art of a Beggarman is
‘ therefore to discern the Rich from the Poor,
‘ which,

' which, tho' it be only distinguishing Sub-
 ' stance from Shadow, is by no means at-
 ' tainable without a pretty good Capacity,
 ' and a vast Degree of Attention: for these
 ' two are eternally industrious in endeavouring
 ' to counterfeit each other. In this Deceit,
 ' the poor Man is more heartily in earnest
 ' to deceive you, than the Rich; who amidst
 ' all the Emblems of Poverty which he puts
 ' on, still permits some mark of his Wealth
 ' to strike the Eye. Thus, while his Ap-
 ' parel is not worth a Groat, his Finger wears
 ' a Ring of Value, or his Pocket a Gold
 ' Watch. In a word, he seems rather to af-
 ' fect Poverty to insult, than impose on you.
 ' Now the poor Man, on the contrary, is very
 ' sincere in his Desire of passing for rich;
 ' but the Eagerness of this Desire, hurries
 ' him to over-act his Part, and he betrays
 ' himself, as one who is drunk by his over-
 ' acted Sobriety. Thus, instead of being
 ' attended by one Servant well mounted, he
 ' will have two; and not being able to pur-
 ' chase or maintain a second Horse of Value,
 ' one of his Servants at least is mounted on a
 ' hired Rascallion. He is not contented to go
 ' plain and neat in his Clothes; he therefore
 ' claps

Ch. 19. *this World to the next*, &c. 159

‘claps on some taudry Ornament, and what
‘he adds to the Fineness of his Vestment,
‘he detracts from the Fineness of his Linnen.
‘Without descending into more minute Particulars, I believe I may assert it as an Axiom of indubitable Truth, That whoever
‘shews you he is either in himself, or his
‘Equipage, as gaudy as he can, convinces you
‘he is more so than he can afford. Now
‘whenever a Man’s Expence exceeds his Income, he is indifferent in the Degree; we had
‘therefore nothing more to do with such,
‘than to flatter them with their Wealth and
‘Splendor, and were always certain of Success.

‘THERE is, indeed, one kind of rich
‘Man, who is commonly more liberal, namely, where Riches surprize him as it were,
‘in the midst of Poverty and Distress, the
‘Consequence of which is, I own, sometimes excessive Avarice; but oftner extreme
‘Prodigality. I remember one of these, who
‘having received a pretty large Sum of Money, gave me, when I begged an Obolus,
‘a whole Talent; on which his Friend having
‘reproved him, he answered with an Oath,
‘Why not? Have I not fifty left?

‘THE

' THE Life of a Beggar, if Men esti-
 ' mated things by their real Essence, and not
 ' by their outward false Appearance, would be,
 ' perhaps, a more desirable Situation than
 ' any of those, which Ambition persuades us
 ' with such Difficulty, Danger, and often
 ' Villany, to aspire to. The Wants of a Beg-
 ' gar are commonly as chimerical as the A-
 ' bundance of a Nobleman; for besides Va-
 ' nity, which a judicious Beggar will always
 ' apply to with wonderful Efficacy, there are in
 ' reality very few Natures so hardened, as not
 ' to compassionate Poverty and Distress,
 ' when the Predominancy of some other
 ' Passion doth not prevent them.

' THERE is one Happiness which attends
 ' Money got with ease, namely, that it is never
 ' hoarded; otherwise, as we have frequent
 ' Opportunities of growing rich, that Canker
 ' Care might prey on our Quiet, as it doth on
 ' others: but our Money Stock we spend as
 ' fast as we acquire it; usually at least, for
 ' I speak not without exception; thus it
 ' gives us mirth only, and no trouble. In-
 ' deed, the Luxury of our Lives might intro-
 ' duce Diseases, did not our daily Exercise pre-
 ' vent them. This gives us Appetite and Re-
 ' lish

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‘lish for our Dainties, and at the same time,
‘an Antidote against the evil Effects, which
‘Sloth, united with Luxury, induces on the
‘Habit of a human Body. Our Women we
‘enjoy with Extasies, at least equal to what
‘the greatest Men feel in their Embraces.
‘I can, I am assured, say of myself, that no
‘Mortal could reap more perfect Happiness
‘from the tender Passion, than my Fortune
‘had decreed me. I married a charming
‘young Woman for Love, she was the Daugh-
‘ter of a neighbouring Beggar, who with an
‘Improvidence too often seen, spent a very
‘large Income, which he procured by his
‘Profession, so that he was able to give her
‘no Fortune down; however, at his Death,
‘he left her a very well-accustomed Begging-
‘Hut, situated on the side of a steep Hill,
‘where Travellers could not immediately es-
‘cape from us, and a Garden adjoining, being
‘the 28th Part of an Acre, well planted. She
‘made the best of Wives, bore me nineteen
‘Children, and never failed, unless on her
‘Lying-in, which generally lasted three
‘Days, to get my Supper ready, against my
‘return home in an Evening; this being my
‘favourite Meal, and at which I, as well as

‘ my whole Family, greatly enjoyed ourselves ;
 ‘ the principal Subject of our Discourse, being
 ‘ generally the Boons we had that day obtain-
 ‘ ed, on which occasions laughing at the Folly
 ‘ of the Donors, made no inconsiderable Part
 ‘ of the Entertainment : for whatever might
 ‘ be their Motive for giving, we constantly im-
 ‘ puted our Success to our having flattered
 ‘ their Vanity, or over-reached their Under-
 ‘ standing.

‘ BUT, perhaps, I have dwelt too long
 ‘ on this Character ; I shall conclude therefore
 ‘ with telling you, that after a Life of 102 Years
 ‘ Continuance, during all which I had never
 ‘ known any Sickness or Infirmary, but that
 ‘ which Old Age necessarily induced, I at last,
 ‘ without the least Pain, went out like the
 ‘ Snuff of a Candle.

‘ MINOS having heard my History, bid
 ‘ me compute, if I could, how many Lyes
 ‘ I had told in my Life. As we are here by a
 ‘ certain fated Necessity, obliged to confine
 ‘ ourselves to Truth, I answered, I believed
 ‘ about 50,000,000. He then replied with
 ‘ a Frown, Can such a Wretch conceive any
 ‘ Hopes

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‘ Hopes of entering *Elysium*? I immediately
‘ turned about, and, upon the whole, was re-
‘ joiced at his not calling me back.

CH A P. XX.

*Julian performs the Part of a
Statesman.*

‘ **I** T was now my fortune to be born of a
‘ *German* Princess; but a Man-Widwife
‘ pulling my Head off, in delivering my Mo-
‘ ther, put a speedy end to my princely Life.

‘ SPIRITS, who end their Lives before
‘ they are at the Age of five Years, are im-
‘ mediately ordered into other Bodies; and it
‘ was now my fortune to perform several In-
‘ fancies, before I could again entitle myself to
‘ an Examination of *Minos*.

‘ AT length I was destined once more to
‘ play a considerable Part on the Stage. I
‘ was born in *England*, in the Reign of *E-*
‘ *theldred* II. My Father’s Name was *Ulnoth*.
‘ He was Earl or Thane of *Suffex*: I was af-
M 2 ‘ terwards

' afterwards known by the Name of Earl *Good-*
 ' *win*, and began to make a considerable Fi-
 ' gure in the World, in the time of *Harold*
 ' *Harefoot*, whom I procured to be made
 ' King of *Wessex*, or the *West Saxons*, in pre-
 ' judice of *Hardicanute*, whose Mother *Em-*
 ' *ma* endeavoured afterwards to set another of
 ' her Sons on the Throne: but I circumvented
 ' her, and communicating her Design to the
 ' King, at the same time acquainted him with
 ' a Project, which I had formed for the Mur-
 ' der of these two young Princes. *Emma* had
 ' sent for these her Sons from *Normandy*, with
 ' the King's Leave, whom she had deceived
 ' by her religious Behaviour, and pretended
 ' Neglect of all worldly Affairs; but I pre-
 ' vailed with *Harold* to invite these Princes to
 ' his Court, and put them to death. The
 ' prudent Mother sent only *Alfred*, retaining
 ' *Edward* to herself, as she suspected my ill
 ' Designs, and thought I should not venture to
 ' execute them on one of her Sons, while
 ' she secured the other: but she was deceived,
 ' for I had no sooner *Alfred* in my possession,
 ' than I caused him to be conducted to *Ely*,
 ' where I ordered his Eyes to be put out,
 ' and

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‘ and afterwards to be confined in a Monastery.

‘ THIS was one of those cruel Expedients, which great Men satisfy themselves well in executing, by concluding them to be necessary to the Service of their Prince, who is the Support of their Ambition.

‘ EDWARD, the other Son of *Emma*, escaped again to *Normandy*; whence, after the Death of *Harold* and *Hardicanute*, he made no scruple of applying to my Protection and Favour, tho’ he had before prosecuted me with all the Vengeance he was able, for the Murder of his Brother: but in all great Affairs, private Relation must yield to public Interest. Having therefore concluded very advantageous Terms for myself with him, I made no scruple of patronizing his Cause, and soon placed him on the Throne. Nor did I conceive the least Apprehension from his Resentment, as I knew my Power was too great for him to encounter.

‘ AMONG other stipulated Conditions, one was to marry my Daughter *Editba*. This

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‘ *Edward* consented to, with great Reluctance,
 ‘ and I had afterwards no reason to be pleased
 ‘ with it : for it raised her, who had been my
 ‘ favourite Child, to such an Opinion of Great-
 ‘ ness, that instead of paying me the usual
 ‘ Respect, she frequently threw in my teeth,
 ‘ (as often at least as I gave her any Admo-
 ‘ nition) that she was now a Queen, and that
 ‘ the Character and Title of Father merged
 ‘ in that of Subject. This Behaviour, how-
 ‘ ever, did not cure me of my Affection to-
 ‘ wards her, nor lessen the Uneasiness, which
 ‘ I afterwards bore on *Edward*’s dismissing her
 ‘ from his Bed.

‘ ONE thing, which principally induced
 ‘ me to labour the Promotion of *Edward*,
 ‘ was the Simplicity or Weakness of that
 ‘ Prince, under whom I promised myself ab-
 ‘ solute Dominion, under another Name.
 ‘ Nor did this Opinion deceive me: for during
 ‘ his whole Reign, my Administration was in
 ‘ the highest degree despotic, I had every
 ‘ thing of Royalty, but the outward Ensigns :
 ‘ No Man ever applying for a Place, or any
 ‘ kind of Preferment, but to me only. A Cir-
 ‘ cumstance, which as it greatly enriched my
 ‘ Coffers,

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‘ Coffers, so it no less pampered my Ambition,
‘ and satisfied my Vanity with a numerous
‘ Attendance; and I had the pleasure of see-
‘ ing those, who only bowed to the King,
‘ prostrating themselves before me.

‘ EDWARD the Confessor, or St. *Edward*, as
‘ some have called him in derision, I sup-
‘ pose, being a very silly Fellow, had all the
‘ Faults incident, and almost inseparable, to
‘ Fools. He married my Daughter *Editha*,
‘ from his fear of disobliging me; and after-
‘ wards, out of hatred to me, refused
‘ even to consummate his Marriage, tho’ she
‘ was one of the most beautiful Women of
‘ her Age. He was likewise guilty of the
‘ basest Ingratitude to his Mother, (a Vice to
‘ which Fools are chiefly, if not only liable)
‘ and in return for her Endeavours to procure
‘ him a Throne in his Youth, confined her in a
‘ loathsome Prison, in her old Age. This, it
‘ is true, he did by my Advice: but as to her
‘ walking over nine Plowshares red-hot, and
‘ giving nine Manors, when she had not one
‘ in her possession, there is not a syllable of
‘ Veracity in it.

' THE first great Perplexity I fell into,
 ' was on the account of my Son *Swane*, who
 ' had deflowered the Abbess of *Leon*, since
 ' called *Leominster* in *Herefordshire*. After
 ' this Fact, he retired into *Denmark*, whence
 ' he sent to me, to obtain his Pardon. The
 ' King at first refused it; being moved thereto,
 ' as I afterwards found, by some Churchmen,
 ' particularly by one of his Chaplains, whom
 ' I had prevented from obtaining a Bishoprick.
 ' Upon this, my Son *Swane* invaded the Coasts
 ' with several Ships, and committed many
 ' outrageous Cruelties; which, indeed, did his
 ' business, as they served me to apply to the
 ' Fear of this King, which I had long since
 ' discovered to be his predominant Passion.
 ' And at last, he who had refused Pardon to
 ' his first Offence, submitted to give it him,
 ' after he had committed many other more
 ' monstrous Crimes; by which his Pardon lost
 ' all Grace to the Offended, and received dou-
 ' ble Censure from all others.

' THE King was greatly inclined to the
 ' *Normans*, had created a *Norman* Archbishop
 ' of *Canterbury*, and had heaped extraor-
 ' dinary

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‘ dinary Favours on him. I had no other
‘ Objection to this Man, than that he rose
‘ without my Assistance ; a Cause of Dislike,
‘ which in the Reign of great and powerful
‘ Favourites, hath often proved fatal to the Per-
‘ sons who have given it, as the Persons thus
‘ raised, inspire us constantly with Jealousies
‘ and Apprehensions. For when we promote
‘ any one ourselves, we take effectual Care to
‘ preserve such an Ascendant over him, that
‘ we can at any time reduce him to his former
‘ Degree, should he dare to act in opposition
‘ to our Wills: for which reason we never
‘ suffer any to come near the Prince, but
‘ such as we are assured it is impossible
‘ should be capable of engaging or improving
‘ his Affection; no Prime-Minister, as I ap-
‘ prehend, esteeming himself to be safe, while
‘ any other shares the Ear of his Prince, of
‘ whom we are as jealous as the fondest Hus-
‘ band can be of his Wife. Whoever, there-
‘ fore, can approach him by any other Chan-
‘ nel than that of ourselves, is in our opinion
‘ a declared Enemy, and one, whom the first
‘ Principles of Policy oblige us to demolish
‘ with the utmost expedition. For the Affection
of

‘ of Kings, is as precarious as that of Wo-
 ‘ men, and the only Way to secure either to
 ‘ ourselves, is to keep all others from them.

‘ BUT the Arch-Bishop did not let Mat-
 ‘ ters rest on Suspicion. He soon gave open
 ‘ Proofs of his Interest with the Confessor, in
 ‘ procuring an Office of some Importance for
 ‘ one *Rollo*, a *Roman* of mean Extraction and
 ‘ very despicable Parts. When I represented
 ‘ to the King the Indecency of conferring such
 ‘ an Honour on such a Fellow, he answered
 ‘ me, that he was the Arch-Bishop’s Rela-
 ‘ tion. Then, Sir, replied I, he is related to
 ‘ your Enemy. Nothing more past at that time:
 ‘ but I soon perceived by the Arch-Bishop’s
 ‘ Behaviour, that the King had acquainted
 ‘ him with our private Discourse, a suffi-
 ‘ cient Assurance of his Confidence in him
 ‘ and Neglect of me.

‘ THE Favour of Princes, when once lost,
 ‘ is recoverable only by the gaining a Situation
 ‘ which may make you terrible to them. As
 ‘ I had no doubt of having lost all Credit
 ‘ with this King, which indeed had been
 ‘ originally founded and constantly supported
 ‘ by

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‘ by his Fear, so I took the Method of Ter-
‘ ror to regain it.

‘ THE Earl of *Boulogne* coming over to visit
‘ the King, gave me an Opportunity of break-
‘ ing out into open Opposition : for as the Earl
‘ was on his return to *France*, one of his Ser-
‘ vants, who was sent before to procure Lodg-
‘ ings at *Dover*, and insisted on having them
‘ in the House of a private Man in spite of the
‘ Owner’s teeth, was, in a Fray which
‘ ensued, killed on the spot; and the Earl him-
‘ self arriving there soon after, very narrowly
‘ escaped with his Life. The Earl, enraged
‘ at this Affront, returned to the King at
‘ *Gloucester*, with loud Complaints and De-
‘ mands of Satisfaction. *Edward* consented
‘ to his Demands, and ordered me to chastise
‘ the Rioters, who were under my Govern-
‘ ment as Earl of *Kent* : but instead of obey-
‘ ing these Orders, I answered with some
‘ warmth, That the *English* were not used
‘ to punish People unheard ; nor ought their
‘ Rights and Privileges to be violated : that
‘ the Accused should be first summoned ; if
‘ guilty, should make Satisfaction both with
‘ Body and Estate ; but if innocent, should be
‘ discharged.

‘ discharged. Adding, with great ferocity,
 ‘ that as Earl of *Kent* it was my Duty to
 ‘ protect those under my Government against
 ‘ the Insults of Foreigners.

‘ THIS Accident was extremely lucky, as
 ‘ it gave my Quarrel with the King a popular
 ‘ Colour ; and so ingratiated me with the
 ‘ People, that when I set up my Standard,
 ‘ which I soon after did, they readily and
 ‘ chearfully lifted under my Banners, and
 ‘ embraced my Cause, which I persuaded
 ‘ them was their own : for that it was to
 ‘ protect them against Foreigners that I had
 ‘ drawn my Sword. The word Foreigners
 ‘ with an *Englishman* hath a kind of magical
 ‘ Effect, they having the utmost Hatred and
 ‘ Aversion to them, arising from the Crueltie
 ‘ they suffered from the *Danes* and some other
 ‘ foreign Nations. No wonder therefore they
 ‘ espoused my Cause, in a Quarrel which had
 ‘ such a Beginning.

‘ BUT what may be somewhat more re-
 ‘ markable is, that when I afterwards returned
 ‘ to *England* from Banishment, and was at
 ‘ the Head of an Army of the *Flemish*, who
 ‘ were

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‘ were preparing to plunder the City of *London*, I still persisted that I was come to defend the *English* from the Danger of Foreigners, and gained their Credit. Indeed, there is no Lye so gross, but it may be imposed on the People by those whom they esteem their Patrons and Defenders.

‘ THE King saved his City by being reconciled to me, and taking again my Daughter whom he had put away from him; and thus having frightened the King into what Concessions I thought proper, I dismissed my Army and Fleet, with which I intended, could I not have succeeded otherwise, to have sacked the City of *London*, and ravaged the whole Country.

‘ I WAS no sooner re-established in the King’s Favour, or, what was as well for me, the Appearance of it, than I fell violently on the Arch-Bishop. He had of himself retired to his Monastery in *Normandy*; but that did not content me, I had him formally banished, the See declared vacant, and then filled up by another.

' I ENJOYED my Grandeur a very short
 ' time, after my Restoration to it: for the
 ' King hating and fearing me to a very great
 ' degree, and finding no means of openly
 ' destroying me, at last effected his Purpose
 ' by Poison, and then spread abroad a ridi-
 ' culous Story of my wishing the next Mor-
 ' sel might choak me, if I had had any
 ' hand in the Death of *Alfred*; and ac-
 ' cordingly that the next Morfel, by a divine
 ' Judgment, stuck in my Throat, and per-
 ' formed that Office.

' THIS of a Statesman was one of my
 ' worst Stages in the other World. It is a
 ' Post subjected daily to the greatest Danger
 ' and Inquietude, and attended with little
 ' Pleasure, and less Ease. In a word, it is a
 ' Pill, which, was it not gilded over by
 ' Ambition, would appear nauseous and de-
 ' testable in the eye of every one; and per-
 ' haps that is one reason why *Minos* so great-
 ' ly compassionates the Case of those who
 ' swallow it: for that just Judge told me, he
 ' always acquitted a Prime-Minister, who
 ' could produce one single good Action in
 ' his

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‘ his whole Life, let him have committed
‘ ever so many Crimes. Indeed, I under-
‘ stood him a little too largely, and was step-
‘ ping towards the Gate: but he pulled me
‘ by the Sleeve, and telling me, no Prime-Mi-
‘ nister ever entered there, bid me go back a-
‘ gain; saying, he thought I had sufficient
‘ Reason to rejoice in escaping the Bottom-
‘ less Pit, which half my Crimes committed
‘ in any other Capacity would have entitled
‘ me to.’

C H A P. XXI.

*Julian's Adventures in the Post of a
Soldier.*

‘ I WAS born at *Caen* in *Normandy*. My
‘ Mother's Name was *Matilda*; as for
‘ my Father, I am not so certain: for the
‘ good Woman on her Death-Bed assured me,
‘ she herself could bring her Guess to no greater
‘ Certainty, than to five of Duke *William's*
‘ Captains. When I was no more than Thir-
‘ teen (being indeed a surprizing stout Boy of
‘ my Age) I enlisted into the Army of Duke
‘ *William,*

' *William*, afterwards known by the Name
 ' of *William the Conqueror* ; landed with
 ' him at *Pemesey*, or *Pemsley* in *Suffex*, and
 ' was present at the famous Battle of *Hastings*.

' AT the first Onset, it was impossible to
 ' describe my Consternation, which was
 ' heightened by the Fall of two Soldiers
 ' who stood by me ; but this soon abated,
 ' and by degrees as my Blood grew warm, I
 ' thought no more of my own Safety, but
 ' fell on the Enemy with great Fury, and did
 ' a good deal of Execution ; till unhappily I
 ' received a Wound in my Thigh, which
 ' rendered me unable to stand any longer, so
 ' that I now lay among the Dead, and was
 ' constantly exposed to the Danger of being
 ' trampled to death ; as well by my Fellow-
 ' Soldiers as by the Enemy. However, I
 ' had the fortune to escape it, and continued
 ' the remaining part of the Day, and the
 ' Night following, on the Ground.

' THE next Morning, the Duke sending
 ' out Parties to bring off the wounded, I
 ' was found almost expiring with Loss of
 ' Blood ; notwithstanding which, as imme-
 ' diate

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‘diate Care was taken to dress my Wounds.
‘Youth and a robust Constitution stood my
‘Friends, and I recovered, after a long and
‘tedious Indisposition, and was again able to
‘use my Limbs and do my Duty.

‘As soon as *Dover* was taken, I was conveyed thither with all the rest of the sick
‘and wounded. Here I recovered of my
‘Wound: but fell afterwards into a violent
‘Flux, which when it departed, left me so
‘weak, that it was long before I could regain my Strength. And what most afflicted
‘me was, that during my whole Illness,
‘when I languished under Want as well as
‘Sickness, I had daily the mortification to
‘see and hear the Riots and Excess of my
‘Fellow-Soldiers, who had happily escaped
‘safe from the Battle.

‘I WAS no sooner well, than I was ordered into Garrison at *Dover* Castle. The Officers here fared very indifferently; but the
‘private Men much worse. We had great
‘Scarcity of Provisions, and what was yet
‘more intolerable, were so closely confined for
‘want of Room (four of us being obliged

‘ to lie on the same Bundle of Straw) that
 ‘ many died, and most sickened.

‘ HERE I had remained about four Months,
 ‘ when one Night we were alarmed with the
 ‘ Arrival of the Earl of *Boulogne*, who had
 ‘ come over privily from *France*, and endea-
 ‘ voured to surprize the Castle. The Design
 ‘ proved ineffectual: for the Garrison making
 ‘ a brisk Sally, most of his Men were tumbled
 ‘ down the Precipice, and he returned with
 ‘ a very few back to *France*. In this Action
 ‘ however, I had the misfortune to come off
 ‘ with a broken Arm; it was so shattered,
 ‘ that besides a great deal of Pain and Misery,
 ‘ which I endured in my Cure, I was dis-
 ‘ abled for upwards of three Months.

‘ SOON after my Recovery, I had contract-
 ‘ ed an Amour with a young Woman, whose
 ‘ Parents lived near the Garrison, and were
 ‘ in much better Circumstances than I had
 ‘ reason to expect should give their Consent
 ‘ to the Match. However, as she was ex-
 ‘ tremely fond of me, (as I was indeed di-
 ‘ stractedly enamoured of her) they were
 ‘ prevailed

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‘ prevailed on to comply with her Desires, and
‘ the Day was fixed for our Marriage.

‘ ON the Evening preceding, while I was
‘ exulting with the eager Expectation of the
‘ Happiness I was the next Day to enjoy,
‘ received Orders to march early in the Morn-
‘ ing towards *Windsor*, where a large Army
‘ was to be formed, at the Head of which the
‘ King intended to march into the *West*. Any
‘ Person who hath ever been in love, may
‘ easily imagine what I felt in my Mind, on
‘ receiving those Orders; and what still heigh-
‘ tened my Torments was, that the com-
‘ manding Officer would not permit any one
‘ to go out of the Garrison that Evening;
‘ so that I had not even an Opportunity of
‘ taking Leave of my Beloved.

‘ THE Morning came, which was to have
‘ put me in the Possession of my Wishes; but
‘ alas! the Scene was now changed, and all
‘ the Hopes which I had raised, were now
‘ so many Ghosts to haunt, and Furies to tor-
‘ ment me.

‘ It was now the midst of Winter, and very
 ‘ severe Weather for the Season ; when we
 ‘ were obliged to make very long and fa-
 ‘ tiguig Marches, in which we suffered all
 ‘ the Inconveniencies of Cold and Hunger.
 ‘ The Night in which I expected to riot in
 ‘ the Arms of my beloved Mistress, I was
 ‘ obliged to take up with a Lodging on the
 ‘ Ground, exposed to the Inclemencies of a
 ‘ rigid Frost ; nor could I obtain the least
 ‘ Comfort of Sleep, which shunned me as
 ‘ its Enemy. In short, the Horrors of that
 ‘ Night are not to be described, or perhaps
 ‘ imagined. They made such an Impression
 ‘ on my Soul, that I was forced to be dipped
 ‘ three Times in the River *Lethe*, to pre-
 ‘ vent my remembering it in the Characters
 ‘ which I afterwards performed in the Flesh.

HERE I interrupted *Julian* for the first
 time, and told him, no such dipping had
 happened to me in my Voyage from one
 World to the other : but he satisfied me by
 saying, ‘ That this only happened to those
 ‘ Spirits which returned into the Flesh, in
 ‘ order to prevent that Reminiscence which
 ‘ *Plato*

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‘ *Plato* mentions, and which would otherwise cause great Confusion in the other World.’

HE then proceeded as follows: ‘ We continued a very laborious March to *Exeter*, which we were ordered to besiege. The Town soon surrendered, and his Majesty built a Castle there, which he garrisoned with his *Normans*, and unhappily I had the misfortune to be one of the Number.

‘ HERE we were confined closer than I had been at *Dover*; for as the Citizens were extremely disaffected, we were never suffered to go without the Walls of the Castle; nor indeed could we, unless in large Bodies, without the utmost Danger. We were likewise kept to continual Duty, nor could any Sollicitations prevail with the Commanding Officer to give me a Month’s Absence to visit my Love, from whom I had no Opportunity of hearing in all my long Absence.

‘ HOWEVER, in the Spring, the People being more quiet, and another Officer

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‘ of a gentler Temper, succeeding to the
 ‘ principal Command, I obtained Leave to
 ‘ go to *Dover* : but alas ! what Comfort did
 ‘ my long Journey bring me ? I found the Pa-
 ‘ rents of my Darling in the utmost Misery at
 ‘ her Loss : for she had died about a Week
 ‘ before my Arrival of a Consumption, which
 ‘ they imputed to her pining at my sudden
 ‘ Departure.

‘ I Now fell into the most violent and al-
 ‘ most raving Fit of Despair. I cursed my
 ‘ self, the King, and the whole World,
 ‘ which no longer seemed to have any Delight
 ‘ for me. I threw my self on the Grave of
 ‘ my deceased Love, and lay there without
 ‘ any kind of Sustenance for two whole Days.
 ‘ At last Hunger, together with the Persua-
 ‘ sions of some People who took pity on me,
 ‘ prevailed with me to quit that Situation, and
 ‘ refresh my self with Food. They then per-
 ‘ suaded me to return to my Post, and abandon
 ‘ a Place where almost every Object I saw, re-
 ‘ called Ideas to my Mind, which, as they said,
 ‘ I should endeavour with my utmost Force
 ‘ to expel from it. This Advice at length suc-
 ‘ ceeded ; the rather, as the Father and Mother
 ‘ of

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‘ of my Beloved refused to see me, looking on me as the innocent but certain Cause of the Death of their only Child.

‘ THE Loss of one we tenderly love, as it is one of the most bitter and biting Evils which attends human Life, so it wants the Lenitive which palliates and softens every other Calamity; I mean that great Reliever, Hope. No Man can be so totally undone, but that he may still cherish Expectation: but this deprives us of all such Comfort, nor can any thing but Time alone lessen it. This however, in most Minds, is sure to work a slow but effectual Remedy; so did it in mine: for within a Twelvemonth, I was entirely reconciled to my Fortune, and soon after absolutely forgot the Object of a Passion from which I had promised my self such extreme Happiness, and in the Disappointment of which I had experienced such inconceivable Misery.

‘ AT the Expiration of the Month, I returned to my Garrison at *Exeter*; where I was no sooner arrived, than I was ordered to march into the North, to oppose a Force

' there levied by the Earls of *Chester* and
 ' *Northumberland*. We came to *York*, where
 ' his Majesty pardoned the Heads of the Re-
 ' bels, and very severely punished some who
 ' were less guilty. It was particularly my
 ' Lot to be ordered to seize a poor Man, who
 ' had never been out of his House, and con-
 ' vey him to Prison. I detested this Barba-
 ' rity, yet was obliged to execute it; nay,
 ' though no Reward would have bribed me
 ' in a private Capacity to have acted such a
 ' Part, yet so much Sanctity is there in the
 ' Commands of a Monarch, or General to a
 ' Soldier, that I performed it without Reluc-
 ' tance, nor had the Tears of his Wife and
 ' Family any Prevalence with me.

' BUT this, which was a very small piece
 ' of Mischief in comparison with many of
 ' my Barbarities afterwards, was however
 ' the only one which ever gave me any Un-
 ' easiness: for when the King led us after-
 ' ward into *Northumberland* to revenge those
 ' People's having joined with *Osborn the Dane*
 ' in his Invasion, and Orders were given us to
 ' commit what Ravages we could, I was for-
 ' ward in fulfilling them, and among some
 ' lesser

Ch. 21. *this World to the next*, &c. 185

‘ lesser Cruelties (I remember it yet with
‘ Sorrow) I ravished a Woman, murdered a
‘ little Infant playing in her Lap, and then
‘ burnt her House. In short, for I have no
‘ pleasure in this part of my Relation, I had
‘ my share in all the Cruelties exercised on
‘ those poor Wretches; which were so grie-
‘ vous, that for sixty Miles together, between
‘ *York* and *Durham*, not a single House,
‘ Church, or any other public or private
‘ Edifice was left standing.

‘ We had pretty well devoured the Coun-
‘ try, when we were ordered to march to the
‘ Isle of *Ely*, to oppose *Hereward*, a bold and
‘ stout Soldier, who had under him a very
‘ large Body of Rebels, who had the Impu-
‘ dence to rise against their King and Con-
‘ queror (I talk now in the same Style I did
‘ then) in defence of their Liberties, as they
‘ called them. These were soon subdued:
‘ but as I happened (more to my Glory than
‘ my Comfort) to be posted in that part
‘ through which *Hereward* cut his way, I
‘ received a dreadful Cut on the Forehead,

186 *A JOURNEY from* Book I.

‘ a second on the Shoulder, and was run
‘ through the Body with a Pike.

‘ I LANGUISHED a long time with these
‘ Wounds, which made me incapable of at-
‘ tending the King into *Scotland*. However, I
‘ was able to go over with him afterwards into
‘ *Normandy*, in his Expedition against *Philip*,
‘ who had taken the Opportunity of the
‘ Troubles in *England*, to invade that Province.
‘ Those few *Normans* who had survived their
‘ Wounds, and had remained in the Isle
‘ of *Ely*, were all of our Nation who went,
‘ the rest of his Army being all composed of
‘ *English*. In a Skirmish near the Town of
‘ *Mans*, my Leg was broke, and so shattered
‘ that it was forced to be cut off.

‘ I WAS now disabled for serving longer
‘ in the Army, and accordingly being dis-
‘ charged from the Service, I retired to the
‘ Place of my Nativity, where in extreme
‘ Poverty, and frequent bad Health from
‘ the many Wounds I had received, I drag-
‘ ged on a miserable Life to the Age of Sixty-
‘ three; my only Pleasure being to recount
‘ the

Ch. 22. *this World to the next, &c.* 187

‘ the Feats of my Youth, in which Narratives
‘ I generally exceeded the Truth.

‘ IT would be tedious and unpleasant to
‘ recount to you the several Miseries I suf-
‘ fered after my Return to *Gaen*; let it suf-
‘ fice, they were so terrible, that they induced
‘ *Minos* to compassionate me, and, not-
‘ withstanding the Barbarities I had been
‘ guilty of in *Northumberland*, to suffer me
‘ to go once more back to Earth.

C H A P. XXII.

*What happened to Julian in the
Person of a Taylor.*

‘ FORTUNE now stationed me in a Cha-
‘ racter, which the Ingratitude of Man-
‘ kind hath put them on ridiculing, tho’
‘ they owe to it not only a Relief from the
‘ Inclemencies of Cold, to which they would
‘ otherwise be exposed, but likewise a consi-
‘ derable Satisfaction of their Vanity. The
‘ Character I mean, was that of a Taylor;
‘ which,

' which, if we consider it with due Atten-
 ' tion, must be confessed to have in it great
 ' Dignity and Importance. For in reality,
 ' who constitutes the different Degrees between
 ' Men but the Taylor? The Prince indeed
 ' gives the Title, but *it is the Taylor who*
 ' *makes the Man.* To his Labours are owing
 ' the Respect of Crouds, and the Awe which
 ' Great Men inspire into their Beholders, tho'
 ' these are too often unjustly attributed to o-
 ' ther Motives. Lastly, the Admiration of
 ' the Fair is most commonly to be placed to
 ' his Account.

' I WAS just set up in my Trade, when
 ' I made three Suits of fine Clothes for King
 ' *Stephen's* Coronation. I question whether the
 ' Person who wears the rich Coat, hath so much
 ' Pleasure and Vanity in being admired in
 ' it, as we Taylors have from that Admira-
 ' tion; and perhaps a Philosopher would say,
 ' he is not so well entitled to it. I bustled on
 ' the Day of the Ceremony through the
 ' Croud, and it was with incredible Delight,
 ' I heard several say, as my Clothes walked
 ' by, *Bless me was ever any thing so fine*
 ' *as the Earl of Devonshire! Sure he and*
 ' Sir

Ch. 22. *this World to the next, &c.* 189

' Sir Hugh Bigot are the two best-drest Men
' I ever saw. Now both those Suits were
' of my making.

' THERE would indeed be infinite Pleasure
' in working for the Courtiers, as they are
' generally genteel Men, and shew one's
' Clothes to the best advantage, was it not
' for one small Discouragement; this is, that
' they never pay. I solemnly protest, tho' I
' lost almost as much by the Court in my
' Life as I got by the City, I never carried
' a Suit into the latter with half the Satis-
' faction which I have done to the former;
' tho' from that I was certain of ready Money,
' and from this almost as certain of no Mo-
' ney at all.

' COURTIERs may, however, be divided
' into two sorts, very essentially different from
' each other; into those who never intend to
' pay for their Clothes; and those who do in-
' tend to pay for them, but never happen to
' be able. Of the latter sort, are many of
' those young Gentlemen whom we equip
' out for the Army, and who are unhappily
' for us, cut off before they arrive at Prefer-
' ment.

'ment. This is the Reason that Taylors in
 'time of War are mistaken for Politicians, by
 'their Inquisitiveness into the Event of Battles,
 'one Campaign very often proving the Ruin
 'of half a dozen of us. I am sure I had
 'frequent Reason to curse that fatal Battle of
 '*Cardigan*, where the *Welsh* defeated some
 'of King *Stephen's* best Troops, and where
 'many a good Suit of mine, unpaid for,
 'fell to the ground.

'THE Gentlemen of this honourable Call-
 'ing have fared much better in later Ages
 'than when I was of it: for now it seems the
 'Fashion is, when they apprehend their Cu-
 'stomer is not in the best Circumstances, if
 'they are not paid as soon as they carry home
 'the Suit, they charge him in their Book as
 'much again as it is worth, and then send a
 'Gentleman with a small Scrip of Parch-
 'ment to demand the Money. If this be
 'not immediately paid, the Gentleman takes
 'the Beau with him to his House, where he
 'locks him up till the Taylor is contented:
 'but in my Time, these Scrips of Parch-
 'ment were not in use; and if the Beau
 'disliked paying for his Clothes, as very often
 'happened,

Ch. 22. *this World to the next, &c.* 191

‘ happened, we had no Method of compel-
‘ ling him.

‘ IN several of the Characters which I
‘ have related to you, I apprehend, I have
‘ sometimes forgot my self, and considered
‘ my self as really interested, as I was when
‘ I personated them on Earth. I have just
‘ now caught my self in the Fact: for I
‘ have complained to you as bitterly of my
‘ Customers as I formerly used to do, when
‘ I was the Taylor: but in reality, tho’ there
‘ were some few Persons of very great Qua-
‘ lity, and some others, who never paid their
‘ Debts; yet those were but a few, and I
‘ had a Method of repairing this Loss. My
‘ Customers I divided under three Heads:
‘ those who paid ready Money, those who
‘ paid slow, and those who never paid at all.
‘ The first of these, I considered apart by
‘ themselves, as Persons by whom I got a
‘ certain but small Profit. The two last I
‘ lumped together, making those who paid
‘ slow, contribute to repair my Losses by
‘ those who did not pay at all. Thus upon
‘ the whole I was a very inconsiderable Loser,
‘ and might have left a Fortune to my Family,
‘ had

' had I not launched forth into Expences
 ' which swallowed up all my Gains. I had a
 ' Wife and two Children. These indeed I kept
 ' frugally enough; for I half starved them:
 ' but I kept a Mistress in a finer way, for
 ' whom I had a Country House, pleasantly
 ' situated on the *Thames*, elegantly fitted up
 ' and neatly furnished. This Woman might
 ' very properly be called my Mistress: for
 ' she was most absolutely so, and tho' her
 ' Tenure was no higher than by my Will,
 ' she domineered as tyrannically, as if my
 ' Chains had been rivetted in the strongest
 ' manner. To all this I submitted, not through
 ' any Adoration of her Beauty, which was
 ' indeed but indifferent. Her Charms con-
 ' sisted in little Wantonneſſes, which she
 ' knew admirably well to use in Hours of
 ' Dalliance, and which, I believe, are of all
 ' Things the most delightful to a Lover.

' SHE was so profusely extravagant, that
 ' it seemed as if she had an actual Intent to
 ' ruin me. This I am sure of, if such had
 ' been her real Intention, she could have
 ' taken no properer Way to accomplish it;
 ' nay, I my self might appear to have had
 ' the

Ch. 22. *this World to the next, &c.* 193

' the same View : for besides this extravagant
' Mistress, and my Country House, I kept
' likewise a Brace of Hunters, rather for that
' it was fashionable so to do, than for any
' great Delight I took in the Sport, which I
' very little attended ; not for want of Lei-
' sure ; for few Noblemen had so much. All
' the Work I ever did was taking Measure,
' and that only of my greatest and best Cu-
' stomers. I scarce ever cut a Piece of Cloth
' in my Life, nor was indeed much more
' able to fashion a Coat than any Gentleman
' in the Kingdom. This made a skilful Ser-
' vant too necessary to me. He knew I must
' submit to any Terms with, or any Treat-
' ment from him. He knew it was easier for
' him to find another such a Taylor as me,
' than for me to procure such another Work-
' man as him : for this Reason, he exerted
' the most notorious and cruel Tyranny, sel-
' dom giving me a civil Word ; nor could
' the utmost Condescension on my side, tho'
' attended with continual Presents and Re-
' wards, and raising his Wages, content or
' please him. In a word, he was as abso-
' lutely my Master, as was ever an ambitious,
' industrious Prime-Minister over an indolent

‘and voluptuous King. All my other Jour-
 ‘neymen paid more Respect to him than to
 ‘me : for they considered my Favour as a
 ‘necessary Consequence of obtaining his.

‘THESE were the most remarkable Oc-
 ‘currences while I acted this Part. *Minos*
 ‘hesitated a few Moments, and then bid me
 ‘get back again, without assigning any Reason.

C H A P. XXIII.

The Life of Alderman Julian.

‘I NOW revisited *England*, and was born
 ‘at *London*. My Father was one of the
 ‘Magistrates of that City. He had eleven
 ‘Children, of whom I was the eldest. He
 ‘had great Success in Trade, and grew ex-
 ‘tremely rich, but the largeness of his Fa-
 ‘mily rendered it impossible for him to leave
 ‘me a Fortune sufficient to live well on, in-
 ‘dependent of Business. I was accordingly
 ‘brought up to be a Fishmonger : in which
 ‘Capacity, I myself afterwards acquired very
 ‘considerable Wealth.

‘THE

Ch. 23. *this World to the next, &c.* 195

‘ THE same Disposition of Mind, which
‘ in Princes is called Ambition, is in Subjects
‘ named Faction. To this Temper I was
‘ greatly addicted from my Youth. I was,
‘ while a Boy, a great Partizan of Prince *John’s*
‘ against his Brother *Richard*, during the
‘ latter’s Absence in the Holy War, and in his
‘ Captivity. I was no more than one and
‘ twenty, when I first began to make Political
‘ Speeches in Public, and to endeavour to
‘ foment Disquietude and Discontent in the
‘ City. As I was pretty well qualified for
‘ this Office, by a great Fluency of Words,
‘ an harmonious Accent, a graceful Delivery,
‘ and above all, an invincible Assurance, I
‘ had soon acquired some Reputation among
‘ the younger Citizens, and some of the weaker
‘ and more inconsiderate of a riper Age. This
‘ co-operating with my own natural Vanity,
‘ made me extravagantly proud and super-
‘ cilious. I soon began to esteem myself a
‘ Man of some Consequence, and to overlook
‘ Persons every way my Superiours.

‘ THE famous *Robin Hood*, and his Com-
‘ panion *Little John*, at this time made a con-

' fiderable Figure in *Yorkshire*. I took upon
 ' me to write a Letter to the former, in the
 ' Name of the City, inviting him to come
 ' to *London*, where I assured him of very
 ' good Reception, signifying to him my own
 ' great Weight and Consequence, and how
 ' much I had disposed the Citizens in his fa-
 ' vour. Whether he received this Letter or
 ' no, I am not certain: but he never gave
 ' me any Answer to it.

' A LITTLE afterwards, one *William Fitz-*
 ' *Osborn*, or, as he was nicknamed, *William*
 ' *Long-Beard*, began to make a Figure in the
 ' City. He was a bold and an impudent
 ' Fellow, and had raised himself to great Po-
 ' pularity with the Rabble, by pretending to
 ' espouse their Cause against the Rich. I
 ' took this Man's part, and made a public
 ' Oration in his favour, setting him forth as
 ' a Patriot, and one who had embarked in the
 ' Cause of Liberty: for which Service he did
 ' not receive me with the Acknowledgments
 ' I expected. However, as I thought I should
 ' easily gain the Ascendant over this Fellow, I
 ' continued still firm on his side, till the Arch-
 ' bishop of *Canterbury*, with an armed Force,
 ' put

Ch. 23. *this World to the next*, &c. 197

‘ put an end to his Progress: for he was
‘ seized in *Bow Church*, where he had taken
‘ Refuge, and with nine of his Accomplices
‘ hanged in Chains.

‘ I ESCAPED narrowly myself: for I was
‘ seized in the same Church with the rest, and
‘ as I had been very considerably engaged in
‘ the Enterprize, the Archbishop was inclined
‘ to make me an Example: but my Father’s
‘ Merit, who had advanced a considerable
‘ Sum to *Queen Eleanor*, towards the King’s
‘ Ransom, preserved me.

‘ THE Consternation my Danger had oc-
‘ casioned, kept me some time quiet, and I ap-
‘ plied myself very assiduously to my Trade.
‘ I invented all manner of Methods to en-
‘ hance the Price of Fish, and made use of
‘ my utmost Endeavours to engross as much
‘ of the Business as possible in my own hands.
‘ By these means I acquired a Substance,
‘ which raised me to some little Consequence
‘ in the City: but far from elevating me to
‘ that Degree, which I had formerly flattered
‘ myself with possessing, at a time when I was
‘ totally insignificant: for in a trading Society,

‘ Money must at least lay the Foundation of
 ‘ all Power and Interest.

‘ BUT as it hath been remarked, that the
 ‘ same Ambition which sent *Alexander* into
 ‘ *Asia*, brings the Wrestler on the Green ;
 ‘ and as this same Ambition is as incapable as
 ‘ Quicksilver of lying still : so I, who was pos-
 ‘ sessed, perhaps, of a Share equal to what
 ‘ hath fired the Blood of any of the He-
 ‘ roes of Antiquity, was no less restless, and
 ‘ discontented with Ease and Quiet. My first
 ‘ Endeavours were to make myself head of
 ‘ my Company, which *Richard I.* had just
 ‘ established, and soon afterwards I procured
 ‘ myself to be chosen Alderman.

‘ OPPOSITION is the only State, which
 ‘ can give a Subject an Opportunity of exert-
 ‘ ing the Disposition I was possessed of. Ac-
 ‘ cordingly King *John* was no sooner seated
 ‘ on his Throne, than I began to oppose his
 ‘ Measures, whether right or wrong. It is
 ‘ true, that Monarch had Faults enow. He
 ‘ was so abandoned to Lust and Luxury, that
 ‘ he addicted himself to the most extravagant
 ‘ Excesses in both, while he indolently suf-
 ‘ fered

Ch. 23. *this World to the next*, &c. 199

‘fered the King of *France* to rob him of al-
‘most all his foreign Dominions: my Oppo-
‘sition therefore was justifiable enough, and
‘if my Motive from within had been as good
‘as the Occasion from without, I should have
‘had little to excuse: but in truth, I sought
‘nothing but my own Preferment, by making
‘myself formidable to the King, and then
‘selling to him the Interest of that Party, by
‘whose means I had become so. Indeed, had
‘the public Good been my Care, however, zea-
‘lously I might have opposed the Beginning
‘of his Reign, I should have not scrupled to
‘lend him my utmost Assistance in the Strug-
‘gle between him and Pope *Innocent* the
‘Third, in which he was so manifestly in
‘the right; nor have suffered the Insolence of
‘that Pope, and the Power of the King of
‘*France*, to have compelled him in the Issue
‘basely to resign his Crown into the hands of
‘the former, and receive it again as a Vassal;
‘by means of which Acknowledgement the
‘Pope afterwards claimed this Kingdom as a
‘tributary Fief to be held of the Papal Chair.
‘A Claim which occasioned great Uneasiness
‘to many subsequent Princes, and brought
‘numberless Calamities on the Nation.

' As the King had among other Con-
 ' ceptions stipulated to pay an immediate Sum
 ' of Money to *Pandulph*, which he had great
 ' difficulty to raise, it was absolutely necessary
 ' for him to apply to the City, where my In-
 ' terest and Popularity were so high, that he
 ' had no Hopes without my Assistance, As I
 ' knew this, I took care to sell myself and
 ' Country as high as possible. The Terms I
 ' demanded, therefore, were a Place, a Pen-
 ' sion, and a Knighthood. All those were
 ' immediately consented to. I was forthwith
 ' knighted, and promised the other two,

' I Now mounted the *Hustings*, and with-
 ' out any regard to Decency or Modesty, made
 ' as emphatical a Speech in favour of the
 ' King, as before I had done against him.
 ' In this Speech I justified all those Measures
 ' which I had before condemned, and plead-
 ' ed as earnestly with my Fellow-Citizens, to
 ' open their Purses, as I had formerly done to
 ' prevail with them to keep them shut. But
 ' alas my Rhetoric had not the Effect I pro-
 ' posed. The Consequence of my Argu-
 ' ments was only Contempt to myself. The
 ' People

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‘ People at first stared on one another, and afterwards began unanimously to express their Dislike. An impudent Fellow among them reflecting on my Trade, cried out, *Stinking Fish*; which was immediately reiterated through the whole Croud. I was then forced to sink away home, but I was not able to accomplish my Retreat without being attended by the Mob, who huzza’d me along the Street with the repeated Cries of *Stinking Fish*.

‘ I Now proceeded to Court, to inform his Majesty of my faithful Service, and how much I had suffered in his Cause. I found by my first Reception, he had already heard of my Success. Instead of thanking me for my Speech, he said, the City should repent of their Obstinacy; for that he would shew them who he was: and so saying, he immediately turned that Part to me, to which the Toe of Man hath so wonderful an Affection, that it is very difficult, whenever it presents itself conveniently, to keep our Toes from the most violent and ardent Salutation of it.

‘ I

' I WAS a little nettled at this Behaviour,
 ' and with some Earnestness claimed the
 ' King's fulfilling his Promise : but he re-
 ' tired without answering me. I then ap-
 ' plied to some of the Courtiers, who had
 ' lately professed great Friendship to me, had
 ' eat at my House, and invited me to theirs :
 ' but not one would return me any Answer,
 ' all running away from me, as if I had been
 ' seized with some contagious Distemper. I
 ' now found by Experience, that as none can
 ' be so civil, so none can be ruder than
 ' a Courtier.

' A FEW Moments after the King's retiring,
 ' I was left alone in the Room, to consider
 ' what I should do, or whither I should turn
 ' myself. My Reception in the City pro-
 ' mised itself to be equal at least with what I
 ' found at Court. However, there was my
 ' Home, and thither it was necessary I should
 ' retreat for the present.

' BUT, indeed, bad as I apprehended my
 ' Treatment in the City would be, it exceed-
 ' ed my Expectation. I rode home on an
 ' ambling Pad through Crouds, who expressed
 ' every

Ch. 23. *this World to the next, &c.* 203

every kind of Disregard and Contempt ;
pelting me not only with the most abusive
Language, but with Dirt. However, with
much difficulty I arrived at last at my own
House, with my Bones whole, but covered
over with Filth.

WHEN I was got within my Doors,
and had shut them against the Mob, who had
pretty well vented their Spleen, and seemed
now contented to retire ; my Wife, whom
I found crying over her Children, and from
whom I hoped some Comfort in my Af-
flictions, fell upon me in the most outragi-
ous manner. She asked me, why I would
venture on such a Step, without consult-
ing her ; she said, her Advice might have
been civilly asked, if I was resolved not to
have been guided by it. That whatever
opinion I might have conceived of her Un-
derstanding, the rest of the World thought
better of it. That I had never failed, when
I had asked her Counsel, nor ever succeed-
ed without it ; with much more of the same
kind, too tedious to mention ; concluding,
that it was a monstrous Behaviour to de-
sert my Party, and come over to the Court.

‘ An Abuse, which I took worse than all
 ‘ the rest, as she had been constantly for se-
 ‘ veral Years assiduous in railing at the Op-
 ‘ position, in siding with the Court-Party,
 ‘ and begging me to come over to it. And
 ‘ especially after my mentioning the Offer of
 ‘ Knighthood to her, since which time she
 ‘ had continually interrupted my Repose,
 ‘ with dinning in my Ears the Folly of re-
 ‘ fusing Honours, and of adhering to a Party,
 ‘ and to Principles, by which I was certain
 ‘ of procuring no Advantage to myself and
 ‘ my Family.

‘ I HAD now entirely lost my Trade, so
 ‘ that I had not the least Temptation to stay
 ‘ longer in a City, where I was certain of
 ‘ receiving daily Affronts and Rebukes. I
 ‘ therefore made up my Affairs with the ut-
 ‘ most Expedition, and scraping together all
 ‘ I could, retired into the Country; where I
 ‘ spent the Remainder of my Days, in univer-
 ‘ sal Contempt, being shunned by every body,
 ‘ perpetually abused by my Wife, and not
 ‘ much respected by my Children.

‘ MINOS told me, tho’ I had been a very
 ‘ vile Fellow, he thought my Sufferings made
 ‘ some

‘ some Atonement, and so bid me take the
‘ other Trial.

C H A P. XXIV.

*Julian recounts what happened to
him while he was a Poet.*

‘ **R**OME was now the Seat of my Na-
‘ tivity, where I was born of a Fa-
‘ mily more remarkable for Honour than
‘ Riches. I was intended for the Church,
‘ and had a pretty good Education: but my
‘ Father dying while I was young, and leav-
‘ ing me nothing, for he had wasted his whole
‘ Patrimony, I was forced to enter my self in
‘ the Order of Mendicants.

‘ **W**HEN I was at School, I had a knack
‘ of rhiming, which I unhappily mistook for
‘ Genius, and indulged to my Cost: for my
‘ Verses drew on me only Ridicule, and I was
‘ in Contempt called *The Poet*.

‘ **T**HIS

' THIS Humour pursued me through my
 ' Life. My first Composition after I left
 ' School, was a Panegyric on Pope *Alexan-*
 ' *der* IV. who then pretended a Project of
 ' dethroning the King of *Sicily*. On this
 ' Subject, I composed a Poem of about fif-
 ' teen Thousand Lines, which with much
 ' difficulty I got to be presented to his Holi-
 ' ness, of whom I expected great Preferment
 ' as my Reward, but I was cruelly disappoint-
 ' ed: for when I had waited a Year with-
 ' out hearing any of the Commendations I
 ' had flattered my self with receiving, and be-
 ' ing now able to contain no longer, I applied
 ' to a Jesuit who was my Relation, and had
 ' the Pope's Ear, to know what his Holiness's
 ' Opinion was of my Work; he coldly an-
 ' swered me, that he was at that time bu-
 ' sied in Concerns of too much Importance,
 ' to attend the reading of Poems.

' HOWEVER dissatisfied I might be, and
 ' really was, with this Reception; and however
 ' angry I was with the Pope for whose Un-
 ' derstanding I entertained an immoderate
 ' Contempt, I was not yet discouraged from a
 ' second

Ch. 24. *this World to the next, &c.* 207

‘ second Attempt. Accordingly, I soon af-
‘ ter produced another Work, entituled, *The*
‘ *Trojan Horse*. This was an allegorical
‘ Work, in which the Church was introdu-
‘ ced into the World, in the same manner
‘ as that Machine had been into *Troy*. The
‘ Priests were the Soldiers in its Belly, and
‘ the Heathen Superstition the City to be
‘ destroyed by them. This Poem was writ-
‘ ten in *Latin*. I remember some of the
‘ Lines :

‘ *Mundanos scandit fatalis Machina Muros,*
‘ *Farta Sacerdotum Turmis : exinde per Alvum*
‘ *Visi exire omnes, magno cum Murmure olentes.*
‘ *Non aliter quam cum Humanis furibundus*
‘ *ab Antris*

‘ *It Sonus, & Nares simul Aura invadit*
‘ *hiantes.*

‘ *Mille scatent et mille alii ; trepidare Timore*
‘ *Ethnica Gens cœpit : falsi per inane volantes*
‘ *Effugere Dei—Desertaque Tempia relin-*
‘ *quunt.*

‘ *Jam magnum crepitavit Equus, mox Orbis*
‘ *& alti*

‘ *Ingemuere Poli : tunc tu Pater, ultimus*
‘ *Omnium*

‘ *Maxime*

‘ *Maxime Alexander, ventrem maturus Equinum*

‘ *Deseris, heu Proles meliori digne Parente.*’

I believe *Julian*, had I not stopt him, would have gone through the whole Poem ; (for, as I observed, in most of the Characters he related, the Affections he had enjoyed while he personated them on Earth, still made some Impression on him) but I begged him to omit the Sequel of the Poem, and proceed with his History. He then recollected himself, and smiling at the Observation which by Intuition he perceived I had made, continued his Narration as follows :

‘ I CONFESS to you, says he, that the Delight in repeating our own Works is so predominant in a Poet, that I find nothing can totally root it out of the Soul. Happy would it be for those Persons, if their Hearers could be delighted in the same manner : but alas ! hence that *ingens Solitudo* complained of by *Horace* : for the Vanity of Mankind is so much greedier and more general than their Avarice, that no Beggar is so ill received by them as he who solicits their Praise,

‘ THIS

‘ THIS I sufficiently experienced in the
 ‘ Character of a Poet : for my Company was
 ‘ shunned (I believe on this account chiefly) by
 ‘ my whole House ; nay, there were few who
 ‘ would submit to hearing me read my Po-
 ‘ etry, even at the price of sharing in my Pro-
 ‘ visions. The only Person who gave me Au-
 ‘ dience was a Brother Poet ; he indeed fed
 ‘ me with Commendation very liberally : but
 ‘ as I was forced to hear and commend in my
 ‘ turn, I perhaps bought his Attention dear
 ‘ enough.

‘ WELL, Sir, if my Expectations of the
 ‘ Reward I hoped from my first Poem had
 ‘ baulked me, I had now still greater Reason
 ‘ to complain : for instead of being preferred
 ‘ or commended for the second, I was en-
 ‘ joined a very severe Penance by my Su-
 ‘ perior, for ludicrously comparing the Pope
 ‘ to a Fart. My Poetry was now the Jest of
 ‘ every Company, except some few, who
 ‘ spoke of it with detestation ; and I found,
 ‘ that instead of recommending me to Pre-
 ‘ ferment, it had effectually barred me from
 ‘ all Probability of attaining it.

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P

‘ THESE

‘THESE Discouragements had now induced me to lay down my Pen, and write no more. But, as *Juvenal* says,

—*Si discedas, Laqueo tenet ambitiosi
Conſuetudo Mali.*

‘I was an Example of the Truth of this Affertion: for I ſoon betook my ſelf again to my Muſe. Indeed, a Poet hath the ſame Happineſs with a Man who is doatingly fond of an ugly Woman. The one enjoys his Muſe, and the other his Miſtreſs, with a Pleaſure very little abated by the Eſteem of the World, and only undervalues their Taſte for not correſponding with his own.

‘It is unneceſſary to mention any more of my Poems; they had all the ſame Fate; and tho’ in reality ſome of my latter Pieces deſerved (I may now ſpeak it without the Imputation of Vanity) a better Succeſs, as I had the Character of a bad Writer, I found it impoſſible ever to obtain the Reputation of a good one. Had I poſſeſſed the Merit of *Homer*, I could have hoped for no Applauſe;

Ch. 24. *this World to the next, &c.* 211

‘plause; since it must have been a profound
‘Secret: for no one would now read a Syl-
‘lable of my Writings.

‘THE Poets of my Age were, as I believe
‘you know, not very famous. However,
‘there was one in some Credit at that time,
‘tho’ I have the Consolation to know his
‘Works are all perished long ago. The Ma-
‘lice, Envy, and Hatred I bore this Man are
‘inconceivable to any but an Author, and
‘an unsuccessful one; I never could bear to
‘hear him well spoken of, and writ anony-
‘mous Satires against him, tho’ I had re-
‘ceived Obligations from him; indeed I be-
‘lieve it would have been an absolute Impos-
‘sibility for him at any rate to have made
‘me sincerely his Friend.

‘I HAVE heard an Observation which
‘was made by some one of later Days, that
‘there are no worse Men than bad Authors.
‘A Remark of the same kind hath been made
‘on ugly Women, and the Truth of both
‘stands on one and the same Reason, *viz.*
‘that they are both tainted with that cursed
‘and detestable Vice of Envy; which, as it is

‘ the greatest Torment to the Mind it inhabits,
 ‘ so is it capable of introducing into it a total
 ‘ Corruption, and of inspiring it to the Com-
 ‘ mission of the most horrid Crimes imagi-
 ‘ nable.

‘ My Life was but short; for I soon
 ‘ pined my self to death with the Vice I
 ‘ just now mentioned. *Minos* told me, I
 ‘ was infinitely too bad for *Elysium*; and as
 ‘ for the other Place, the Devil had sworn, he
 ‘ would never entertain a Poet for *Orpheus*’s
 ‘ sake: so I was forced to return again to
 ‘ the Place from whence I came.’

C H A P.

C H A P. XXV.

*Julian performs the Parts of a
Knight and a Dancing-Master.*

‘ I Now mounted the Stage in *Sicily*, and
‘ became a Knight Templar: but as my
‘ Adventures differ so little from those, I
‘ have recounted you in the Character of a
‘ common Soldier, I shall not tire you with
‘ Repetition. The Soldier and the Captain
‘ differ in reality so little from one another,
‘ that it requires an accurate Judgment to di-
‘ stinguish them; the latter wears finer Clothes,
‘ and in Time of Success lives somewhat more
‘ delicately: but as to every thing else, they
‘ very nearly resemble one another.

‘ My next Step was into *France*, where
‘ Fortune assigned me the Part of a Dancing-
‘ Master. I was so expert in my Profession,
‘ that I was brought to Court in my Youth,
‘ and had the Heels of *Philip de Valois*, who
‘ afterwards succeeded *Charles the Fair*, com-
‘ mitted to my Direction.

‘ I Do not remember, that in any of the
 ‘ Characters in which I appeared on Earth,
 ‘ I ever assumed to my self a greater Dignity,
 ‘ or thought my self of more real Importance
 ‘ than now. I looked on Dancing as the
 ‘ greatest Excellence of human Nature, and
 ‘ on my self as the greatest Proficient in it.
 ‘ And indeed, this seemed to be the general
 ‘ Opinion of the whole Court: for I was the
 ‘ chief Instructor of the Youth of both Sexes,
 ‘ whose Merit was almost entirely defined by
 ‘ the Advances they made in that Science,
 ‘ which I had the Honour to profess. As
 ‘ to my self, I was so fully persuaded of this
 ‘ Truth, that I not only slighted and de-
 ‘ spised those who were ignorant of Dancing;
 ‘ but I thought the highest Character I could
 ‘ give of any Man, was, that he made a
 ‘ graceful Bow: for want of which Accom-
 ‘ plishment, I had a sovereign Contempt for
 ‘ many Persons of Learning; nay, for some
 ‘ Officers of the Army, and a few even of
 ‘ the Courtiers themselves.

‘ THOUGH so little of my Youth had
 ‘ been thrown away in what they call Li-
 ‘ terature,

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‘terature, that I could hardly write and read,
‘yet I compos’d a Treatise on Education; the
‘first Rudiments of which, as I taught, were
‘to instruct a Child in the Science of coming
‘handsomely into a Room. In this I cor-
‘rected many Faults of my Predecessors,
‘particularly that of being too much in a
‘hurry, and instituting a Child in the subli-
‘mer Parts of Dancing before they are ca-
‘pable of *making their Honours*.

‘BUT as I have not now the same high
‘Opinion of my Profession, which I had then,
‘I shall not entertain you with a long History
‘of a Life which consisted of *Borées* and
‘*Coupées*. Let it suffice, that I lived to a very
‘old Age, and followed my Business as long
‘as I could crawl. At length I revisited my
‘old Friend *Minos*, who treated me with
‘very little Respect, and bad me dance back
‘again to Earth.

‘I DID so, and was now once more born
‘an *Englishman*, bred up to the Church, and
‘at length arrived at the Station of a Bishop.

‘ NOTHING was so remarkable in this
 ‘ Character, as my always voting ——— *.’

* Here Part of the Manuscript is lost, and that a very considerable one, as appears by the Number of the next Book and Chapter, which contains, I find, the History of *Anna Boleyn* : but as to the Manner in which it was introduced, or to whom the Narrative is told, we are totally left in the dark. I have only to remark, that this Chapter is in the Original writ in a Woman’s Hand : And tho’ the Observations in it are, I think, as excellent as any in the whole Volume, there seems to be a Difference in Style between this and the preceeding Chapters ; and as it is the Character of a Woman which is related, I am inclined to fancy it was really written by one of that Sex.

A

JOURNEY, &c.

BOOK XIX.

C H A P. VII.

*Wherein Anna Boleyn relates the
History of her Life.*

‘ I AM going now truly to recount a Life,
 ‘ which from the Time of its ceasing,
 ‘ has been, in the other World, the con-
 ‘ tinual Subject of the Cavils of contending
 ‘ Parties ; the one making me as black as Hell,
 ‘ the other as pure and innocent as the Inhabi-
 ‘ tants of this blessed Place ; the Mist of Pre-
 ‘ judice blinding their Eyes, and Zeal for
 ‘ what they themselves profess, making every
 ‘ thing appear in that Light, which they think
 ‘ most conduces to its Honour.

‘ My

' MY Infancy was spent in my Father's
 ' House, in those childish Plays, which are
 ' most suitable to that State, and I think this
 ' was one of the happiest Parts of my Life;
 ' for my Parents were not among the Number
 ' of those who look upon their Children as so
 ' many Objects of a Tyrannic Power, but I was
 ' regarded as the dear Pledge of a virtuous
 ' Love, and all my little Pleasures were thought
 ' from their Indulgence their greatest Delight.
 ' At seven Years old, I was carried into *France*
 ' with the King's Sister, who was married
 ' to the *French* King, where I lived with a
 ' Person of Quality, who was an Acquaintance
 ' of my Father's. I spent my Time in learn-
 ' ing those Things necessary to give young Per-
 ' sons of Fashion a polite Education, and did
 ' neither good nor evil, but day passed after
 ' day in the same easy way, till I was Four-
 ' teen; then began my Anxiety, my Vanity
 ' grew strong, and my Heart fluttered with
 ' Joy at every Compliment paid to my
 ' Beauty: and as the Lady, with whom I
 ' lived, was of a gay chearful Disposition,
 ' she kept a great deal of Company, and my
 ' Youth and Charms made me the continual
 Object

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‘ Object of their Admiration. I passed some
‘ little time in those exulting Raptures, which
‘ are felt by every Woman, perfectly sa-
‘ tisfied with her self, and with the Behaviour
‘ of others towards her: I was, when very
‘ young, promoted to be Maid of Ho-
‘ nour to her Majesty. The Court was fre-
‘ quented by a young Nobleman, whose Beau-
‘ ty was the chief Subject of Conversation in
‘ all Assemblies of Ladies. The Delicacy of
‘ his Person, added to a great Softness in his
‘ Manner, gave every thing he said and did
‘ such an Air of Tenderness, that every Wo-
‘ man he spoke to, flattered her self with be-
‘ ing the Object of his Love. I was one of
‘ those who was vain enough of my own
‘ Charms to hope to make a Conquest of him,
‘ whom the whole Court sighed for; I now
‘ thought every other Object below my No-
‘ tice: yet the only Pleasure I proposed to my-
‘ self in this Design, was, the triumphing over
‘ that Heart, which I plainly saw all the La-
‘ dies of the highest Quality, and the greatest
‘ Beauty would have been proud of possessing.
‘ I was yet too young to be very artful, but
‘ Nature, without any Assistance, soon dis-
‘ covers to a Man, who is used to Gallantry,
‘ a

' a Woman's Desire to be liked by him, whe-
 ' ther that Desire arises from any particular
 ' Choice she makes of him, or only from
 ' Vanity. He soon perceived my Thoughts,
 ' and gratified my utmost Wishes, by con-
 ' stantly preferring me before all other Wo-
 ' men, and exerting his utmost Gallantry and
 ' Address to engage my Affections. This sud-
 ' den Happiness, which I then thought the
 ' greatest I could have had, appeared visible in
 ' all my Actions; I grew so gay, and so full of
 ' Vivacity, that it made my Person appear
 ' still to a better Advantage, all my Acquain-
 ' tance pretended to be fonder of me than
 ' ever; tho' young as I was, I plainly saw it
 ' was but Pretence, for through all their En-
 ' deavours to the contrary, Envy would often
 ' break forth in sly Insinuations, and malicious
 ' Sneers, which gave me fresh matter of Tri-
 ' umph, and frequent Opportunities of in-
 ' sulting them; which I never let slip, for now
 ' first my Female Heart grew sensible of the
 ' spiteful Pleasure of seeing another languish for
 ' what I enjoy'd. Whilst I was in the height
 ' of my Happiness, her Majesty fell ill of a
 ' languishing Distemper, which obliged her
 ' to go into the Country for the change of
 ' Air; my Place made it necessary for me to
 ' attend

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‘ attend her, and which way he brought it
‘ about, I can’t imagine, but my young He-
‘ ro found means to be one of that small
‘ Train, that waited on my Royal Mistress,
‘ altho’ she went as privately as possible. Hi-
‘ therto all the Interviews I had ever had with
‘ him were in public, and I only looked on him
‘ as the fitter Object to feed that Pride which
‘ had no other view, but to shew its Power ;
‘ but now the Scene was quite changed.
‘ My Rivals were all at a distance : the
‘ Place we went to, was as charming as the
‘ most agreeable natural Situation, assisted by
‘ the greatest Art, could make it ; the pleasant
‘ solitary Walks, the singing of Birds, the
‘ thousand pretty Romantic Scenes this de-
‘ lightful Place afforded, gave a sudden Turn
‘ to my Mind, my whole Soul was melted
‘ into Softness, and all my Vanity was fled.
‘ My Spark was too much used to Affairs of
‘ this nature, not to perceive this Change ; at
‘ first the profuse Transports of his Joy made
‘ me believe him wholly mine, and this be-
‘ lief gave me such Happiness, that no Lan-
‘ guage affords Words to express it, and can
‘ be only known to those who have felt it.
‘ But this was of a very short duration, for I
‘ soon found I had to do with one of those
‘ Men,

' Men, whose only End in the pursuit of a
 ' Woman, is to make her fall a Victim to an
 ' insatiable Desire to be admired. His Designs
 ' had succeeded, and now he every day grew
 ' colder, and, as if by Infatuation, my Passion
 ' every day increased; and notwithstanding
 ' all my Resolutions and Endeavours to the
 ' contrary, my Rage at the Disappointment
 ' at once both of my Love and Pride, and at the
 ' finding a Passion fixed in my Breast I knew
 ' not how to conquer, broke out into that
 ' inconsistent Behaviour, which must always
 ' be the Consequence of violent Passions.
 ' One Moment I reproach'd him, the next I
 ' grew to Tenderness, and blamed my self,
 ' and thought I fancied what was not true;
 ' he saw my Struggle, and triumphed in it:
 ' but as he had not Witnesses enough there of
 ' his Victory, to give him the full Enjoyment
 ' of it, he grew weary of the Country, and
 ' returned to *Paris*, and left me in a Condi-
 ' tion it is utterly impossible to describe. My
 ' Mind was like a City up in Arms, all Con-
 ' fusion; and every new Thought was a
 ' fresh Disturber of my Peace. Sleep quite
 ' forsook me, and the Anxiety I suffered threw
 ' me into a Fever, which had like to have

cost

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‘ cost me my Life. With great Care I re-
‘ covered ; but the Violence of the Distem-
‘ per left such a Weakness on my Body, that
‘ the Disturbance of my Mind was greatly
‘ assuaged ; and now I began to comfort my
‘ self in the Reflection, that this Gentleman’s
‘ being a finish’d Coquet, was very likely
‘ the only Thing could have preserved me ;
‘ for he was the only Man from whom I was
‘ ever in any danger. By that time I was got
‘ tolerable well, we returned to *Paris* ; and I
‘ confess, I both wished and feared to see
‘ this Cause of all my Pain : however, I
‘ hoped by the help of my Resentment, to
‘ be able to meet him with Indifference. This
‘ employed my Thoughts till our Arrival.
‘ The next day, there was a very full Court
‘ to congratulate the Queen on her Reco-
‘ very ; and amongst the rest, my Love appear-
‘ ed dressed and adorned, as if he designed some
‘ new Conquest. Instead of seeing a Wo-
‘ man he despised and slighted, he approached
‘ me with that assured Air which is common
‘ to successful Coxcombs. At the same time,
‘ I perceived I was surrounded by all those
‘ Ladies who were on his account my great-
‘ est Enemies ; and in revenge, wished for
‘ nothing

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' nothing more than to see me make a ridi-
 ' culous Figure. This Situation so perplexed
 ' my Thoughts, that when he came near
 ' enough to speak to me, I fainted away in his
 ' Arms. (Had I studied which way I could
 ' gratify him most, it was impossible to have
 ' done any thing to have pleased him more.)
 ' Some that stood by, brought smelling Bot-
 ' tles, and used means for my Recovery ; and I
 ' was welcomed to returning Life, by all those
 ' ill-natured Repartees, which Women enraged
 ' by Envy are capable of venting. One cried,
 ' Well, I never thought my Lord had any thing
 ' so frightful in his Person, or so fierce in his
 ' Manner, as to strike a young Lady dead at
 ' the sight of him. No, no, says another,
 ' some Ladies Senses are more apt to be hur-
 ' ried by agreeable, than disagreeable Objects.
 ' With many more such sort of Speeches,
 ' which shewed more Malice than Wit.
 ' This not being able to bear, trembling,
 ' and with but just Strength enough to move
 ' I crawled to my Coach, and hurried home.
 ' When I was alone, and thought on what had
 ' happened to me in a public Court, I was at
 ' first driven to the utmost Despair ; but after-
 ' wards, when I came to reflect, I believe this

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‘ Accident contributed more to my being
‘ cured of my Passion, than any other could
‘ have done. I began to think the only Me-
‘ thod to pique the Man, who had used me
‘ so barbarously, and to be revenged on my
‘ spiteful Rivals, was to recover that Beauty,
‘ which was then languid, and had lost its
‘ Lustre, to let them see I had still Charms
‘ enough to engage as many Lovers as I could
‘ desire, and that I could yet rival them, who
‘ had thus cruelly insulted me. These pleasing
‘ Hopes revived my sinking Spirits, and
‘ worked a more effectual Cure on me, than
‘ all the Philosophy and Advice of the wisest
‘ Men could have done. I now employ’d all
‘ my Time and Care in adorning my Per-
‘ son, and studying the surest Means of en-
‘ gaging the Affections of others, while I
‘ myself continued quite indifferent; for I
‘ resolved for the future, if ever one soft
‘ Thought made its way to my Heart, to fly
‘ the Object of it, and by new Lovers to drive
‘ the Image from my Breast. I consulted my
‘ Glass every Morning, and got such a com-
‘ mand of my Countenance, that I could suit it
‘ to the different Tastes of Variety of Lovers;
‘ and tho’ I was young, for I was not yet

' above Seventeen; yet my public Way of Life
 ' gave me such continual Opportunities of
 ' conversing with Men, and the strong De-
 ' fire I now had of pleasing them, led me to
 ' make such constant Observations on every
 ' thing they said or did, that I soon found out
 ' the different Methods of dealing with them.
 ' I observed that most Men generally liked in
 ' Women what was most opposite to their own
 ' Characters; therefore to the grave solid Man
 ' of Sense, I endeavoured to appear sprightly,
 ' and full of Spirit; to the Witty and Gay, soft
 ' and languishing; to the Amorous (for they
 ' want no increase of their Passions) cold and
 ' reserved; to the Fearful and Backward, warm
 ' and full of Fire, and so of all the rest, As
 ' to Beaus, and all those sort of Men, whose
 ' Desires are centered in the Satisfaction of their
 ' Vanity, I had learned by sad Experience,
 ' the only way to deal with them was to
 ' laugh at them, and let their own good Opi-
 ' nion of themselves be the only Support of
 ' their Hopes. I knew, while I could get other
 ' Followers, I was sure of them; for the only
 ' sign of Modesty they ever give, is that of not
 ' depending on their own Judgments, but fol-
 ' lowing the Opinions of the greatest Num-
 ' ber,

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ber. Thus furnished with Maxims, and
grown wise by past Errors, I in a manner be-
gun the World again: I appeared in all pub-
lic Places handsomer and more lively than
ever, to the Amazement of every one who
saw me, and had heard of the Affair be-
tween me and my Lord. He himself was
much surprized, and vexed at this sudden
Change, nor could he account how it was
possible for me so soon to shake off those
Chains he thought he had fixed on me for
Life, nor was he willing to lose his Con-
quest in this manner. He endeavoured by
all means possible to talk to me again of
Love, but I stood fixed to my Resolution,
(in which I was greatly assisted by the
Croud of Admirers that daily surrounded
me) never to let him explain himself: for
notwithstanding all my Pride, I found the
first Impression the Heart receives of Love
is so strong, that it requires the most vigilant
Care to prevent a Relapse. Now I lived three
Years in a constant Round of Diversions,
and was made the perfect Idol of all the
Men that came to Court of all Ages, and
all Characters. I had several good Matches
offered me, but I thought none of them
equal

' equal to my Merit; and one of my greatest
 ' Pleasures was to see those Women, who had
 ' pretended to rival me, often glad to marry
 ' those whom I had refused. Yet notwith-
 ' standing this great Success of my Schemes,
 ' I cannot say I was perfectly Happy; for every
 ' Woman that was taken the least notice of,
 ' and every Man that was insensible to my
 ' Arts, gave me as much Pain as all the rest
 ' gave me Pleasure; and sometimes little un-
 ' derhand Plots, which were laid against my
 ' Designs, would succeed in spite of my Care:
 ' so that I really begun to grow weary of this
 ' manner of Life, when my Father returning
 ' from his Embassy in *France*, took me home
 ' with him, and carried me to a little plea-
 ' sant Country House, where there was no-
 ' thing grand or superfluous, but every thing
 ' neat and agreeable; there I led a Life per-
 ' fectly solitary. At first, the time hung very
 ' heavy on my hands, and I wanted all kind
 ' of Employment, and I had very like
 ' to have fallen into the height of the Va-
 ' pours, from no other Reason, but from want
 ' of knowing what to do with myself. But
 ' when I had lived here a little time, I found
 ' such a Calmness in my Mind, and such a
 ' Difference

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‘ Difference between this, and the restless
‘ Anxieties I had experienced in a Court, that
‘ I began to share the Tranquillity, that visibly
‘ appeared in every thing round me. I set
‘ myself to do Works of Fancy, and to raise
‘ little Flower-Gardens, with many such in-
‘ nocent rural Amusements; which, altho’ they
‘ are not capable of affording any great Plea-
‘ sure, yet they give that serene Turn to the
‘ Mind, which I think much preferable to
‘ any thing else Human Nature is made sus-
‘ ceptible of. I now resolved to spend the
‘ rest of my Days here, and that nothing
‘ should allure me from this sweet Retire-
‘ ment, to be again tossed about with tem-
‘ pestuous Passions of any kind. Whilst I
‘ was in this Situation, my Lord *Peirce*, the
‘ Earl of *Northumberland*’s eldest Son, by an
‘ Accident of losing his way after a Fox-
‘ Chace, was met by my Father, about a
‘ Mile from our House; he came home with
‘ him, only with a design of dining with us,
‘ but was so taken with me, that he stay’d
‘ three Days. I had too much Experience in
‘ all Affairs of this kind, not to see presently
‘ the Influence I had on him; but I was at that
‘ time so intirely free from all Ambition, that

' even the Prospect of being a Countess had
 ' no Effect on me; and I then thought no-
 ' thing in the World could have bribed me to
 ' have changed my Way of Life. This young
 ' Lord, who was just in his Bloom, found
 ' his Passion so strong, he could not en-
 ' dure a long Absence, but returned again
 ' in a Week, and endeavoured by all the
 ' Means he could think of, to engage me to
 ' return his Affection. He addressed me with
 ' that Tenderneſs and Reſpect, which Wo-
 ' men on Earth think can flow from nothing
 ' but real Love; and very often told me, that
 ' unleſs he could be ſo happy, as by his Af-
 ' ſiduity and Care to make himſelf agree-
 ' able to me, although he knew my Father
 ' would eagerly embrace any Propoſal from
 ' him, yet he would ſuffer that laſt of Miſe-
 ' ries, of never ſeeing me more, rather than
 ' owe his own Happineſs to any thing that
 ' might be the leaſt Contradiſtion to my In-
 ' clinations. This manner of proceeding had
 ' ſomething in it ſo noble and generous, that
 ' by degrees it raiſed a Senſation in me, which
 ' I know not how to deſcribe, nor by what
 ' Name to call it; it was nothing like my
 ' former Paſſion; for there was no Turbulence,

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‘no uneasy waking Nights attended it, but
‘all I could with Honour grant to oblige
‘him, appeared to me to be justly due to his
‘Truth and Love, and more the Effect of
‘Gratitude, than of any Desire of my own.
‘The Character I had heard of him from
‘my Father, at my first returning to *England*,
‘in discoursing of the young Nobility, con-
‘vinced me, that if I was his Wife, I should
‘have the perpetual Satisfaction of knowing
‘every Action of his must be approved by
‘all the sensible Part of Mankind; so that
‘very soon I began to have no Scruple left;
‘but that of leaving my little Scene of Quiet-
‘ness, and venturing again into the World.
‘But this by his continual Application, and
‘submissive Behaviour, by degrees entirely
‘vanished, and I agreed he should take his
‘own Time to break it to my Father, whose
‘Consent he was not long in obtaining; for
‘such a Match was by no means to be re-
‘fused. There remained nothing now to be
‘done, but to prevail with the Earl of *Nor-*
‘*thumberland* to comply with what his Son
‘so ardently desired; for which purpose, he
‘set out immediately for *London*, and begged
‘it as the greatest Favour, that I would ac-
Q 4 ‘company

' company my Father, who was also to go
 ' thither the Week following. I could not
 ' refuse his Request, and as soon as we arrived
 ' in Town, he flew to me with the greatest
 ' Raptures, to inform me his Father was so
 ' good, that finding his Happiness depended
 ' on his Answer, he had given him free Leave
 ' to act in this Affair as would best please him-
 ' self, and that he had now no Obstacle to
 ' prevent his Wishes. It was then the Begin-
 ' ning of the Winter, and the Time for our
 ' Marriage was fixed for the latter end of
 ' *March*; the Consent of all Parties made his
 ' Access to me very easy, and we conversed
 ' together both with Innocence and Pleasure.
 ' As his Fondness was so great, that he con-
 ' trived all the Methods possible to keep me
 ' continually in his sight, he told me one
 ' Morning, he was commanded by his Father
 ' to attend him to Court that Evening, and
 ' begg'd I would be so good as to meet him
 ' there. I was now so used to act as he would
 ' have me, that I made no difficulty of com-
 ' plying with his Desire. Two Days after this,
 ' I was very much surprized at perceiving
 ' such a Melancholy in his Countenance, and
 ' Alteration in his Behaviour, as I could no
 ' way

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‘ way account for ; but by Importunity, at
‘ last, I got from him, that Cardinal *Wolsey*,
‘ for what Reason he knew not, had peremp-
‘ torily forbid him to think any more of me :
‘ and when he urged that his Father was not
‘ displeased with it, the Cardinal in his im-
‘ perious Manner answered him, he should
‘ give his Father such convincing Reasons,
‘ why it would be attended with great Incon-
‘ veniences, that he was sure he could bring
‘ him to be of his Opinion. On which he
‘ turned from him, and gave him no opportu-
‘ nity of replying. I could not imagine what De-
‘ sign the Cardinal could have in intermeddling
‘ in this Match, and I was still more perplexed
‘ to find that my Father treated my Lord
‘ *Peircy* with much more Coldness than u-
‘ sual ; he too saw it, and we both won-
‘ dered what could possibly be the Cause of
‘ all this. But it was not long before the
‘ Mystery was all made clear by my Father,
‘ who sending for me one day into his Cham-
‘ ber, let me into a Secret which was as little
‘ wished for as expected ; he began with the
‘ surprizing Effects of Youth and Beauty, and
‘ the Madness of letting go those Advantages
‘ they might procure us, till it was too late,
‘ when

' when we might wish in vain to bring them
 ' back again. I stood amazed at this Begin-
 ' ning; he saw my Confusion, and bid me
 ' sit down and attend to what he was go-
 ' ing to tell me, which was of the greatest
 ' Consequence; and he hoped I would be
 ' wise enough to take his Advice, and act as
 ' he should think best for my future Welfare.
 ' He then asked me, if I should not be much
 ' pleased to be a Queen? I answered with the
 ' greatest Earnestness, that so far from it, I
 ' would not live in a Court again to be the
 ' greatest Queen in the World; that I had a
 ' Lover who was both desirous and able to
 ' raise my Station, even beyond my Wishes.
 ' I found this Discourse was very displeasing;
 ' my Father frowned and called me a roman-
 ' tick Fool, and said, if I would hearken to
 ' him he could make me a Queen; for the
 ' Cardinal had told him, that the King,
 ' from the Time he saw me at Court the
 ' other Night, liked me; and intended to get
 ' a Divorce from his Wife, and to put me
 ' in her place; and ordered him to find some
 ' Method to make me a Maid of Honour to
 ' her present Majesty, that in the mean time
 ' he might have an Opportunity of seeing me.

‘ It

Ch. 7. *this World to the next, &c.* 235

‘ It is impossible to express the Astonishment
‘ these Words threw me into; and notwith-
‘ standing that the Moment before, when it
‘ appeared at so great a distance, I was very
‘ sincere in my Declaration, how much it
‘ was against my Will to be raised so high; yet
‘ now the Prospect came nearer, I confess
‘ my Heart fluttered, and my Eyes were daz-
‘ zled with the View of being seated on a
‘ Throne. My Imagination presented before
‘ me all the Pomp, Power, and Greatness
‘ that attend a Crown; and I was so perplexed,
‘ I knew not what to answer, but remained
‘ as silent, as if I had lost the Use of my
‘ Speech. My Father, who guessed what it
‘ was that made me in this Condition, pro-
‘ ceeded to bring all the Arguments he thought
‘ most likely to bend me to his Will; at last,
‘ I recovered from this Dream of Grandeur,
‘ and begged him by all the most endearing
‘ Names I could think of, not to urge me
‘ dishonourably to forsake the Man, whom I
‘ was convinced would raise me to an Em-
‘ pire, if in his power, and who had enough
‘ in his power to give me all I desired. But
‘ he was deaf to all I could say, and insisted,
‘ that by next Week, I should prepare my
‘ self

' self to go to Court: he bid me consider
 ' of it, and not prefer a ridiculous Notion
 ' of Honour to the real Interest of my
 ' whole Family, but above all things not
 ' to disclose what he had trusted me with.
 ' On which, he left me to my own
 ' Thoughts. When I was alone, I reflected
 ' how little real Tenderneſs this Behaviour
 ' ſhewed to me, whoſe Happineſs he did not
 ' at all conſult; but only look'd on me as a
 ' Ladder, on which he could climb to the
 ' Height of his own ambitious Deſires: and
 ' when I thought on his Fondneſs for me in
 ' my Infancy, I could impute it to nothing,
 ' but either the liking me as a Play-thing, or
 ' the Gratification of his Vanity in my Beau-
 ' ty. But I was too much divided between
 ' a Crown and my Engagement to Lord
 ' *Peirce*, to ſpend much Time in thinking
 ' of any thing elſe; and altho' my Father had
 ' poſitively forbid me, yet when he came
 ' next, I could not help acquainting him
 ' with all that had paſſed, with the Reſerve
 ' only of the Struggle in my own Mind on
 ' the firſt mention of being a Queen. I ex-
 ' pected he would have received the News
 ' with the greateſt Agonies; but he ſhewed

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‘ no vast Emotion ; however he could not
‘ help turning pale ; and taking me by the
‘ Hand, looked at me with an Air of Ten-
‘ derness, and said, If being a Queen will make
‘ you happy, and it’s in your power to be so,
‘ I would not for the World prevent it, let me
‘ suffer what I will. This amazing Greatness of
‘ Mind had on me quite the contrary Effect,
‘ from what it ought to have had : for instead
‘ of increasing my Love for him, it almost put
‘ an end to it ; and I began to think if he
‘ could part with me, the matter was not
‘ much. And I am convinced, when any
‘ Man gives up the Possession of a Woman,
‘ whose Consent he has once obtained, let
‘ his Motive be ever so generous, he will dis-
‘ oblige her. I could not help shewing my
‘ Dissatisfaction, and told him, I was very
‘ glad this Affair sat so easily on him. He
‘ had not power to answer, but was so sud-
‘ denly struck with this unexpected ill-na-
‘ tur’d Turn I gave his Behaviour, that he
‘ stood amazed for some time, and then bow-
‘ ed and left me. Now I was again left to
‘ my own Reflections ; but to make any thing
‘ intelligible out of them, is quite impossible ;
‘ I wished to be a Queen, and wished I might
‘ not

' not be one ; I would have my Lord *Peirce*
 ' happy without me ; and yet I would not
 ' have the Power of my Charms be so weak,
 ' that he could bear the Thought of Life
 ' after being disappointed in my Love. But
 ' the Result of all these confused Thoughts was
 ' a Resolution to obey my Father. I am afraid
 ' there was not much Duty in the Case,
 ' tho' at that time I was glad to take hold
 ' of that small Shadow, to save me from
 ' looking on my own Actions in the true
 ' Light. When my Lover came again, I
 ' looked on him with that Coldness that he
 ' could not bear, on purpose to rid my self of
 ' all Importunity : for since I had resolved to
 ' use him ill, I regarded him as the Monu-
 ' ment of my Shame, and his every Look ap-
 ' peared to me to upbraid me. My Father
 ' soon carried me to Court ; there I had no
 ' very hard Part to act ; for with the Experi-
 ' ence I had had of Mankind, I could find
 ' no great difficulty in managing a Man who
 ' liked me, and for whom I not only did
 ' not care, but had an utter Aversion to : but
 ' this Aversion he believed to be Virtue ; for
 ' how credulous is a Man who has an Incl-
 ' nation to believe ? And I took care sometimes

Ch.7. *this World to the next, &c.* 239

‘ to drop Words of Cottages and Love, and
‘ how happy the Woman was who fixed her
‘ Affections on a Man in such a Station of
‘ Life, that she might show her Love, with-
‘ out being suspected of Hypocrisy or merce-
‘ nary Views. All this was swallowed very
‘ easily by the amorous King, who pushed
‘ on the Divorce with the utmost Impetuosity,
‘ although the Affair lasted a good while,
‘ and I remained most part of the time be-
‘ hind the Curtain. Whenever the King men-
‘ tioned it to me, I used such Arguments a-
‘ gainst it, as I thought the most likely to
‘ make him the more eager for it; begging,
‘ that unless his Conscience was really touched,
‘ he would not on my account give any
‘ grief to his virtuous Queen; for in being
‘ her Handmaid, I thought my self highly
‘ honoured; and that I would not only for-
‘ go a Crown, but even give up the Pleasure
‘ of ever seeing him more, rather than wrong
‘ my Royal Mistress. This way of talking,
‘ joined to his eager Désire to possess my Per-
‘ son, convinced the King so strongly of my
‘ exalted Merit, that he thought it a merito-
‘ rious Act to displace the Woman (whom he
‘ could not have so good an Opinion of, be-
‘ cause he was tired of her) and to put me
‘ in

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‘ in her place. After about a Year’s stay at Court,
 ‘ as the King’s Love to me began to be talked
 ‘ of, it was thought proper to remove me,
 ‘ that there might be no Umbrage given to
 ‘ the Queen’s Party ; I was forced to comply
 ‘ with this, though greatly against my Will; for
 ‘ I was very jealous that Absence might change
 ‘ the King’s Mind, I retired again with my
 ‘ Father to his Country Seat, but it had no
 ‘ longer those Charms for me which I once
 ‘ enjoyed there; for my Mind was now too
 ‘ much taken up with Ambition to make
 ‘ room for any other Thoughts. During my
 ‘ Stay here, my Royal Lover often sent Gen-
 ‘ tlemen to me with Messages and Letters,
 ‘ which I always answered in the manner I
 ‘ thought would best bring about my Designs,
 ‘ which were to come back again to Court.
 ‘ In all the Letters that passed between us,
 ‘ there was something so kingly and com-
 ‘ manding in his, and so deceitful and sub-
 ‘ missive in mine, that I sometimes could not
 ‘ help reflecting on the Difference betwixt this
 ‘ Correspondence, and that with Lord *Peircy*;
 ‘ yet I was so pressed forward by the Desire of
 ‘ a Crown, I could not think of turning back.
 ‘ In all I wrote, I continually praised his Re-
 ‘ solution

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‘ solution of letting me be at a distance from
‘ him, since at this time it conduced indeed
‘ to my Honour; but what was of ten times
‘ more weight with me, I thought it was ne-
‘ cessary for his; and I would sooner suffer any
‘ thing in the World than be any means of
‘ Hurt to him, either in his Interest, or Re-
‘ putation. I always gave some Hints of ill
‘ Health, with some Reflections how neces-
‘ sary the Peace of the Mind was to that of
‘ the Body. By these means, I brought him
‘ to recall me again by the most absolute
‘ Command, which I for a little time ar-
‘ fully delay’d, (for I knew the Impatience of
‘ his Temper would not bear any Contradicti-
‘ on;) till he made my Father in a manner
‘ force me to what I most wished, with the
‘ utmost Appearance of Reluctance on my
‘ side. When I had gained this Point, I be-
‘ gan to think which way I could separate the
‘ King from the Queen, for hitherto they
‘ lived in the same House. The Lady *Mary*,
‘ the Queen’s Daughter, being then about
‘ Sixteen, I sought for Emissaries of her own
‘ Age, that I could confide in, to insfil into
‘ her Mind disrespectful Thoughts of her Fa-
‘ ther, and make a Jest of the Tenderneſs of

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R

‘ his

' his Conscience about the Divorce. I knew
 ' she had naturally strong Passions, and that
 ' young People of that Age are apt to think
 ' those that pretend to be their Friends are
 ' really so, and only speak their Minds freely ;
 ' I afterwards contrived to have every Word
 ' she spoke of him carried to the King ; who
 ' took it all as I could wish, and fancied those
 ' things did not come at first from the young
 ' Lady, but from her Mother. He would
 ' often talk of it to me, and I agreed with
 ' him in his Sentiments ; but then as a great
 ' Proof of my Goodness, I always endea-
 ' voured to excuse her, by saying, a Lady so
 ' long time used to be a Royal Queen, might
 ' naturally be a little exasperated with those,
 ' she fancied would throw her from that Sta-
 ' tion she so justly deserved. By these sort of
 ' Plots, I found the way to make the King
 ' angry with the Queen ; for nothing is easier
 ' than to make a Man angry with a Woman
 ' he wants to be rid of, and who stands in the
 ' way between him and his Pleasures : so that
 ' now the King, on the Pretence of the Queen's
 ' Obstinacy, in a Point where his Conscience
 ' was so tenderly concerned, parted with her.
 ' Every Thing was now plain before me ; I
 ' had

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‘ had nothing farther to do but to let the King
‘ alone to his own Desires; and I had no rea-
‘ son to fear, since they had carried him so
‘ far, but that they would urge him on to do
‘ every thing I aimed at. I was created Mar-
‘ chioness of *Pembroke*. This Dignity sat very
‘ easy on me; for the Thoughts of a much
‘ higher Title, took from me all feeling of
‘ this; and I looked upon being a Marchio-
‘ ness as a Trifle, not that I saw the Bauble in
‘ its true Light, but because it fell short of
‘ what I had figured to my self I should soon
‘ obtain. The King’s Desires grew very im-
‘ patient, and it was not long before I was
‘ privately married to him. I was no sooner
‘ his Wife, than I found all the Queen come
‘ upon me; I felt my self conscious of Roy-
‘ alty, and even the Faces of my most inti-
‘ mate Acquaintance seemed to me to be quite
‘ strange. I hardly knew them, Height had
‘ turned my Head, and I was like a Man
‘ placed on a Monument, to whose Sight
‘ all Creatures at a great distance below him,
‘ appear like so many little Pigmies crawl-
‘ ing about on the Earth; and the Pro-
‘ spect so greatly delighted me, that I did
‘ not presently consider, that in both Cases

' descending a few Steps erected by human
 ' Hands would place us in the Number of
 ' those very Pigmies who appeared so despi-
 ' cable. Our Marriage was kept private for
 ' some time, for it was not thought proper
 ' to make it public (the Affair of the Divorce
 ' not being finished) till the Birth of my
 ' Daughter *Elizabeth* made it necessary. But
 ' all who saw me knew it; for my Manner
 ' of speaking and acting was so much changed
 ' with my Station, that all around me plainly
 ' perceived, I was sure I was a Queen. While
 ' it was a Secret, I had yet something to wish
 ' for; I could not be perfectly satisfied, till
 ' all the World was acquainted with my
 ' Fortune: but when my Coronation was
 ' over, and I was raised to the height of
 ' my Ambition, instead of finding my self
 ' happy, I was in reality more miserable than
 ' ever; for besides that the Aversion I had
 ' naturally to the King was much more diffi-
 ' cult to dissemble after Marriage than before,
 ' and grew into a perfect Detestation, my
 ' Imagination, which had thus warmly pur-
 ' sued a Crown, grew cool when I was in
 ' the possession of it, and gave me time to
 ' reflect what mighty matter I had gained
 ' by

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‘ by all this Bustle ; and I often used to think
‘ my self in the case of the Fox-hunter, who
‘ when he has toiled and sweated all day in
‘ the Chace, as if some unheard-of Blessing
‘ was to crown his Success, finds at last, all
‘ he has got by his Labour is a stinking nau-
‘ seous Animal. But my Condition was yet
‘ worse than his ; for he leaves the loathsome
‘ Wretch to be torn by his Hounds, whilst I
‘ was obliged to fondle mine, and meanly
‘ pretend him to be the Object of my Love.
‘ For the whole time I was in this envied,
‘ this exalted State, I led a continual Life of
‘ Hypocrisy, which I now know nothing on
‘ earth can compensate. I had no Compa-
‘ nion but the Man I hated. I dared not
‘ disclose my Sentiments to any Person about
‘ me ; nor did any one presume to enter into
‘ any freedom of Conversation with me ; but
‘ all who spoke to me, talked to the Queen
‘ and not to me ; for they would have said
‘ just the same Things to a dress’d-up Puppet,
‘ if the King had taken a fancy to call it his
‘ Wife. And as I knew every Woman in the
‘ Court was my Enemy, from thinking she
‘ had much more right than I had to the
‘ Place I filled, I thought my self as unhap-

' py, as if I had been placed in a wild Wood,
 ' where there was no human Creature for me
 ' to speak to, in a continual fear of leaving
 ' any Traces of my Footsteps, lest I should
 ' be found by some dreadful Monster, or stung
 ' by Snakes and Adders: for such are spiteful
 ' Women to the Objects of their Envy. In
 ' this worst of all Situations, I was obliged to
 ' hide my Melancholy, and appear chearful.
 ' This threw me into an Error the other
 ' way, and I sometimes fell into a Levity in
 ' my Behaviour, that was afterwards made use
 ' of to my disadvantage. I had a Son dead-
 ' born, which I perceived abated something of
 ' the King's Ardor; for his Temper could not
 ' brook the least Disappointment. This gave
 ' me no Uneasiness; for not considering the
 ' Consequences, I could not help being best
 ' pleased when I had least of his Company.
 ' Afterwards I found he had cast his Eyes on
 ' one of my Maids of Honour; and whether
 ' it was owing to any Arts of her's, or only
 ' to the King's violent Passions, I was in the
 ' End used even worse than my former Mis-
 ' tress had been by my means. The Decay
 ' of the King's Affection was presently seen
 ' by all those Court-Sycophants, who conti-
 ' nually

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‘nually watch the Motions of Royal Eyes ;
‘and the Moment they found they could be
‘heard against me, they turned my most
‘innocent Actions and Words, nay even my
‘very Looks, into Proofs of the blackest Crimes.
‘The King, who was impatient to enjoy his
‘new Love, lent a willing Ear to all my Ac-
‘cusers, who found ways of making him jea-
‘lous, that I was false to his Bed. He would
‘not so easily have believed any thing against
‘me before, but he was now glad to flatter
‘himself that he had found a Reason to do
‘just what he had resolved upon without a
‘Reason ; and on some slight Pretences, and
‘hear-say Evidence, I was sent to the *Tower*,
‘where the Lady, who was my greatest Ene-
‘my, was appointed to watch me and lie in
‘the same Chamber with me. This was really
‘as bad a Punishment as my Death ; for she
‘insulted me with those keen Reproaches, and
‘spiteful Witticisms, which threw me into such
‘Vapours and violent Fits, that I knew not
‘what I uttered in this Condition. She pre-
‘tended, I had confess’d talking ridiculous
‘Stuff with a Set of low Fellows, whom I
‘had hardly ever taken notice of, as could
‘have imposed on none but such as were re-
‘solved to believe. I was brought to my

' trial, and to blacken me the more, accused of
 ' conversing criminally with my own Brother,
 ' whom indeed I loved extremely well, but
 ' never looked on him in any other Light
 ' than as my Friend. However, I was con-
 ' demned to be beheaded, or burnt, as the
 ' King pleased; and he was graciously pleased,
 ' from the great Remains of his Love, to
 ' chuse the mildest Sentence. I was much
 ' less shocked at this manner of ending my
 ' Life, than I should have been in any other
 ' Station; but I had had so little Enjoyment
 ' from the Time I had been a Queen, that
 ' Death was the less dreadful to me. The
 ' chief Things that lay on my Conscience,
 ' were the Arts I made use of to induce the
 ' King to part with the Queen, my ill Usage
 ' of Lady *Mary*, and my jilting Lord *Peircy*.
 ' However, I endeavoured to calm my Mind
 ' as well as I could, and hoped these Crimes
 ' would be forgiven me: for in other respects
 ' I had led a very innocent Life, and always
 ' did all the good-natur'd Actions I found any
 ' opportunity of doing. From the Time I
 ' had it in my power, I gave a great deal of
 ' Money amongst the Poor, I prayed very de-
 ' voutly, and went to my Execution very
 ' composedly. Thus I lost my Life at the
 ' Age

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‘ Age of Twenty-nine, in which short time
‘ I believe I went through more variety of
‘ Scenes, than many People who live to be
‘ very old. I had lived in a Court, where I
‘ spent my Time in Coquetry and Gaiety: I
‘ had experienced what it was to have one of
‘ those violent Passions which makes the
‘ Mind all Turbulence and Anxiety. I had
‘ had a Lover whom I esteemed and valued,
‘ and at the latter part of my Life, I was raised
‘ to a Station as high as the vainest Woman
‘ could wish. But in all these various Changes,
‘ I never enjoyed any real Satisfaction, unless in
‘ the little time I lived retired in the Coun-
‘ try free from all Noise and Hurry; and
‘ while I was conscious, I was the Object of
‘ the Love and Esteem of a Man of Sense
‘ and Honour.’

ON the Conclusion of this History, *Minos* paused for a small time, and then ordered the Gate to be thrown open for *Anne Bullen*’s Admittance; on the Consideration, That whoever had suffered being a Queen for four Years, and been sensible during all that time of the real Misery which attends that exalted Station, ought to be forgiven whatever she had done to obtain it *.

* Here ends this curious Manuscript; the rest being destroyed

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destroyed in rolling up Pens, Tobacco, &c. It is to be hoped, heedless People will henceforth be more cautious what they burn or use to other vile Purposes; especially when they consider the Fate which had likely to have befallen the Divine *Milton*; and that the Works of *Homer* were probably discovered in some Chandler's Shop in *Greece*.

E U R Y D I C E,

A

F A R C E:

As it was d—mned

A T T H E

T H E A T R E - R O Y A L

i n D R U R Y - L A N E.

Dramatis Personæ.

PLUTO.

ORPHEUS.

PROSERPINE.

EURYDICE.

CHARON.

GHOSTS, &c.

THEATRE ROYAL

in DRURY-LANE.



EURYDICE.

(The Musick-Bell rings.)

Enter the Author in a Hurry. A Critick following.

Auth. **H**OLD, hold, Mr. Chestwood; don't ring for the Overture yet, the Devil is not dressed! He has but just put on his cloven Foot.

Crit. Well, Sir, how do you find yourself? In what State are your Spirits?

Auth. Oh! never better. If the Audience are but in half so good a Humour, I warrant for the Success of my Farce.

Crit. I wish it may succeed; but as it is built (you say) on so ancient a Story as that of *Orpheus* and *Eurydice*, I fear some part of the Audience may not be acquainted with it. Would it not have been adviseable to have writ

254 *EURYDICE.*

writ a Sheet or two by a Friend, address'd to the Spectators of *Eurydice*, and let them a little into the matter?

Auth. No, No ; any Man may know as much of the Story as my self, only by looking at the End of *Littleton's* Dictionary, whence I took it. Besides, Sir, the Story is vulgarly known. Who has not heard that *Orpheus* went down to the Shades after his Wife who was dead, and so enchanted *Proserpine* with his Musick, that she consented he should carry her back, with a Proviso he never turned to look on her in his Way, which he could not refrain from, and so lost her?—Dear Sir, every School-Boy knows it.

Crit. But for the Instruction of those Beaus who never were at School.

Auth. They may learn it from those who have. If you will secure me from the Criticks, I don't fear the Beaus.

Crit. Why, Sir, half the Beaus are Criticks.

Auth. Ay! s'Gad, I should as soon have suspected half the *Dutchmen* to be Dancing-Masters. If I had known this, I would have spared them a little. I must leave out the first Scene, I believe.

Crit.

Crit. Why that?

Auth. Why, it is a Scene between the Ghosts of two Beaus. And if the Substance of a Beau be such an unsubstantial Thing, as we see it, what must the Shadow of that Substance be?

Crit. Ha, ha, ha. Ridiculous.

Auth. Ay, I think so. I think, we do come up to the Ridiculous in our Farce, and that is what a Farce ought to be, and all it ought to be: for as your Beaus set up for Critics, so these Critics on Farces may set up for Beaus. But come, I believe by this, the Devil and the Ghosts are ready, so now, Mr. Chetwood, you may ring away. Sir, if you please to sit down with me between the Scenes, I shall be glad of your Opinion of my Piece.

(They sit: The Overture is played.)

Crit. Pray, Sir, who are these two Gentlemen that stand ready to rush on the Stage? Are they the two Ghosts you mention?

Auth. Yes, Sir, they are. Mr. *Spindle* and Captain *Weazel*, the one belongs to the Court, the other to the Army; and they are the Representatives

representatives of their several Bodies. You must know farther, the one has been dead some time, the other but just departed : but hush, they are gone on.

Enter Capt. Weazel, Mr. Spindle.

Capt. Weazel. *Mr. Spindle,* your very humble Servant. You are welcome, Sir, on this side the River *Styx*. I am glad to see you dead, with all my heart.

Mr. Spin. *Capt. Weazel,* I thank you. I hope you are well.

Capt. Weaz. As well as a dead Man can be, my Dear.

Mr. Spin. And faith ! that's better than any living Man can be, at least any living Beau. Dead Men (they say) feels no Pain ; and I am sure, we Beaus, while alive, feel little else : but however at last, thanks to a little Fever and a great Doctor, I have shaken off a bad Constitution ; and now I intend to take one dear Swing of Raking, Drinking, Whoring, and playing the Devil, as I have done in the other World.

Capt. Weaz. I suppose then you think this World exactly like that you have left ?

Mr. Spin.

Mr. *Spin.* Why, you have Whores here, have you not?

Capt. *Weaz.* Oh, in abundance.

Mr. *Spin.* Give me a Bus for that, my Dear. And some of our Acquaintance, fine Ladies, are there not?

Capt. *Weaz.* Ay, scarce any other.

Mr. *Spin.* Thou dear Dog! Well, and how dost thou lead thy Life, thy Death I should say, among 'em?

Capt. *Weaz.* Faith! *Jack*, even as I led my Life between Cards, Dice, Musick, Taverns, Wenches, Masquerades.

Mr. *Spin.* Masquerades! Have you those too.

Capt. *Weaz.* Those! Ay, they were borrowed hence.

Mr. *Spin.* What a delicious Place this Hell is!

Capt. *Weaz.* Sir, it is the only Place a fine Gentleman ought to be in.

Mr. *Spin.* How it was misrepresented to us in the other World.

Capt. *Weaz.* Pshaw! that Hell did not belong to our Religion; for you and I, *Jack*, you know, and most of our Acquaintance were always Heathens.

Mr. *Spin.* Well : but what sort of a Fellow is the old Gentleman, the Devil, hey?

Capt. *Weaz.* Is he? Why a very pretty sort of a Gentleman, a very fine Gentleman; but, my Dear, you have seen him five hundred times already. The Moment I saw him here, I remembered to have seen him shuffle Cards at *White's*, and *George's*; to have met him often on the *Exchange* and in the *Alley*, and never missed him in or about *Westminster-Hall*. I will introduce you to him.

Mr. *Spin.* Ay do. And tell him I was hanged, that will recommend me to him.

Capt. *Weaz.* No, hanged, no; then he will take you for a poor Rogue, a sort of People he abominates so, that there are scarce any of them here. No, if you would recommend your self to him, tell him you deserved to be hanged; and was too great for the Law.

Mr. *Spin.* Won't he find me out?

Capt. *Weaz.* If he does, nothing pleases him so much as Lying : for which reason, he is so fond of no sort of People as the Lawyers.

Mr.

Mr. *Spin.* Methinks, he might, for the same Reason, be fond of us Courtiers too.

Capt. *Weaz.* Sir, we have no Cause to complain of our Reception.

Mr. *Spin.* But have you no News here, Jack?

Capt. *Weaz.* Yes, truly we have some, and pretty remarkable News too. Here is a Man come hither after his Wife.

Mr. *Spin.* What! to desire the Devil to take great care of her, that she may not come back again?

Capt. *Weaz.* No, really, to desire her back again; and 'tis thought he will obtain his Request.

Mr. *Spin.* Ay; he must be a hard-hearted Devil indeed, to deny a Man such a Request as that.

Capt. *Weaz.* Did you never hear of him in the other World? he is a very fine Singer, and his Name is *Orpheus*.

Mr. *Spin.* Oh ay! he's an *Italian*. Signior *Orpheo*.—I have heard him sing in the Opera in *Italy*. I suppose, when he goes back again they will have him in *England*. But who have we here?

Capt. *Weaz.* This is the Woman I spoke of, Madam *Eurydice.*

Mr. *Spin.* Faith! she is handsome, and if she had been any body's Wife but my own, I would have come hither for her with all my heart.

Auth. That Sentiment compleats the Character of my Courtier, who is so complaisant, that he sins only to comply with the Mode; and goes to the Devil, not out of any Inclination, but because it is the Fashion. Now for Madam *Eurydice*, who is the fine Lady of my Play: And a fine Lady she is, or I am mistaken.

Enter Eurydice.

Eur. Capt. *Weazel*, your very humble Servant.

Capt. *Weaz.* Your Servant, Lady Fair. A Gentleman of my Acquaintance, desires the Honour of kissing your Hands.

Eur. Any Gentleman of your Acquaintance. From *England*, I presume.

Mr. *Spin.* Just arrived thence, Madam.

Eur. You have not been at Court yet, Sir, I suppose. You will meet with a very hearty

heartly Welcome from his Majesty. He has a particular Kindness for People of your Nation.

Mr. Spin. I hope, Madam, we shall always deserve it.

Capt. Weaz. But I hope the News is not true, that we are to lose you, Madam Eurydice.

Eur. How can you doubt it, when my Husband is come after me? Do you think Pluto can refuse me, or that I can refuse to go back with a Husband who came hither for me?

Mr. Spin. Faith! I don't know; but if a Husband was to go back to the other World after his Wife, I believe, he would scarce persuade her to come hither with him.

Eur. Oh but, Sir, this Place alters us much for the better. Women are quite different Creatures after they have been here some time.

Capt. Weaz. And so you will go?

Eur. It is not in my power. You know it is positively against the Law of the Realm. In desiring to go, I discharge the Duty of a Wife. And if the Devil won't let me, I cant help it.

Capt. Weaz. I am afraid of the Power of his Voice, I wish he be able to resist that Charm; and I fancy, if you was to confess ingenuously, it is his Voice that charms you to go back again.

Eur. Indeed, Sir, you are mistaken. I do not think the Merit of a Man, like that of a Nightingale, lies in his Throat. It is true, he has a fine Pipe, and if you will carry your Friend to Court this Morning, he may hear him; but though it is possible my Heart may have its weak Sides, I solemnly protest no one will ever reach it through my Ears.

Mr. Spin. That's strange: for it is the only Way to all the Ladies Hearts in the other World.

Eur. Ha, ha, ha! I find you Beaus know just as much of a Woman as you ever did. Do you imagine when a Lady expires at an Opera, she thinks of the Signor that's singing? No, no, take my Word for it, Musick puts softer and better Things in her Head.

AIR

A I R I.

Do not ask me, *Charming Phillis*.

When a Woman lies expiring
at fal, lal, lal, lal, la.

Do you think her, Sir, desiring
nothing more than ha, ha, ha?

[*Exit between the Beaus.*

Crit. If you will give me leave, Sir, I think you have not enough distinguished the Character of your Courtier from your Soldier.

Auth. What Soldier! Have you mistaken my Army-Beau for a Soldier. You might as well take a *Temple-Beau* for a Lawyer. Sir, a Beau is a Beau still, whatever Profession he belongs to; the Beaus in all Professions differ in nothing but in Dress; and therefore, Sir, to distinguish the Character of my Army-Beau from my Court-Beau, I clap a Cockade into his Hat, and that is all the Distinction I can make between them.—But mum: *Pluto* is going on.

S 4

SCENE,

SCENE, *The Court of Pluto.*

Enter Pluto, Proserpine, and Orpheus.

Pluto. Indeed, Friend *Orpheus*, I am concerned I cannot grant your Request without infringing the Laws of my Realm. Ask me any thing else, and be certain of obtaining: Riches, Power, or whatever is in my Gift. Indeed, you ought to be contented with the common Fate of Men. Consider you had the Possession of your Wife something more than a Twelvemonth.

Prof. Long enough, I am sure, for any poor Woman to be confined within the Fetters of Matrimony.

Pluto. Is it possible that that Voice, which can lull the Cares of every other asleep, should not be able to assuage those of your own Breast?

Auth. Now for a Taste of *Recitativo*. My Farce is an *Oglio* of Tid-Bits.

Orpheus, (in Recitativo.)

*Curst be the cruel Scissars of the Fates,
That snipt her Thread of Life, and curst that*

Law

Which now forbids her to my Arms.

No,

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No, cruel King, detain your offer'd Wealth,
And hang my Harp forsaken in your Realm;
For all Things useleſs are to me
Without Eurydice.

A I R II.

Riches, can you Eaſe reſtore,
Riches makes me wiſh the more
The Poſſeſſion of my Sweet,
To beſtow them at her Feet.

2.

What Relief in ſoſteſt Lays
Warbling all my Charmer's Praise,
Bidding fiercer Paſſion riſe
Teaching Languiſh to my Eyes.

3.

Then can Wealth and Muſick pleaſe,
When my Charmer ſmiles at theſe;
But leſt Envy theſe bemoan,
Give me, give me her alone.

Pluto. (in Raptures) O caro, caro. —
(What ſhall I do? If I hear another Song I
am vanquiſhed. Should he deſire thee, my
Dear, I could hardly deny him.) [*Aſide to*
Proſerpine,
Proſ.

Prof. That may possibly be, my Dear, (and I wish he would with all my heart.) *Aside.*

Pluto. Consider, Child, there is no danger in the Precedent: for as he is the first Man who ever desired to have his Wife again, it is possible he may be the last.

Prof. I own the Request odd enough; nor do I know any Miracle that would equal it, unless she should consent to go along with him, which I much question: for I don't remember to have ever heard her mention her Husband's Name 'till his Arrival here. And though you may make free with your own Laws and your own People, I hope, Mr. *Pluto*, you will not usurp any Authority over mine. By *Styx*, if you give one dead Wife back again to her Husband, against her Will, I will make Hell too hot to hold you.

Pluto. Do not be in a Passion, my Dear.

Prof. My Dear, I will be in a Passion. Shall you prescribe to me what to be in?

Pluto. You need not fear the Loss of your Subjects; tho' you should promise to return every Wife that was asked.

Prof. How, Sir, have I not several Widows, whose Jointures died with them; whose Husbands would not only ask, but walk hither

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ther barefoot to get them again? But you are always despising my Subjects. I am sure no Goddess of Quality was ever used as I am. It would never be believed upon Earth, that the Devil is a worse Husband than any there.

Auth. Considering where the Scene lies, I think these Sentiments are not *mal-à-propos*.

Enter Eurydice, Weazel, Spindle. Weazel introduces Spindle to Pluto and Proserpine. Eurydice goes to Orpheus.

Orpheus, (Recitativo).

*Oh my Eurydice! the cruel King,
Still obdurate, refuses to my Arms
The Repossession of my Love.*

Eurydice, (Recitativo.)

*Unkind Fate,
So soon to put an end to all our Joys!
And barbarous Law of Erebus
That will not reinstate us in our Bliss*

Orph. And must you stay?

Eur. And must you go?

Orph. Oh no!

Eur. 'Tis so.

Orph. Oh no!

Eur. 'Tis so.

Crit.

Crit. Why does *Eurydice* speak in *Recitativo*?

Auth. Out of Complacence to her Husband. As you will find her behave through my whole Piece, like a very polite and well-bred Lady.—I intend this Couple as a Contrast to the Devil and his Wife.

A I R III.

Orph. Farewel, ye Groves and Mountains,
Ye once delightful Fountains,
Where my Charmer used to stray,
Where in gentle am'rous Play,
Wanton, willing,
Burning, billing,
Ever chearful, ever gay,
We have spent the Summer-Day.

2.

Where Herds forgot their lowing,
And Trees forgot their blowing,
Joining with the fleecy Flocks,
And the hard and massy Rocks,
All came prancing,
Skipping, dancing:
Not the Magick of my Song
But thy Eyes drew all along.

Pluto.

Pluto. I am conquered; by *Styx*, you shall have her back. Take my Wife too, take every thing; another Song, and take my Crown.

Prof. Hold, hold, not so generous, good King *Pluto*. If the young Lady pleases to return with her Husband, as you have sworn by *Styx*, she may.

Auth. There, Sir, there. I have carried the Power of Musick beyond *Orpheus*, *Amphion*, and all of them; I have made it inspire a Man to get the better of his Wife.

Prof. But I insist on her Consent being asked.

Spind. to *Weaz.* I find in Hell the grey Mare is the better Horse.

Weaz. Yes, faith! *Jack*, and no where else, I believe.

Orph. Thanks most infernal Majesty;
I ask no greater Boon.

Eur. You may depend too surely on your *Eurydice*, to doubt her Consent to whatever would make you happy. But—it is a long way from hence to the other World; and you know, by Experience, my Dear, I am an exceeding bad Traveller.

Orph.

Orph. I'll carry you on my Shoulders.

Eur. Oh dear Creature! your Shoulders would fail, indeed, they would. And if I should be taken sick on the Road, what should I do? Indeed in this World, I might make a tolerable shift; but on the other side the River *Styx*, if I was fainting no publick House dare sell me a Dram.

Orph. I will buy two Gallons, and carry them with me.

Eur. Life, Child, is so very uncertain, that who knows but as soon as I am got hence, I may be summoned back the next Day; and consider, what an intolerable Fatigue two such Journeys taken together would be.

Orph. Is it not a Journey which I have undertaken for you?

Eur. Oh you great Creature, you! You are a Man, and I am a poor weak Woman. I hope you don't compare your Strength with mine. Besides, if I was able to go, it is really so much better to be here than to be married, that I must be mighty silly to think of returning.—Indeed, dear *Orph*, I should be ashamed to shew my Face after it.

A I R IV.

*Oh Lud! I should be quite ashamed,
My former Friends to see;
In an Assembly if I'm nam'd,
They'd point and cry, that's she.*

*From Husbands when 'tis thought so fine
For Wives to run away,
Should I return again with mine,
What can the World all say?*

Orph. Can you go then, will you refuse me?

Eur. My Dear, you know I always hated to refuse you so much, that I hated you should ask me any thing; if it was reasonable I should do it of my own accord; but I never will be persuaded out of my Reason.

A I R V.

Orph. *That Marriage is a great Evil,
Who'll ever dispute more in Life,*

When

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*When they hear I've prevail'd on the
Devil,
And cannot prevail on my Wife,
Poor Man!
And cannot prevail on my Wife.*

*Eur. But when those who hear your sad
Ditty,
Shall the Date of your Wedding explore,
Do you think Men a Husband will pity,
Who should have known better before,
Poor Man!
Who should have known better before?*

Pluto. The Doom is fixed, I ask your pardon, my Dear (to Prof.) but I swore by Styx before I thought of it, that she should go.

Prof. Ay, you are always swearing before you think of it: However, Eurydice, since that's the Case, the Oath must be kept. But I can add a Clause to the Bill, if he looks back on you once in the Way, you shall return, and that I swear by Styx.

Pluto, Do you hear, Sir, what my Wife says?

Mr.

Mr. Spin. (to Weaz.) This River *Styx*, seems a pretty way of ending Controversies between Man and Wife. It is pity the *Thames* had not the same Virtue.

Orph. Thanks, most Diabolical Majesty, for your infernal Kindness.

Pluto. I hope you will take care, and not forfeit the Advantage of this Favour I have granted you.

Prof. Which I have granted, if you please, Sir.

Pluto. Ay, which my Wife has granted.

Capt. Weaz. (to Spin.) You see how ill People express themselves, when they call a bad Husband the devil of a Husband.

Eur. I thank your Majesty, Madam, for your Interposition in my behalf, and if I did not improve it, I should be unworthy of your Royal Favour.

Prof. I doubt not but you have been here long enough to learn to outwit your Husband.

Eur. Few Women, Madam, need come hither to learn that Art.

Prof. I am glad they behave so well.—
Dear *Eurydice*, I wish you a good Journey

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with all my heart, and hope to see you soon again.

Eur. The first Moment it is in my power, I assure your Majesty.

Plu. Friend *Orpheus*, farewell, I give thee thy Wife with greater Pleasure, since I hope, as thou hast come hither now to get her, thou wilt return hither shortly to get rid of her.

[*Exit Pluto, Prof. Capt. Weaz. and Spin.*]

Eur. Well, Sir; and so I must take a Trip with you to the other World. How was it possible, you could come hither to fetch me back when I was dead, who had so often wished me here, while alive?

Orph. Those were only the sudden Blasts of Passion. Besides, as is the common Fate of Mortals, I never knew my Happiness 'till I lost it.

Eur. And was you then really concerned for me?

Orph. Yes, my Dear, and I think you was so for me; your Tears at our parting, gave me sufficient Assurance.

Eur. Ha, ha, ha! I was afraid of dying, Child, that was all. Upon my word, my Dear, parting with thee was all the little Comfort I had.

Orph.

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Orph. Did you desire it then?

Eur. Most heartily, upon my Word. I seldom prayed for any thing else.

Orph. Why, did we not live comfortably together?

Eur. Oh very comfortably! Did you not leave me to run after the Golden Fleece?

Orph. Nay, if you come to that, did you not run away from me, and stay at *Thebes* by yourself a whole Winter?

Eur. And did not you keep a Mistress in my Absence, when you might have come to me?

Orph. Did not you spend in Diversions and Play, what should have kept your Family?

Eur. And did not you spend on Mistresses what should have kept your Wife?

Orph. Was not you almost eternally in the Vapours?

Eur. And was not you the Occasion of my Vapours? Did not you kill my favourite Monkey, because I would not dance with that Rake *Hercules*, and the rest of your Brother *Argonauts*.

Orph. You have dined with that Rake *Hercules* when I have not been by, I believe; and did not you crack one of my best Fiddles

only because I would not dance with that Coquet Miss *Atalanta*, and the rest of your Flirts.

Eur. You have danced with her in private, I fancy ; and I would break your Fiddle again, Sir, on the same Occasion.

Orph. And I would see you and your Monkey at the Devil, if you affronted my Friends.

Eur. Ha, ha, ha ! Then you would come after me again, as you have now ; ha, ha, ha !

Orph. Nay, do not laugh so immoderately.

Eur. How can I avoid it at this comfortable State of Life which you are so fond of, as to desire over again ?

Orph. But Experience might teach us to amend our Faults for the future.

Eur. Experience rather ought to teach us the Impossibility of such an Amendment : for if we could have learnt so, we might have learnt from the Examples of others, when we were first married, and from our own in a short time ; but I never perceived any better Effect from the Remembrance of a past Quarrel than the working up a new one.

Could

Could Experience cure Folly, Men would not
want that Cure very early in Life.

A I R VI.

*If Men from Experience a Lesson could reap,
To fly from the Folly they'd seen,
What Madman at Forty a Mistress would
keep,
What Woman would love at Eighteen!
What Woman, &c.*

*The Levées of Statesmen and Courts of the
Law,*

*Boys only would haunt very soon ;
And all married Broils to Conclusion would
draw,*

At the End of the sweet Honey-Moon.

At the End, &c.

So if you have a mind to prove and profit by
your own Experience, e'en look back at the
third Step, and return single as you came.

Orph. No, I will be so complacent, that I
had rather prove your Hypothesis than my
own.

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Eur. Then, pray, set out : In those last Words of your's Matrimony seemed to begin again : for to refuse his Wife with Civility, is the true Complacence of a Husband.—So, a good Journey to us.

A I R VII.

Turn, oh turn thee, dearest Creature,

Turn oh turn, Dear, do not fly me ;

I could never thus hold out ;

If you lov'd, you'd not deny me ;

If you lov'd, you'd look about.

[Exit, she following.]

SCENE, *The Banks of the River Styx.*

(They call Charon several times without.)

Auth. So now *Charon* is out of the way, and the Audience will be put out of humour.

Crit. But pray, Sir, why does *Orpheus* talk sometimes in *Recitativo*, and sometimes out of it ?

Auth. Why, Sir, I do not care to tire the Audience with too much *Recitativo* ; I observe

serve they go to sleep at it at an Opera. Besides, you may give yourself a good reason, why he leaves off Singing: for I think his Wife may very well be supposed to put him out of tune.—Are you satisfied?

Crit. I could ask another Question.—
Why have you made the Devil henpecked?

Auth. Sir, you know where I have laid the Scene, and how could Hell be better represented than by supposing the People under Petticoat-Government?—But oh! *Charon* is come at last.

Enter Charon and Maccahone.

Cha. You, Mr. *Maccahone*, will you please to pay me my Fare?

Mac. Ay, fet would I with all my Shoule, but Honey, I did die not worth a Sixpence, and that I did leave behind me.

Cha. Sir, if you do not pay me, I shall carry you back again.

Mac. To my own Country! Arrah do, Honey. Uboboo! what a Shoy it will be to my Relations, that are now singing an Anthem called the *Irish Howl* over me, to see me alive, when they know that I am dead.

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Cha. If you do not pay your Fare, I shall carry you to the other side of the River, where you shall wander on the Banks a thousand Year.

Mac. Shall I? what, where I did see half a dozen Gentlemen walking alone? Uboboo! upon my Shoule, the Laugh is coming upon my Face.

Cha. Prithee, what dost thou laugh at?

Mac. I laugh to think how I will bite you.

Cha. What wilt thou do?

Mac. Upon my Shoule, I will get a Bridge and swim over upon it, and I will send upon the Post to the other World to buy a Bridge, and I know where I can buy one very cheap; and when there is a Bridge, I believe no one will come into your Boat that can go over the Water upon dry Land.

Cha. Here, take this Fellow some of you, and ferry him back again, where he shall stay till his Bridge is built. But whom have we here? I suppose the Couple who are by *Pluto's* special Order to be ferry'd over to the other Side.

Enter

Enter Orpheus and Eurydice.

Orph. If you please, Mr. *Charon*, to prepare your Boat. I suppose you have received your Orders.

Cha. Master, the Boat is just gone over, it will be back again instantly. I wish you would be so good in the mean time, Master, to give us one of your *Italian* Catches.

Orph. Why, dost thou love Musick then, Friend *Charon*?

Cha. Yes, fags! Master, I do. It went to my heart t'other day, that I did not dare ferry over Signior *Quaverino*.

Orph. Why didst thou not dare?

Cha. I don't know, Sir; Judge *Rhadamanthus* said it was against the Law: for that no body was to come into this Country but Men and Women; and that the Signior was neither the one nor the other.

Orph. Your Lawyers, I suppose, have strange Quirks here in Hell.

Cha. Nay, for that matter, they are pretty much the same here as on Earth.

Eur. Help, help, I shall be drowned, I shall be drowned!

A I A

Orph.

Orph. (*turning*) Ha! *Eurydice's* Voice!

Eur. Oh unlucky Misfortune! why would you look behind you, when you knew the Queen's Command?

Orph. Thou wicked Woman, why wouldst thou tempt me?

Eur. How unreasonable is that, to lay the Blame on me! Can I help my Fears? You know I was always inclined to be hysterical; but it is like you, to lay the blame on me, when you know your self to be guilty; when you know you are tired of me already, and looked back, purposely to lose me.

Orph. And dost thou accuse me?

Eur. I don't accuse you. I need not accuse you. Your own wicked Conscience must do it. Oh! had you loved like me, you could have borne to have gone a Million of Miles. I am sure, I could have gone farther, and never once have looked back upon you. (*pretending to cry.*)

Orph. Curst Accident; but still we may go on. *Proserpine* can never know it.

Eur. (*speaking brisk*) No, I promised to return the Moment you looked back; and a Woman of Honour must keep her Promise, tho' it be to leave her Husband.

A I R

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A I R VIII.

*Farewel, my Dear,
Since Fate severe
Has cut us twice in twain,*

Orph. *Say not farewel
I'll back to Hell,
And sing thee back again,*

Eur. *No, Orpheus, no
You shall not go.*

Orph. *And must we, must we part?*

Eur. *We must, away,
For if you stay,
Indeed 'twill break my Heart,*

*Your Servant, Dear,
I downward steer,
You upward to the Light;
Take no more Leave,
For I must grieve
'Till you are out of sight.*

*Cha. Come Master Orpheus, never take it
to heart: but e'en part as merrily as your
Lady did. I believe the Devil would be very
glad*

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glad to go with you, if he could leave his
Wife behind him.

Orpheus, (Recitativo.)

Ungrateful, barbarous Woman!

Infernal Stygian Monster!

Henceforth Mankind

I'll teach to hate the Sex.

A I R IX.

*If a Husband henceforth, who has buried his
Wife,*

Of Pluto, request her again brought to Life:

*Pluto, grant his Request as he enters thy
Portal,*

And Jove for his Comfort.

And Jove for his Comfort,

*Oh make her, oh make her, oh make her im-
mortal!*

Auth. There, now the Audience must
stay a little, while the Grave Scene is prepar-
ing. Pray, Mr. Chetwood, hasten things as
much as possible,

Crit.

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Crit. I see Mr. *Orpheus* is come to his *Recitativo* again.

Auth. Yes, Sir, just as he lost his Senses. I wish our Opera Composers could give as good a Reason for their *Recitativo*.

Crit. What would you have them bring nothing but mad People together into their Operas?

Auth. Sir, if they did not bring abundance of mad People together into their Operas, they would not be able to subsist long at the extravagant Prices they do, nor their Singers to keep useless Mistresses; which, by the by, is a very ingenious Burlesque on our Taste.

Crit. Ay, how so?

Auth. Why, Sir, for an *English* People to support an extravagant *Italian* Opera, of which they understand nor relish neither the Sense nor the Sound, is heartily as ridiculous and much of a piece with an Eunuch's keeping a Mistress: nor do I know whether his Ability is more despised by his Mistress, or our Taste by our Singers.

Crit. Hush, hush, don't disturb the Play.

S C E N E,

SCENE, Pluto's Court.

Pluto, Weazle, Spindle.

Pluto. Well, Mr. *Spindle*, pray how do you like your Way of living here?

Mr. Spin. Upon my Word, may it please your Majesty, it is so very like the Life I used to lead, that I can scarce perceive any difference, unless (I hope your Majesty will not be offended) I think you are not quite so wicked here, as we used to be in the other World.

Pluto. Why truly, that is what I am afraid of, Mr. *Spindle*, and that is what I regret very much: but I know no Remedy for it; for as it is impossible to make the People here worse, so I believe it is impracticable to make them there better. (How little these Wretches know, that the Vices which were their Pleasures in the other World, are their Punishment here; and that the most vicious Man need scarce any other Punishment than that of being confined to his Vice!)

[*Aside.**Auth.*

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Auth. There, Sir! There is Morality for you out of the Mouth of the Devil, if that be not à *Fuoco dare Lucem*, let another handle the Pen for me.

Mr. Spin. One Vice in particular, that we excel you in, is Hypocrisy.

Weaz. It cannot be otherwise: for as his Diabolical Majesty is known to have such an Antipathy to Virtue, you may be certain, no one here will affect it.

Plu. Why not? I am no Enemy to the Affectation of it; and if they were to counterfeit never so nicely, they might depend on it, I should see through them. But ha! my Wife and *Eurydice*!

Enter Proserpine and Eurydice.

Prof. Yes, Sir, the Gentleman could not stay, it seems, 'till he got home; but looked back on his Treasure, and so forfeited it.

Eur. And yet, I took all the pains in my power to prevent it, continually intreating him to look forward, frightened out of my Wits every Step, lest he should see me by a side Glance, and yet all would not do; he

would; (*sobbing*) he would look back upon me, and so I have lost him for ever.

Pluto. Be comforted, Madam.

Eur. It is in your Power to comfort me.

Plu. And, be assured, it is in my Will.

Eur. Then you must promise me never to send me back : for, truly, there is (*composed*) so much Pain in parting, that, since it must happen, I am resolved never to see my Husband again, if I can help it.

Prof. Be easy : for by *Styx*, he never shall send you back.

Mr. Spin. However, there is *some* Hypocrisy here, I find. [*Aside to each other.*

Weaz. Ay, among the Women.

Prof. Well, my dear *Eurydice*, I am so pleased to see you returned, that I will celebrate a Holiday in all my Dominions. Let *Tantalus* drink, and take *Ixion* off the Wheel. Let every one's Punishment be remitted a whole Day. Do you hear, Husband ? what are you thinking of ?—Do you take care and signify my Pleasure ?

Pluto. I shall, my Dear. Do you hear, all of you ? It is my Wife's Pleasure that you should all keep Holiday.

Prof.

Prof. And harkee, Sir, I desire you would wave your Wand, and conjure back some of your Devils that dance at the Play-Houses in the other World.

Pluto. My Dear, I will obey your Commands.

Prof. You see, my dear *Eurydice*, the Manner in which I live with my Husband. He settled one half of the Government on me at my Marriage, and I have, thank Fate, pretty well worked him out of the other half: Thus I make my self some little Amends for his Immortality.

Eur. And sure a Wife ought to have some Amends made her for such a terrible Circumstance.

Pluto. My Dear, the Dancers are come.

Eur. Well, I am quite charmed with your Majesty's Behaviour to a Husband.

Prof. And I am so charmed with yours, that you shall henceforth be my chief Favourite.

A GRAND DANCE.

Chorus.

Eur. From Lessons like these

You may, if you please,

Good Husbands learn to be civil.

*For you find 'tis in vain
To wish for us again,
When once we are gone to the Devil.*

Prof. At each little Pet

*Do not quarrel and fret,
And wish your Wives dead, for I tell
you,*

*If they one touch this Shore,
You shall have them no more,
Tho' to fetch them you send Farinello.*

Pluto. Attend to Old Nick,

*Ye Brethren, that stick
Like me in Hymen's fast Fetters,
If you'd lead quiet Lives,
Give way to your Wives,
As you see must be done by your Betters.*

Chor. Attend to Old Nick,

*Ye Brethren, that stick
Like him in Hymen's fast Fetters,
If you'd lead quiet Lives,
Give way to your Wives,
As you see must be done by your Betters.*

T H E

THE
WEDDING-DAY.

A
COMEDY,

As it is acted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL

IN
DRURY-LANE,

By His MAJESTY's Servants.



FOR
THE
WEDDING-DAY.

COMEDY.

THEATRE-ROYAL

DURRY-LANE.

By His Majesty's Servants.



P R O L O G U E.

Writ and Spoken by Mr. MACKLIN.

GENTLEMEN and Ladies, we must beg
your Indulgence, and humbly hope you'll
not be offended

*At an Accident that has happen'd to-night, which
was not in the least intended,*

*I assure you: If you please, your Money shall be re-
turn'd. But Mr. Garrick, to-day*

*Who performs a principal Character in the Play,
Unfortunately has sent word, 'twill be impossible,
having so long a Part,*

*To speak to the Prologue: He hasn't had time to
get it by heart.*

*I have been with the Author, to know what's to be
done,*

For, till the Prologue's spoke, Sir, says I, we can't go on.

*"Pshaw! rot the Prologue," says he; "then be-
gin without it."*

*I told him, 'twas impossible, you'd make such a Rout
about it:* [say,

*Besides, 'twould be quite unprecedented,—and I dare
Such an Attempt, Sir, would make 'em damn the Play.*

"Ha! damn my Play!" the frighted Bard replies:

*"Dear Macklin, you must go on then and apologize."
Apologize! not I: Pray, Sir, excuse me.*

"Zounds! something must be done: prithee, don't

"refuse me:

"Prithee, go on : Tell them, to damn my Play, will
"be a damn'd hard Case.

"Come, do : You've a good long, dismal, Mercy-
begging Face."

Sir, your humble Servant : You're very merry.

"Yes," says he ; " I've been drinking

"To raise my Spirits ; for, by Jupiter ! I found
'em sinking."

So away he went to see the Play ; O ! there he sits ;
Smoke him, smoke the Author, you laughing Crits.
Isn't he finely situated for a damning Ob—Ob !
a—a shrill Whibee ? O direful Yell !

As Falstaff says : Would it were Bed-time, Hal,
and all were well !

What think you now ? Whose Face looks worst,
yours or mine ?

Ab ! thou foolish Follower of the ragged Nine,
You'd better stuck to honest Abram Adams, by half ;
He, in spite of Critics, can make your Readers
laugh.

But to the Prologue.—What shall I say ? Why,
Faith, in my Sense,

I take plain Truth to be the best Defence.

I think then, it was horrid Stuff ; and, in my hum-
ble Apprehension,

Had it been spoke, not worthy your Attention,

I'll give you a Sample, if I can recollect it.—

Hip ! take Courage : Never fear, Man : don't be
dejected.

Poor

PROLOGUE. 295

Poor Devil ! he can't stand it ; he has drawn in
his Head :

I reckon before the Play's done he'll be half dead.

But to the Prologue. It began,

" To-night the Comic Author of to-day.

" Has writ a—a—a—something about a Play :

" And, as the Bee,—the Bee,—(that he brings

" by way of Simile) the Bee, which roves

" Thro', thro',"—Pshaw ! Pox o' my Memory !—

" O ! thro' Fields and Groves,

" So Comic Poets in fair London Town

" To cull the Flowers of Characters wander up

" and down."—

Then there was a good deal about Rome, Athens,
and Dramatic Rules,

And Characters of Knaves and Courtiers, Authors
and Feels,

And a vast deal about Critics,—and Good-
nature,—and the poor Author's Fear ;

And I think there was something about a Third
Night,—hoping to see you here.

'Twas all such Stuff as this, not worth repeating,
In the old Prologue Cant ; and then at last con-
cludes, thus kindly Greeting,

" To you, the Critic Jury of the Pit,

" Our Culprit Author does his Cause submit :

" With Justice, nay, with Candour judge his

" Wit :

" Give him, at least, a patient, quiet Hearing :

" If guilty, damn him ; if not guilty, clear him."

Dramatis Personæ.

MILLAMOUR	—	Mr. GARRICK.
HEARTFORT	—	Mr. DELANE.
Mr. STEDFAST	—	Mr. MACKLIN.
Mr. MUTABLE	—	Mr. TASWELL.
YOUNG MUTABLE		Mr. NEALE.
SQUEEZE-PURSE	—	Mr. MORGAN.
BRAZEN	—	Mr. YATES.
Dr. CRISIS	—	Mr. TURBUTT.
CLARINDA	—	Mrs. PRITCHARD.
CHARLOTTE	—	Mrs. WOFFINGTON.
Mrs. USEFUL	—	Mrs. MACKLIN.
Mrs. PLOTWEL	—	Mrs. CROSS.
LUCINA	—	Miss BENNET.

SERVANTS, &c.

SCENE IN LONDON.

THE
WEDDING-DAY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, Millamour's Lodging. Brazen
asleep on a Chair.

MILLAMOUR, (*calls several times without—Brazen.*)

WHY, you incorrigible Rascal, are you not ashamed to sleep at this time of day? Do you think yourself in *Spain*, Sirrah, that thus you go regularly to Sleep when others go to Dinner?

Brazen (waking.) Truly, Sir, I think he that wakes with the Owl, should rest with him too. *Spain!* Agad, I should live in the *Antipodes*, by the Hours I am obliged to keep. Nor do I see why the same Bell, that rings others to Dinner, should not ring me to Sleep: for, I thank Heaven and your Honour, Sleep is the only Dinner I have had these two Days.
Mill.

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Mill. Cease your Impertinence, and get things ready to dress me.

Braz. What Clothes will your Honour please to wear?

Mill. Get me the Blue and Silver ; or, stay—the Brown and Gold. Come back, fetch me the Black ; that suits best with my present Circumstances.

Braz. I fancy the Lace suits best with your Circumstances. Most People in your Honour's Circumstances wear Lace.

Mill. Harkee, Sir, I have often cautioned you against this Familiarity. You must part with your Wit, or with your Master.

Braz. (*aside.*) That's true. If I had any Wit, I should have parted with him long ago. No wise Servant will live with a Master who has turned away his Estate.

Mill. Get me the laced—go immediately. Familiarity is a sort of Interest which all Servants exact from an indebted Master : and, as being indebted to a Friend, is the surest way to make him your Enemy, so making your Servant your Creditor, is the surest way of making him your Friend.

SCENE

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SCENE II.

Millamour, Mrs. Useful, Brazen.

Braz. Sir, is your Honour at home? here is Mrs. *Useful*.

Mill. Sirrah, you know I am at home to my Friend, my Mistress, and my Bawd, at any time.

Mrs. Use. Hoity, toity.—What, must I stay at the Door, till your Worship has considered, whether you will see me or not? Do I pass for a Beggar or a Dun with you? Do you take me for a Tradesman with his Bill, or a Poet with a Dedication?

Mill. (to *Braz.*) Do you see what your Blunders are the occasion of? Come, my angry Fair-one, lay aside the Terror of your Brows, since it was my Servant's Fault, not mine.

Mrs. Use. I, who am admitted where a poor Woman of Quality is excluded!

Mill. I know thou art. Thou art as dear to the Women of Fashion as their Lap-dogs, or to the Men as their Buffoons.

Mrs. Use. A very civil Comparison!

Mill. Thou art the First Minister of *Venus*,
the

300 *The* WEDDING-DAY.

the first Plenipotentiary in Affairs of Love, and thy House is the noble Scene of the Congress of the two Sexes. Thou hast united more Couples than the Alimony-Act has parted, and sent more to bed together, without a Licence, than any Parson of the *Fleet*.

Mrs. *Use*. I wish I could have prevented one Couple from doing it with a Licence.

Mill. What, has some notable Whore of thy Acquaintance turned Rebel to thy Power, and lifted under the Banners of *Hymen*? But be not disconsolate at thy Loss.—My Life to a Farthing she returns to her Duty. Whoring is like the Mathematics; whoever is once initiated into the Science is sure never to leave it.

Mrs. *Use*. This may probably take your Mirth a Key or two lower than its present Pitch. [Gives a Letter.

Mill. I hope thou dost not deal with the Law. I know no Letter can give me any Uneasiness, but a Letter from an Attorney. (Opens the Letter) Ha! *Stedfast*! I know the Hand, tho' not the Name.

Sir, after your Behaviour to me, I might not have been strictly obliged to give you any Account of my Actions: however, as it is the last Line you will ever see from me, I have pre-

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prevailed with myself to tell you, that your Course of Life has at last determined me to fly to any Harbour from the Danger of you; and accordingly this Morning has given me to a Man, whose Estate and sincere Affections will, in time, produce that Love in my Heart, which your Actions have—have— (this is a damn'd hard Word) have e-ra-di-ca-ted, and make me happy in the Name of

CLARINDA STEDFAST.

Mrs. Use. What do you think now, Sir?

Mill. Think! that I am the most unhappy of Men, and have lost the most charming of Women.

Mrs. Use. I always told you what it would come to, but you went still on in your profligate way. It is very true, what religious Men tell us, We never know the Value of a Blessing till we lose it.

Mill. Ay, 'tis very true indeed; for till this Hour I never knew the Value of *Clarinda*. (*Reads again.*) hum! hum!—*has given me to a Man, whose Estate and sincere Affection, by which I am to understand that my Rival is some very rich old Fellow; two excellent Qualifications for a Husband and a Cuckold, as one could wish.*

Mrs.

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Mrs. Use. I shall make a faithful Report of the Philosophy with which you receive the News.

Mill. Oh! couldst thou tell her half my Tenderness or my Pain, thou must invent a Language to express them.

Mrs. Use. Truly, I think you had best set Pen to Paper, and tell her them yourself.

Mill. I had rather trust to your Rhetoric : the Paper, I am sure, will carry no more than I put into it ; but for thee—

Mrs. Use. If it receives any Addition, it will not be to your advantage.

Mill. I dare trust thee ; thou lovest the Game too well to spoil it.

Mrs. Use. It is very strange that a Lover will not answer his Mistress's Letter.

Mill. Oh! no one writes worse than a real Lover. For Love, like Honesty, appears generally most beautiful in the Hypocrite. In painting the Mind, as well as the Face, Art generally goes beyond Nature.

Mrs. Use. Why, this is all cool Reason. I expected nothing but Imprecations, Threatning, Sighing, Lamenting, Raving.

Mill. You are mistaken. I act on the Marriage of a Mistress as on the Death of a Friend :

I

The WEDDING-DAY. 303

I strive to the utmost to prevent it. But if Fate will have it so—

Mrs. Use. You are a wicked Man. You know, it hath been in your power to prevent it.

Mill. Yes; but, my Dear, I am no more resolute to give up my Liberty to the one, than my Life to the other: and if nothing but my Marriage or my Death can preserve them, agad, I believe I shall continue *in Statu quo*, be the Consequence what it will. [Knocking.

Braz. Sir, here's a Lady, I don't know whether she comes under any of the Titles your Honour would have admitted.

Mill. Sirrah,—admit all Ladies whatsoever.

Mrs. Use. I'll be gone this moment.

Mill. Why so.

Mrs. Use. Oh! I would not be seen with you for the World.

Mill. Out of Tendernefs for my Reputation, I suppose. But that's safe enough with you; and as for your Reputation, it is safe enough with any one. Reputation, like the Small-pox, gives you but one Pain in your Life. When you have had the one, and lost the other, you may venture with Safety where you please.

SCENE.

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SCENE III.

Millamour, Mrs. Useful, Mrs. Plotwel.

Mil. Ha!

Mrs. Plot. You seem surpris'd, Sir: I suppose this is a Visit you little expected, tho' I see it's no unusual thing for you to receive Visits from a Lady.

Mrs. Use. No, Madam; my Cousin *Millamour* is very happy with the Ladies.

Mil. (to *Plotwel.*) I believe, Cousin, this is a Relation of ours you don't know; give me leave to introduce you to one another. Cousin *Useful*, this is my Cousin *Plotwel*; Cousin *Plotwel*, this is my Cousin *Useful*. (*The Ladies salute.*) But come, Relations should never meet with dry Lips. Here *Brazen*, bring a Bottle of *Usquebaugh*.

Both. Wom. Not a Drop for me.

Mil. Come, come, it will do you no harm. Well, Cousin, and how did you leave all our Relations in the *North*? Have you brought me no Letters?

Mrs. Plot. Only one, Cousin.

Mrs. Use. (*aside.*) Cousin! this is a Sister of mine, I believe; we are both of the same Trade, my Life on't.

Mil.

The WEDDING-DAY. 305

Mil. (to Brazen, who enters with a Bottle.) Sirrah, fill the Ladies—do you hear? (He takes a Letter from Plotwel and opens it.)

Sir, after so many Vows and Protestations, I should be surprized at the Falshood of any one but so great a Villain as yourself: But, as I have been long since certain, that you have not one Virtue in your whole Mind, that you are a Compound of all that is bad, and that you are the greatest Tyrant, and the falsest and most perjured Wretch upon Earth, I can expect no other. If you deserve not this and ten times worse, make haste to acquit yourself to the injured

LUCINA.

Mrs. Plot. Well, Sir, what does my Aunt say?

Mil. She is very inquisitive about my Health, complains of my not writing. There's no Secret in't, I'll read it for your Diversion.

[reads:

Mrs. Plot. For Heaven's sake, Sir, do not discover the Secrets of our Family.

Mil. My dear Nephew, I suppose it impossible for so fine a Gentleman, amidst the Hurry of the Beau Monde, to think of an old Aunt in Northumberland; yet sure you

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might

Mil.

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might sometimes find an Opportunity to let one know a little how the World goes. Pshaw! I'll read no more. These Country Relations think their Friends in Town obliged to furnish them with continual Matter for the Scandal of their Tea-tables. Has the old Lady no Female Acquaintance?—They would take as much pleasure in writing Defamation as she in reading it. For my part, I'll never trouble myself with others Business, till I can mind my own; nor about others Sins, till I have left off my own.

Mrs. Use. Which will not be till Doomsday, I'm confident.

Mil. Never, while I have the same Mind to tempt me to Sin, and the same Constitution to support me in it. For Sins, like Places at Court, we seldom resign, till we can keep them no longer.

Mrs. Use. And, like Places at Court, you often keep them when you can't officiate in them.

Mrs. Plot. But I hope you will answer my Aunt's Letter.

Mil. Not I, faith. Your Aunt's Letter shall answer itself. Send it back to the old

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Lady again, and write my Duty to her on the back side on't.

Mrs. *Use*. You have done your Duty to her already, or I am mistaken.

S C E N E IV.

Millamour, Useful, Mrs. Plotwel, Brazen.

Braz. Sir, Sir.

Mil. Well, Sir ; what, another Cousin ! Do you hear, Sirrah, I am at home to no more Female Relations this Morning.

Braz. Sir, Mr. *Heartfort* is below.

Mil. Desire him to walk up.

Mrs. *Plot*. But are you resolved not to answer the Letter ?

Mil. Positively. And, hearkee,—tell the enraged Fair-one, she hath made a double Conquest : her Beauty got the better of my Reason, and now her Anger hath got the better of my Love. Give my humble Service to her, and when she comes to herself again, tell her I am come to myself.

Mrs. *Plot*. You will repent of your Haughtiness, I warrant you.

Mil. So there's your Dispatch,—and now for my other Cousin.

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S C E N E V.

Millamour, Mrs. *Useful*.

Mil. And for you, Madam, give my kindest Respects to Mrs. *Stedfast*. Tell her, I will endeavour to efface the lovely Idea which *Clarinda* had formed in my Mind, since she is now another's. I will pray for her Happiness, but must love her no more.

Mrs. *Use*. And is this all?

Mil. You may carry her this again.—Tell her I will have nothing to put me in mind of her—and this Kiss, which I send her by you, shall be the last Token she shall have to awaken the Remembrance of me.

Mrs. *Use*. Well, you're a barbarous Man. But suppose now I could procure a meeting between you; suppose I could bring her to you this very day, at your own House—

Mil. Suppose! Oh! thou dear Creature, suppose I gave thee Worlds to reward thee.

Mrs. *Use*. Well, I will suppose you a Man of Honour, and much may be done. Don't be out of the way.

Mil. Thus Men of Business dispatch Attendants. And in Female Affairs I believe few have more Business than myself. The
Grand

The WEDDING-DAY. 309

Grand Signor is but a petty Prince in Love, compared to me. But tho' I have disguised my Uneasiness before this Woman, *Clarinda* lies deeper in my Heart than I could wish. There is something in that dear Name gives me a Sensation quite different from that of any other Woman. The Thought of seeing her another's, stings me to the very Soul.

S C E N E VI.

Millamour, Heartfort.

Heart. What, is your Levee dispatch'd? I met antiquated Whores going out of your Door as thick as antiquated Courtiers from the Levee of a Statesman, and with as disconsolate Faces. I fancy thou hast done nothing for them.

Mil. Thus it will ever be, *Jack*, where there are a Multitude of Attendants. The Lover no more than the Statesman can do every Man's Business.

Heart. Thou dost as many People's Business as any Man in Town, I dare swear.

Mil. I believe no one tastes more the Sweets of Love—

Heart. Nor any more its Bitters, than I. Oh! *Millamour*, I am the most unhappy of
X 3 Man-

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Mankind—I have lost the Mistress of my Soul.

Mil. Ay,—and I have lost two Mistresses of my Soul.

Heart. The Woman I doat on to Distrac-
tion is to be married this day to another.

Mil. A Reprieve, a Reprieve, in comparison of my Fate ! The Woman I doat on was married this Morning to another.

Heart. Thou knowest not what it is to love tenderly.

Mil. No, Faith ; not very tenderly,—not without a great deal of Discretion. Here lies the Difference between us : You, *Heartfort*, have Discretion in every thing but Love : I have Discretion in nothing else. Mine is a true *English* Heart ; it is an equal Stranger to the Heat of the *Equator* and the Frost of the *Pole*. Love still nourishes it with a temperate Heat, as the Sun doth our Climate ; and Beauties rise after Beauties in the one, just as Fruits do in the other.

Heart. Is it impossible to engage thee to be serious a moment ?

Mil. Faith, I believe it would on this Subject, if I did not know thy Temper.

Heart. The Loss of a Mistress may indeed

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deed seem trifling to thee, who hast lost a thousand.

Mil. The Devil take me, if I have.—I have found it always much easier to get Mistresses, than to lose them. Women would be charming Things, *Heartfort*, if, like Clothes, we could lay them by when we are weary of them; since, like Clothes, we are often weary of them before they are worn out. But this Curse attends a Multiplicity of Amours, that a Man is sometimes forced to support his whole Wardrobe on his Back at once.

Heart. My Passion, Sir, will not bear Raillery.

Mil. I am sorry for it. Raillery is a sort of Test to our Passions: When they will not bear that, they are dangerous indeed. Therefore I'll indulge your Infirmary, and for your sake will be grave on a Subject, which I could never be serious on for my own. So, lay open your Wound, and I'll give you the best Advice I can.

Heart. I am enough acquainted with your Temper, *Millamour*, to know my Obligations to you for this Compliance. And after all, perhaps my Case requires rather your

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Pity than Advice; for the last Word I had from my Mistress was, that she hated me of all Men living.

Mil. Hum!—faith, I think your Case requires neither Pity nor Advice.

Heart. But this is not the most terrible, or Time might alter her Inclination.

Mil. Hardly, if it be so violent.

Heart. I take its Violence to be a Reason for its Change; but I have a better from Experience, for she formerly has told me, that she loved me of all Men living.

Mil. And what has caused this great Revolution in her Temper?

Heart. Oh! I defy all Philosophy to account for one of her Actions. You might easier solve all the *Phænomena* of Nature, than of her Mind. All the insight you can get into her future Thoughts by her present is, that what she says to-day, she will infallibly contradict to-morrow.

Mil. So, if she promised your Rival yesterday, you may depend upon her discarding him to-day.

Heart. But then she has a Father, whose Resolution is immoveable as the *Predestinarian's* Fate, who has given me as positive a
Denial

The WEDDING-DAY. 313

Denial as his Daughter, and is this day determined to bestow her on another, whom he has preferr'd to me.

Mil. For the old Reason, I suppose—because he is richer.

Heart. No, upon my Word ; for a very new Reason because he is a greater Rake. For you must know, that this mighty unalterable Will, which is as fixed as the *Persian* Laws, is determined with as little Reason as Resolutions of some Countries which are less stable. In short, Sir, he hath laid it down as a Maxim, that all Men are wild at one Period of Life or another ; so he resolved never to marry his Daughter but to one who hath already passed that Period. At last, the young Lady's good Stars and his great Wisdom have led him to the Choice of Mr. *Mutable*.

Mil. What, our *Mutable* !

Heart. The very same—tho' I have reason to believe she hath as great an Aversion for him as for me. There is some other, *Milamour*, hath supplanted me in her Heart, whom I have not yet been able to discover ; for to this Match she is compelled by her Father.

Mil.

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Mil. So you are a Stranger to the Man she loves; you have only discovered her Husband.

Heart. Ten thousand Horrors are in that Name.

Mil. Hum!—faith, to him I think there may; but if the Possession of your Mistress's Person be all you desire, I can't see how you are a whit the farther from that by this Match; and as to the first Favour, I should not be much concerned about that. If a Man would keep a Coach for my use, I think it is but a small Indulgence, to let him take the first Airing in it.

Heart. Oh! do not trifle. An Hour, a Minute, a Moment's Delay may be my Ruin. Could I but see her before the Marriage, this Compulsion of her Father's might throw her into my Arms. But he is resolved she shall be married on the same day with himself, and he hath this Morning taken a second Wife.—Oh! *Millamour*, thou hast a lively Imagination—Set it at work for thy Friend; for, by Heaven, I never can have any Happiness but in Miss *Stedfast's* Arms.

Mil. Miss *Stedfast*!—and her Father married this Morning!—Oh! my Friend, if I
don't

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don't invent for thee, may I never be happy in Mrs. *Stedfast's* Arms.

Heart. What do you mean?

Mil. It is as fixed as your Father-in-law's most confirmed Will, that he is to be the Cuckold of your humble Servant. Take courage; the D—l's in't if he robs us both of our Mistresses in one day. Mine he has got already,—and much Good may she do him.

Heart. Is it possible?

Mil. Ay, faith. This Father-in-law of yours that was to be, and that shall be too, hath outstript me in the Race, and is gotten to the Goal before me.

Heart. You are a happy Man, *Millamour*, who can be so easy in the Loss of your Mistress.

Mil. Ay, and of a Mistress thou hast heard me toast so often, and talk so tenderly, so fondly of—in the Loss of *Clarinda*.

Heart. The D---l! was Miss *Lovely* your *Clarinda*?

Mil. Ay, Sir, Miss *Lovely*, Mrs. *Stedfast* now, was my *Clarinda*, and is my *Clarinda*;—and Miss *Stedfast* shall be yours.

Heart. Keep but your Word there, *Millamour*.

Mil.

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Mil. Lookee, *Heartfort*, if she hath a mind to see you, I'll send for an Engine that shall convey you thither, in spite of all the Fathers in *Europe*.

Heart. But the Time—

Mil. If you will step in with me while I dress, *Brazen* shall fetch the Person immediately. Come, be not dejected ; we shall be too hard for all, I warrant you.

Heart. Yet how do I know but every Moment may be the cursed Period of my Ruin? Perhaps this Instant gives her to another.

Mil. It cannot give her Inclinations ; and, as I have heard thee say, thy Mistress hath Wit and Beauty, depend upon it these Qualities will never be confined in the Arms of a Man she doth not like. Pursue her, and she must fall. Decency may guard her a Honey-Moon or two, but she will be yours at last. Never think a celebrated Beauty, when she is married, is deceased for ever. No, rather imagine her setting in her Husband's Bed, as Poets make the Sun do in that of *Thetis*,

Which from our Sight retires a while, and then
Rises and shines o'er all the World again.

End of the First ACT.

A C T

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ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, Lucina's Lodging.

Lucina and Mrs. Plotwel.

Luc. **D**ISTRACTION! Send me back my Letter! Is not Falshood enough, must he add Insult to it? Oh! may eternal Furies haunt him! may all the Horrors of Despair attend his Guilt! may he be so wretched, that Hell itself may sicken with Revenge!

Mrs. Plot. And may you be so happy, as to have nothing to do with him! or rather, so wise not to desire it!

Luc. Sure it is impossible. He could not be so great a Villain. You never carried him my Letter. He, that has sworn so many Vows of Constancy—

Mrs. Plot. Ha! ha! ha! Vows of Constancy! that any Woman after Eighteen should think of these. Vows in Love have just the same meaning as Compliments in Conversation; and it is as ridiculous to believe the Man who swears eternal Constancy, as to believe him who assures you, he is your most obedient, humble Servant.

Luc.

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Luc. Oh! *Plotwel*, had I but known thee sooner! had I but known a Friend like you, who could have armed my unexperienced Soul against the wicked Arts of this deceitful Man——

Mrs. Plot. Then you would have followed my Advice, just as you have done since we were acquainted. Could any one have armed you against the protesting dying Lover, who was breathing out daily Raptures at your Feet, when it is not in your power to prevail against him, even when he has discovered his Falshood?

Luc. Believe me, I could never assure myself of it till now; the whole long Year that I expected his Return to *Paris*, tho' it made me fear his Falshood, still left me room to hope his Truth.

Mrs. Plot. We are apt to hope what we desire. But could any Woman have reason to expect the Return of a Lover, after a Month had past beyond his Promise? Had he intended to have married you, he would have done it before his Departure. Marriage, like Self-Murder, requires an immediate Resolution: He that takes time for Deliberation, will never accomplish either.

Luc.

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Luc. Oh! *Plotwel*, thou art well skill'd in the Wiles of the Sex: I wonder thou couldst be deceived.

Mrs. Plot. Yes, Madam, I have paid for my Knowledge. Man is that forbidden Fruit which we must buy the Knowledge of with Guilt. He must be tasted, to be known; and certain Poison is in the Taste. Were Man to appear what he really is, we should fly from him as from a tempestuous Sea; or were he to be what he appears, we should be happy in him as in a serene one. They lead us into Ruin with the Face of Angels, and when the Door is shut on us, exert the Devil.

Luc. He must have been a Man of uncommon Sense, who work'd your Ruin.

Mrs. Plot. Rather the Circumstances of my Ruin were uncommon.

Luc. I am surprized, that in all our Acquaintance, tho' you have often mentioned your Misfortunes, you have carefully avoided entering into the Cause of them.

Mrs. Plot. Tho' the Relation be uneasy to me, still to satisfy your Curiosity, and to prevent any Sollicitations for the future, I will tell you in as few Words as I can. In
my

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my way to *Paris*, twenty Years ago, I fell acquainted with a young Gentleman, who appeared to be an Officer in the Army. He continued our Fellow-Traveller on the Road, and, after our Arrival at *Paris*, took Lodgings in the same House with us. I was then young and unskill'd, and too ready to listen to the Flattery of a Lover. In short, he employed all his Art to convince me of his Passion, to make an Impression on that Heart which was too weakly armed to resist him. He succeeded,—and I was undone.

Luc. I can't find any thing uncommon in these Circumstances; for I was undone just the same way myself.

Mrs. Plot. After a Month spent in our too fatal and too guilty Joys, he suddenly elop'd from *Paris*, and from that time I never saw him more.

Luc. But could any thing be so strange as your staying twenty Years in *Paris*, without seeking after him?

Mrs. Plot. I heard the same Year he was slain at the Battle of *Belgrade*. But I think it much more strange in you, after staying a Year at *Paris*, to come a hunting after your Lover. For a Woman to pursue, is for the Hare to follow

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follow the Hounds; a Chase opposite to the Order of Nature, and can never be successful. A Woman is as sure of not overtaking the Lover who flies from her, as of being overtaken by a Lover who flies after her.

Luc. Well, I'm resolved to see him. If I reap no other Advantage from it, I shall have at least the Pleasure of thundering my Injuries in his Ear.

Mrs. Plot. The usual Revenge of an injured Mistress. If Nature had not granted us the Benefit of venting our Passions at our Tongues and our Eyes, the Injury and Falshood of Mankind would destroy above half our Sex.

S C E N E II.

SCENE, *The Street. Millamour, Heartfort, Brazen.*

Mil. Your calling on me was lucky enough; you could have been directed to none proper for your Purpose than this Woman: for tho' her Body will scarce go thro' the Door, yet she has Dexterity enough to go through the Key-hole. But let me tell you, that Dexterity must be put in motion by Gold, or it will remain in Rest.

Heart. She shall not want that. When my

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Char-

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Charlotte's at stake, Fortune or Life are Trifles to the Adventurer.

Mil. Well, for a sober grave Man of Sense, thou art something violent in thy Passion. I always thought Love as foreign to a speculative Man, as Religion to an Atheist.

Heart. Perhaps it may: for I believe the Atheist is as often insincere in his Contempt of Religion, as the other in his Contempt of Woman. There are Instances of Men who have professed themselves Despisers of both, that have at length been found kneeling at their Shrines.

Mil. Those are two things I never intend to trouble my Head about the Theory of—I shall content myself with the Practice—

Heart. With the Practice of one, I dare swear.

Mil. In my Youth, I believe I shall; and for being old, I desire it not. I would have the Fires of Life and Love go out together. What is Life worth without Pleasure? And what Pleasure is there out of the Arms of a Mistress? All other Joys are Dreams to that. Give me the fine, young, blooming Girl,—Cheeks blushing,—Eyes sparkling. Give me her, *Heartfort*—

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Heart. Take her with all my heart. Come, Mr. *Brazen*, you are to conduct me another Way.

Mil. You are too soon for Mrs. *Useful's* Appointment.

Heart. No matter—here is one coming I would avoid.

Mil. Ha! Your Rival. Nay, you have no reason to be angry with him: you tell me, he is as averse to the Match as yourself: you cannot expect he should be disinterested out of Complaisance.

Heart. It is for that Reason I would avoid him. I am not Master enough of my Passions; besides, I hate Lying and Impertinence, I can't bear to hear a Fellow run on with his Intimacy with this Duke and that Lord, whom he has never spoke to, and, perhaps, never seen.

Mil. A more innocent Vanity at least, than the boasting of Favours from Women, tho' with Truth, as I have known some Men of Sense do; which is a Vanity indulged at the Expence of another's Reputation.

Heart. Faith, and I take the other to be equally as destructive of Reputation; for I can't see why it should more reflect on a Woman, to be great with a Man of Sense, than

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on a Man of Sense to be great with a Fool.

Mil. Pshaw!—thou art as serious in thy Criticisms on Life, as a dull Critic on the *Drama*. I prefer laughing sometimes at a Farce and a Fool, to being entertained with the most regular Performances, or the Conversation of Men of the best Sense.

Heart. In my Opinion, Laughing at Fools is engaging them at their own Weapons; for a Fool always laughs at those who laugh at him, nay, and oftener gets the Laugh of his Side, because there are in the World Abundance of Fools to one who is otherwise. In short, it is dangerous to ridicule Folly any where openly; as to speak against *Mahometism* in *Turky*, or *Popery* in *Rome*. But he is here—Good-morrow.

S C E N E III.

Millamour, Heartfort, Mutable, Brazen.

Mut. Nay, 'foregad, *Heartfort*, you shall not run away from me—Pox take your Mistress, I would not lose a Friend for all the Sluts in Town—Pshaw! damn them, they are plenty enough—If thou can't persuade my Father off the Match, I did not care if the Devil had her.

Heart.

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Heart. Hearkee, Sir, on your Life, do not utter a prophane Word of her.

Mut. Well then, I wish you had her, or the Devil had her—It's equal to me—'Tis so difficult to please you—I must like her, and I must not like her.

Mil. Ay, *Mutable*, to content a passionate Lover is as difficult as to sail between *Scylla* and *Charybdis*: you must fall into one Extreme or other.

Heart. Tho' I would have *Charlotte* only mine, yet I could not bear to hear her slighted by another.

Mil. Well, *Mutable*, doth this early Sally of yours proceed from having been in Bed early, or from not being in Bed at all?

Mut. Not at all, agad—That Lord *Bouncer* is an everlasting Sitter.

Mil. Who had you with you?

Mut. There was myself, three Lords, two Baronets, four Whores, and a Justice of Peace. His Worship, indeed, did not sit late; he was obliged to go home at Three to take a Nap, to be sober at the Sessions—

Mil. And punish Wickedness and Debauchery.

Mut. *Millamour*, was you ever in Company

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with my Lord *Grig*?—He is the merriest Dog—We had such diversion between him and the Duke of *Fleetstreet*—Ha! ha! ha! says the Duke to me—*Jack Mutable*, says he—ha! ha! ha! what do you think of my Lord *Grig*? Why, my Lord Duke, says I, what of my Lord *Grig*? Why, says my Lord Duke again, he is damnably in love with my Lady *Pidle*.—You know my Lady *Pidle*, *Millamour*—she is a Prude, you know; and that puts me in mind of what Sir *John Gubble* told me t'other day at *White's*—

Heart. Death and Damnation! This is insupportable. Come, Mr. *Brazen*—

S C E N E IV.

Millamour, Mutable.

Mut. White's—Now, I mention *White's*, I must send an Excuse to my Lord *Goodland*. He invited me two days ago, to dine with him to-day.

Mil. Two days ago!—why, he went into the Country a week since.

Mut. Nay, then Sir *Charles Wiseall* was mistaken, for he delivered me the Message yesterday; which is a little strange, methinks.

Mil.

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Mil. Ay, faith, it is very strange ; for he has been in *Scotland* this Fortnight.

Mut. How !

Mil. It is even so, I assure you.

Mut. Then, as sure as I am alive, I dreamt all this. Oh ! but may I wish you Joy yet ? They tell me you are going to be married.

Mil. Who told you so ?

Mut. Hum !—that I can't remember. It was either the Dutchess of *Holbourn*, or Lady *Chatter*, or Lady *Scramble*, or—

Mil. No, you dreamt it ; a sure Sign it will not happen.

Mut. Heyday ! Where's *Heartfort* gone ?

Mil. He can't bear a successful Rival.

Mut. Poor Devil ! I pity him heartily. And I pity myself ; for, I protest, I am as sorry at winning her, as he can be at losing her.

Mil. But, is there no way of persuading the old Gentleman off ?

Mut. Odd ! here he comes. Prithce, do try ; let me call you My Lord, and it will give you more weight with him ; for he takes a Lord to be as infallible as the Pope.

Mil. Ay, is he so fond of *Quality* ?

Mut. Oh ! most passionately. You must know, he hesitates even at this Match on that

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account ; nay, I believe, notwithstanding her Fortune, he would prefer a Woman of Quality for his Daughter-in-law, tho' she was not worth a Groat.

Mil. Ha! 'Sdeath! I have a Thought—but mum—he's here.

S C E N E V.

Old Mutable, Young Mutable, Millamour,

O. Mut. Ha! *Jacky*, have I found you out at last. It is so long since I was in Town, I had almost lost myself. But, hearkee,—who's that fine Gentleman? hey!

Y. Mut. Oh! one of the Lords I told you I converse with—an intimate Acquaintance of mine. I'll introduce you to him, Sir. My Lord, this is my Father, my Lord—

O. Mut. At your Lordship's Service, my Lord.

Mil. Sir, I am exceedingly glad to see you in Town.

O. Mut. I am exceedingly obliged to your Lordship—My Lord, I am vastly unworthy so great an Honour.

Y. Mut. You will excuse my Father, my Lord: As he has lived in the Country most
of

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of his Time, he does not make quite so fine a Bow as we do.

O. Mut. My Son says true, my Lord. I have lived most of my Time in the Country, the greater my Misfortune, and my Father's Crime, my Lord. But, I thank my Stars, my Son cannot charge me with stinting his Education. Alas! my Lord, it must be done betimes. A Man can never be sent into the World too soon. What can they learn at Schools or Universities?---No, no, I sent my Boy to Town at Sixteen, and allowed him wherewithal to keep the best Company. And, I thank my Stars, I have lived to see him one of the finest Gentlemen of his Age.

Y. Mut. Ah! Dear Sir, your most obedient humble Servant.

Mil. It is owing, Sir, to such wise Parents as you, that the present Age abounds with such fine Gentlemen as it does. Our dull Forefathers were either rough Soldiers, pedantic Scholars, or clownish Farmers. And it was as difficult to find a fine Gentleman among us then, as it is a true *Briton* among us now.

O. Mut. I am very proud, my Lord, to find my Son in such Company as your Lordship's.

Mil.

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Mil. Dear Sir, the Honour is on my side, I assure you.

O. Mut. 'Sbud! Your Men of Quality are the civilest sort of People upon Earth.

Mil. And, I believe, my Sister is of the same Opinion.

R. Mut. His Sister! (*aside*)

O. Mut. I am extremely bound to your good Lordship.

Mil. I see you are shy of speaking; but I do not at all think it beneath the Honour of my House to marry into a worthy Family with a competent Estate, though there be no Title.

O. Mut. My Lord!

Mil. And since my Sister has condescended to receive the Addresses of your Son, I shall not oppose the Match.

O. Mut. I am surprized, my Lord——

Mil. Nay, Sir, you cannot be surprized; for certainly Mr. *Mutable* has more Honour, than to have proceeded so far without acquainting you.

O. Mut. Oh, Yes, my Lord, he has acquainted me---Yes, my Lord, I have been acquainted indeed---But the Honour was so great, that I could scarce believe it.

R.

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Y. Mut. (aside) This is not the first Woman I have been in love with, without seeing.

O. Mut. Oh, fie upon you, *Jacky*, why did you not tell me of this?—I'll go break off the other Match this moment. My Lord, I cannot express the very grateful Sentiments I have of this great Honour, my Lord—

Mil. I shall be glad to see you at my House; in the mean time, Mr. *Mutable* may have as free Access to my Sister as he pleases.

Y. Mut. Dear my Lord, I am your most obedient humble Servant.

O. Mut. I and mine, my Lord, are eternally obliged to your Goodness; and I hope my Son is as sufficiently sensible as my self.--- I will just go do a little Business, and then, *Jacky*, I'll come to this Place, and you shall carry me to wait on his Lordship.--- Be sure to be here, or I shall not be able to find you.--- In the mean time I am your Lordship's very obedient, devoted, humble Servant, to command.

S C E N E VI.

Millamour, Mutable.

Mil. Well, have I not managed the old Gentleman finely?—

r.

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Y. Mut. Yes; but, as my Lord *Twitter* says, how shall we carry it on?

Mil. That I am thinking. Suppose I get somebody to personate my Sister—I see your Father is of a good, easy, credulous Disposition, and not altogether so inflexible as your Father-in-law—

Y. Mut. No, hang him; he never kept a Resolution two Minutes in his Life. He is the very Picture of my Lord *Shatterbrain*; and you know my Lord *Shatterbrain* is very famous for breaking his Word. I have made forty Engagements with him, and he never kept one; then, the next time we met,—*Jack Mutable*, says he, I know you'll pardon me—I have such a Memory—but there's Sir *George Goose* has just such another too—but *George* is a comical Dog, that's the truth on't—There was he and I and the Duke—

Mil. Hearkee, I have thought how the thing shall be conducted. *Heartfort's* House shall pass for mine; thither do you bring your Father; you shall find a Lady ready to receive you.—But you must remember to behave to her as if you were old Acquaintance. I will instruct her how to answer you. So,

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go now and expect your Father, and remember to give me the Title of Lord *Truelove*.

Mil. Agad, I din'd with Sir *John Truelove* about four days ago; and how many Bottle do you think we sat?

Mil. Twenty Dozen, if you will.

Y. Mut. No, faith, not that—not that quite. I brought off four to my own Share tho'; and so drunk was my Lord *Puzzle*—ha! ha! ha! and so mad—

Mil. But if thou art not quite drunk or mad thy self, prithee do mind thy Business; for, if you stay one Moment longer, I'll fling up the Affair.

Y. Mut. I go, I go. My Lord *Truelove*, your Servant.—Foregad, Sir *John* is one of the merriest Dogs in *Christendom*.

S C E N E VII.

Millamour solus.

Go thy way, *Guillim* display'd—Thou Catalogue of the Nobility—'Sdeath, I fancy 'tis the Vanity of such Fools as this, that makes Men proud of a Title, without any other Merit. Now, if I can but match this Spark with my *Northumberland* Cousin, I shall
hand-

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handsomely be quit of a troublesome Relation.—And, faith, I think the Arms of a rich Fool are a sort of Hospital, proper to every Woman who has worn out her Reputation in the Service.

S C E N E VIII.

Mrs. Stedfast's House.

Charlotte, *speaking to Mrs. Useful, who goes out and returns with Heartfort.*

Well, well, tell the Wretch, I will see him, to give him another final Answer, since he will have it. Poor Creature! how little he suspects who is his Rival!—Oh! *Millamour*, thou hast given this Heart of mine more Sighs in one Week, than it ever yet felt—nay, than it hath ever made any other feel. How shall I let him know my Passion, or how avoid this Match intended for me by my Father! Well, Sir, how often must I tell you, I won't have you, I can't have you?

Heart. Madam, as you have often told me the contrary, I think you should give some Reason why you will not have me.

Char. I tell you a Reason—I hate you.

Heart. I might expect a better Reason for that Hate than the Violence of my Love.

Char.

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Char. Oh! the best Reason in the World. I hate every thing that is ridiculous, and there is nothing so ridiculous as a real Lover.

Heart. Methinks, Gratitude might produce the highest Affection.

Char. Your humble Servant, sweet Sir—Gratitude!—that implies an Obligation; but how am I obliged to you for loving me? I did not ask you to love me—did I?—I can't help your loving me; and if one was to have every one that loves one, one must have the whole Town.

Heart. Can my Torments make you merry, Madam?

Char. Oh! no certainly; for you must know, I am extravagantly good-natur'd: Nor can you yourself say, that I have not begg'd you to get off the Wreck: But you would have me take you off in my Arms, like an odious ridiculous Creature, as you are.

Heart. Give me my Reason again; untie me from the Magic Knot you have bound me in; for whilst you hold me fast within your Chains, 'tis barbarous to bid me take my Freedom.

Char. Chains!—sure being in love is something like being in the Gallies; and a Lover,
like

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like other Slaves, is the Subject of no other Passion but Pity: Nay, they are even more contemptible—they are mere Insects. One gives Being to Thousands with a Smile, and takes it away again with a Frown. A celebrated Physician might as well grieve at the Death of every Patient, as a celebrated Toast at the Death of every Lover; and then it would be impossible for either of them ever to have dry Eyes.

Heart. Come, come, Madam; the World are not all so deaf to Reason as I am. There are those who can see your Faults, tho' I can't—can weigh Affectation against Beauty, and Ill-nature against Wit.

Char. They are inseparable. No one has Beauty without Affectation, nor Wit without Ill-nature. But Lovers, you know, only see Perfections. All Things look white to Love, as they do yellow to the Jaundice.

Heart. This cool Insensibility is worse than Rage.

Char. It would be cruel indeed to add to the Fire. I would extinguish your Passion, Sir, since this is the last time it can blaze in public, without Prejudice to my Reputation.

Heart.

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Heart. Sure, you can't resolve to marry a Fool?

Char. I can resolve to be dutiful to a Parent, and run any Risque rather than that of my Fortune. In short, Mr. *Heartfort*, could you have prevailed with my Father, you might have prevailed with me. I liked you well enough to have obeyed my Father, but not to disobey him.

Heart. Was that the Affection you had for a Man who would have sacrificed himself and the whole World to you?

S C E N E IX.

Clarinda, Charlotte, Heartfort.

Clar. Fie! *Charlotte*, how can you use him so barbarously? Poor *Heartfort*! I protest, I pity you sincerely.

Char. Indeed, *Clarinda*,—for I shall never call you Mother—I am come to an Age, wherein I shall not follow your Advice in disposing of myself; nor am I more forward to ask your Opinion, than you was to ask mine, when you married my Father.

Clar. My dear *Charlotte*, you shall never have more cause to repent my Marriage, than

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I believe you would have to repent your own with this Gentleman.

Heart. My Life, Madam, is a poor Sacrifice to such Goodness.

Char. Dear Creature! if the old Gentleman your Husband was here, you would make him jealous on his Wedding-Day.—Besides, it is barbarous in you to blame me, for he hath taken a Resolution to give me to Mr. *Mutable*; and you know, or you will know before you have been married to him long, that, when once he hath resolved on any thing, it is impossible to alter him.

S C E N E X.

Stedfast, Heartfort, Clarinda.

Stedfast. Heyday! What's here to do? I thought I had forbidden you my House. Am I not Master of my own House?

Heart. No, Sir, nor ever will, while you have two such fine Ladies in it.

Sted. Sir, if I had two Empreſſes in it, my Word should be a Law—And I can tell you, Sir, I will have Blunderbuffes in it, and Constables too, if I see you in it any more.

Clar.

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Clar. Nay, pray, my Dear, do not try to shock him more ; *Charlotte* hath used him ill enough already.

Sted. Hearkee, Madam, my Dear, I must give you a piece of Advice on our Wedding-Day :—Never offer to interrupt me, nor presume to give your Opinion in any thing till asked.—If Nature hath made any thing in vain, it is the Tongue of a Woman. Women were designed to be seen, and not heard ; they were formed only to please our Eyes.

Char. You will be singularly happy, my Dear, with a Husband who marries to please no Sense but his Eyes.

Clar. I do not doubt being as happy with him as I desire.

Sted. This is another Thing I must warn you of—Never to whisper in my Presence.—Whispering no one uses but with an ill design. I made a Resolution against Whispering at Sixteen, and have never whispered since.

Heart. Yes, Sir, and if you had made a Resolution to hang yourself, others would have been equally obliged to follow the Example.

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Sted. I wish you would resolve to go out of my doors, Sir; or I shall take a Resolution which may not please you. Madam, if you have not given this Gentleman a final Discharge already, do it now.

Char. You hear, Sir, what my Father says, therefore I desire you would immediately leave us, and not think of returning again.

Heart. Not certain Death should deter me from obeying your Commands; nor would that Sentence give me equal Pain, pronounced from any other Lips, with this Banishment, from yours.

S C E N E XI.

Stedfast, Clarinda, Charlotte.

Clar. Go thy ways, for a pretty Fellow.

Sted. Go thy ways, for an Hypocrite. We shall have that Fellow turn Rake at Forty. The Seeds of Raking are in him, and one time or other they will break out. Rakery is a Disease in the Blood, which every Man is born with; and the sooner it shews it self, the better.

Char. But I hope, Sir, since I have complied with your Commands, in dispatching
one

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one Lover, you will comply with my Desires, in delaying my Alliance with another.

Sted. As for that, you may be very easy: So you are married to-day, I care not what Hour.

Char. Why to-day, Sir?

Sted. Because I have resolved it, Madam.

Char. One Day sure would make no difference.

Sted. Madam, I have said it.

Clar. Let me interceed for so short a Reprieve.

Sted. I am fixed.

Char. Consider, my whole Happiness is at stake.

Sted. If the Happiness of the World was at stake, I would not alter my Resolution.

[*Servant enters.*]

Ser. Sir, Mr. *Mutable* is below.

Sted. Shew him up. Go you two in— Daughter, be sure and make yourself ready. I have not yet resolved the Hour of marrying you, but it shall be this Afternoon; for I am determined to keep both our Wedding-Suppers together.

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S C E N E XII.

Stedfast, Old Mutable.

Sted. Mr. *Mutable*, your Servant. Ods! where's the Bridegroom?—He is a little too backward for a young Fellow; The Bride has reason to take it amiss.

O. Mut. Nay, Mr. *Stedfast*, if she or you take any thing amiss, we cannot help that.

Sted. Pugh! I was in Jest with thee: She shall take nothing amiss, for I am resolved on the Match.

O. Mut. Truly, I am sorry for it,

Sted. Ha! sorry—for what?

O. Mut. Since it must be known, what signifies Hesitation?—My Son is pre-engag'd, Sir.

Sted. How, Sir, pre-engag'd!

O. Mut. Yes, Sir, to a young Lady of Beauty and Fortune—and, what is more, a Lady of Quality. I assure you, Sir, I did not know one word of it when our Bargain was made; which I am sorry for, and heartily ask your Pardon.

Sted.

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Sted. And is this the manner you treat me in, after I have refused such Offers for your Son's sake?

O. Mut. The Match was none of my own Choice; but if Quality will drop into one's Lap—

Sted. Ay, Quality may drop into your Lap or your Pocket either, and not make them one bit the heavier—And pray, who is this great Lady of Quality?

O. Mut. I know nothing more of her, than that she is a Lord's Sister.

Sted. Hath she no Name then?

O. Mut. Yes, Sir, I suppose she hath a Name, tho' I don't know it.

Sted. And pray, Sir, what's her Fortune?

O. Mut. I do not know that either.

Sted. Your very humble Servant, Sir—I honour your Profundity: If the Lady's Quality be equal to your Wisdom, *Goatham* and *Fleetstreet* will be in strict Alliance—Sir, I admire your Son; for tho' it is probable he may get nothing by the Bargain, I find he has Sense enough to outwit his Father; and he may laugh at you, while all the World laughs at him.

O. Mut. What do you mean, Sir?

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Sted. Stay till your Daughter be brought home, she will explain my Meaning, I warrant you—she will bring you both Extremes, my Life on't—Quality in the Kennel, and Fortune in the Air.

O. Mut. Hum! if it should prove so—Sir, the Match is not compleated.

Sted. No, Sir; you are very capable of breaking it off, we see— [*Servant enters.*

Ser. Sir, the Lawyer is come with the Writings.

Sted. He may cancel them if he pleases, and hang himself when he has done.

O. Mut. Stay, Sir, I am not determin'd in this Affair—

Sted. Nor in any, I am sure—but I am; and you must give up your Pretensions one way or other this Moment.

O. Mut. Then I stand by the securest—So desire the Lawyer to walk in---I hope you will forgive me, Mr. *Stedfast*, what's past.

Sted. Ay, Sir, more for my own sake than yours; for had I not resolved on the Match, I might have taken other Measures.

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S C E N E XIII.

Old Mutable, Stedfast, Prig.

O. Mut. Come Sir, I am ready to sign Articles.

Sted. Where's Mr. *Squeezepurse*, your Master?

Prig. Sir, my Master is busy, he could not wait on you, but I can do it as well.

Sted. Sir, I am the best Judge of that—I have resolved never to sign any thing without your Master.

Prig. It is the very same thing, I assure you—The Writings are fully drawn, and any Witness may do as well as my Master.

Sted. Your Master is a negligent Puppy, and uses me doubly ill—first, in staying away, and then in sending such an impertinent Coxcomb to dispute with me.

O. Mut. I believe, Mr. *Stedfast*, we may do it.

Sted. Excuse me, Sir, I shall not alter my Resolves—Therefore go to your Master, and tell him to come to me immediately; for I will not sign without him, that I am resolv'd.

O. Mut. In the mean while, I'll step just by,

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by, and call my Son, that we may meet with no further Interruption. (*Servant enters.*

Ser. Sir, the Taylor hath sent word, that he cannot finish the new Liveries till to-morrow Morning.

Sted. Then, Sir, go and give my humble Service to the Taylor, and tell him to send them half done or undone; for I am resolv'd to have them put on to-day, tho' they are thrown like Blankets over their Shoulders, and my Equipage should look like the Retinue of a *Morocco* Ambassador.

End of the Second ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Street.*

Heartfort, Millamour, Mutable.

Heart. **T**HOUGH I fear my Fortune desperate, yet is my Obligation infinite to you, my dear *Millamour*, for this Trouble.

Mut. And to me too.—Agad, I have run the Hazard of being disinherited on your account—

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count—As for the Wife, the Loss is not great; but I have a real Value for the Estate.

Mil. Come, Faith, *Heartfort*, thou must confess thyself obliged to him; he hath done what is in his power—

Heart. I thank him—And, in Return, *Mutable*, let me give you a Piece of Advice. Leave off that ridiculous Quality of pretending an Acquaintance with Men of Fashion, whom thou hast never seen, for two Reasons: First, no one believes you; nor, if you were believed, would any one esteem you for it; because all the Prize-fighters, Jockeys, Gamesters, Pimps, and Buffoons in *England* have the same Honour—

Mut. Ha, ha, ha, this is very merry, very facetious, Faith—Agad, *Millamour*, if I did not know that *Heartfort* keeps the best Company, I should think him envious.

Mil. I rather think his Ambition lies quite the opposite Way; for I have seen him walking at high *Mall* with a Fellow in a dirty Shirt, and a Wig unpowder'd.

Mut. Auh! what a Couple of distinguishing Qualifications he chose to appear in the *Mall* with!—

Heart. And the Man he means happens to have

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have Qualifications very seldom seen in the *Mall*, or any where else—

Mut. Ay, prithee what are these?

Heart. Virtue, and good Sense.

Mut. Ha, ha, ha, Virtue, and good Sense; no Powder, and dirty Linen—Four fine Accomplishments for an old Philosopher to live upon—

Mil. Ay, or for a modern Philosopher to starve with—But, mum—Remember who I am.

S C E N E II.

Old Mutable, Young Mutable, Heartfort, Millamour.

Mil. So, Sir, you are expeditious; and now, if you please, I am ready to wait upon you—

O. Mut. I am unwilling to give your Lordship any further Trouble; for I find, my Lord, that Matters are too far gone to be broke off now—So I thank your Lordship for the Honour you intended me. But the Boy must be married to his former Mistress—

Heart. Ha! [*aside.*]

Mil. What's this, Sir?

O. Mut. In short, my Lord, I have as
great

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great an Honour for Quality as any Man ;
but there are Things to be considered—Quality is a fine thing, my Lord, but it does not pay Debts.

Y. Mut. Faith, you are mistaken there, Father ; for it does.

Mil. I little thought this Consideration would have expos'd my Sister to an Affront—You are the last Commoner I shall offer her to, I assure you—Perhaps you may repent this Refusal—

Y. Mut. Dear Sir, consider—Your Son's Happiness, Grandeur, Fortune, all are at stake.

Mil. Now the Affair is over, Sir, I shall tell you, that my Sister was not only secure of a Fortune much larger than Mr. *Stedfast's* Daughter ; but as I have resolved against Marriage, my Fortune and Title too must have descended to your Son.

O. Mut. Hey !—And should I have seen my *Jacky* a Lord ?—Should I have had a Lord ask me Blessing ?—And a Sett of young Lords and Ladies my Grand Grand Children ! Should this old Crab-Tree Stock have seen such noble grafted Fruit spreading on its Branches ?—O my good dear Lord, I ask
Pardon

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Pardon on my Knees—Forgive the foolish Caution of a fearful old Man.

Mil. My Honour, my Honour forbids—

O. Mut. Oh dear, sweet, good, my Lord.—
Let Pity melt your Honour to Forgiveness.

Heart. Let me intercede, Sir.

O. Mut. If your Honour must have a Sacrifice, let my Fault be paid by my Punishment. Tread upon my Neck, my Lord. Do any thing to me. But do not let me bar my Son's Way to Happiness.

Mil. The strictest Honour is not required to be inexorable. I shall content myself therefore with inflicting on you a moderate Punishment. Whereas I intended to pay the Fortune down before Marriage; I now will do it afterwards.

O. Mut. Whenever your Lordship pleases. I will give one thorough Rebuff to Mr. *Stedfast*, and return instantly.—*Jacky* stay, stay you here, and expect me, to conduct me to his Lordship. My Lord, I am your Lordship's most obedient humble Servant.

Mil. This succeeds to our Wish. I think I'll e'en play the Parson myself, and marry you in Jest.

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Y. Mut. But I shall not play the Husband, I thank you.

Mil. Pshaw—in Jest.

Y. Mut. Hum, I take Matrimony to be no Jest.

Mil. And I take it to be the greatest Jest in Nature. When the old Gentleman comes, *Heartfort*, do you take him to your House, which must pass for my Lord *Truelove's*, thither will I bring the Lady with the utmost expedition. But remember to give a particular Order to all your Servants, that your Name is *Truelove*.

Heart. If you would have me stay with you, in the mean time I must have no Lords. Nay, I will not allow you a Baronet. Not even a plain Sir, though he was knighted but last Week, and hath not paid his Fees yet.

Y. Mut. Well, well, you shall be humour-ed, though I am at work for your Service.

S C E N E III.

Stedfast's House.

Clarinda, Mrs. Useful.

Clar. To leave my Husband's House on my Wedding-Day? And visit a Gallant? I'll never consent to it—

Use.

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Use. Then there's a pretty Fellow gone to his Forefathers.

Clar. No, tell the barbarous Man, undone as he is, I would have consented to any other Portion with him than Dishonour. Tell him, he hath forc'd me to the fatal Resolution I have taken; for, to avoid him, was my first Cause of marrying; and tell him, in that Hour I gave my Hand to Mr. *Stedfast*, I resolved never to see him more.

Use. The Devil take me, if I do. You may send another Messenger. I'll have no hand in his Death. I always had a natural Antipathy to Murder—Poor dear, pretty, handsome young Fellow—Go—you are a cruel Creature!—Oh! had you seen how he sigh'd, and sobb'd, and groan'd, and kiss'd your Letter, and call'd you by all the tenderest, softest Names; then shed such a shower of Tears upon the Paper; then kiss'd it again, and swore he had lost his Soul in you—Oh! it would have melted Rocks, could they have seen it.

Clar. Why wilt thou torment me to no purpose?

Use. It is your own Fault, if it be to no purpose.

Clar.

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Clar. What can I do?

Use. What can you do?—that any Woman after Eighteen should ask that Question—What can you do?—Methinks Charity should tell you, if your Heart was not deaf to every thing that is good. When a fine, handsome young Fellow is the Beggar, what Woman can want Charity?

Clar. I have no more to give—My all is now my Husband's; nor can I, without injuring him, bestow—

Use. Your Husband—You are enough to make me mad—Injure your Husband—You may as well think you injure your Chest when you take the Money out of it—And would you be lock'd up all your Life in that old fusty Chest, the Arms of your Husband?

Clar. Ha! Doth it become thee to rail against my Husband, who hast employ'd all thy vile Rhetoric to persuade me to receive him?

Use. To receive him as a Husband I did, —and I now persuade you to make a Husband of him.

Clar. Oh, Villain! What hath urged thee to use me as thou dost? Didst thou not first entice me to leave my Convent, and fly to

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Englaud with that *Monste Millamour*?—
And then didst thou not, with the same Dili-
gence, intreat me to this Marriage? And
now——

Use. What Allegations are here!—I own I
advised you to quit a Religion I thought not
consistent with the Health of your Soul, and
to fly to the Arms of a Man I thought loved
you. When I thought he did not love you,
I advised you to leave him—And now I find
he does love you, I advise you to return to
him again.

Clar. What! with the Loss of my Ho-
nour!

Use. The Loss of your Honour! No, no—
You may keep your Honour still; for every
Woman hath it till she is discovered.

Clar. Name it to me no more.

Use. At least you may see him—there's no
Dishonour in that.

Clar. I dare not think of it.

Use. E'en do it without thinking of it—
Let the poor Man owe the continuing of his
Life to my Entreaties.

Clar. Oh! he hath a more powerful Ad-
vocate within me.

Use. Well—I'll fly with the happy News.

Clar.

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Clar. Stay—I cannot resolve.

Use. That's enough—She that can't resolve against her Lover, always resolves for him.

Clar. Well—I will take one dear last Draught of Ruin from his Eyes—And then bid them Farewell for ever.

S C E N E IV. *The Street.*

Charlotte disguised.

Here am I fairly escaped from my Father's House—And now, what to do, or whither to go, I know not. If I return, I know the Positiveness and Passionateness of his Temper too well, to leave me any Hopes of avoiding the Match he is resolv'd on—If I do not, I dread the Consequences. Suppose I find *Millamour* out, and acquaint him with my Passion—I'll die sooner—If *Heartfort* were here this moment, I believe I should not refuse him any longer—Ah!

S C E N E V.

Millamour, Charlotte.

Mil. Pox on my Rashness in discharging the good Mother this Morning—I shall never be able to find *Lucina*—I must get another

A a 2

—Hah!

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—Ha! What hath Fortune sent us? A Woman in a Masque—I suppose she doth it to hide the Small-pox, or some cursed Deformity—But hang it, she may pass for a Woman of Quality, for all that. Agad, I'll attack her, and, if I mistake not, she expects it. At least she doth not threaten to run away—Madam, your most obedient, humble Servant—I presume by your present Posture, that your Masque gives you an Advantage over me—That I have the Honour of being known to you—

Clar. You may depend on it, Sir, it is to my advantage to cover my Face by my doing it—And I conceive it would be to your advantage to wear a Masque too.

Mil. I'll excuse your abusing my Face, while you abuse your own—Nor do I believe you in earnest in either; for I see, by your Eyes, that you like me; and I am pretty confident you like yourself.

Clar. Indeed, if Mr. Millamour is so fully persuaded of the former, I think he may without any ill Opinion of my Modesty suspect the latter.

Mil. Hum! My Name too—

Char.

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Char. I hope you have not the worse Opinion of yourself from my knowing it.

Mil. No, my Dear—nor much the better of you, I can tell you. Harkee, Child, I find thou art some old Acquaintance of mine; and as those are a Set of People whom I am always glad to serve, I will make thy Fortune.

Charl. Now I fancy you don't think me an old Acquaintance: for, if I was, you must be assur'd, I know that it is not in your power.

Mil. Why, truly, Madam, I am not worth as many *Indies* as I would bestow on your dear Sex, if I had 'em—But, in this Affair, I am not to be the Principal, but only a sort of Agent—Or, to speak in your own Language, the Bawd.

Char. Well, Sir.

Mil. And if you can but act the Part of a Woman of Quality for one half hour, I believe I shall put it into your power to act one as long as you live.

Char. What! Have you a Man of Quality to dispose of?

Mil. No; but I have what many a Man of Quality would be glad to dispose of. I have a great Fortune for you; and that with it which many a Woman of Quality hath to dispose of.

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Char. What's that, pray?

Mil. A Fool!

Char. Oh! you won't want Customers; but you and I, I find, shall not agree; for we happen to deal in the same Wares.

Mil. But mine is a Man-Fool, Madam.

Char. And so is mine, Sir—but let us wave that; for I will give him to any one who will have him. The Fortune is what concerns me most. Do you know any one in whose hands I could place ten thousand Pounds with Safety?

Mil. Nay,—prithee don't trifle—If you will come with me, and act your Part well, you shall be Mistress of four times that Sum within these two Hours. You shall have a Husband with those two great matrimonial Qualities, Rich and a Fool.

Char. Ay, and what is his Name?

Mil. What signifies his Name? Will you have a rich Fool for a Husband, Madam, or no? This must be some very vulgar Slut, by her Hesitation.

Char. No, Sir, I don't want Riches, and I hate a Fool.

Mil. Then, your Servant. I must go find somebody that will. If I had but Time on my

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my hands, I should find many a Woman of Fashion would be glad to be Mrs. *Mutable*.

Char. Ha! Stay, Sir, (this may be a lucky Adventure, at least it must be a pleasant one) if I had known Mr. *Mutable* was the Gentleman—

Mil. Well, Mr. *Mutable* is the Gentleman.

Char. Oh, Heavens! My Father. I shall be discovered.

Mil. Come, Madam, we have not a Moment to lose. Step to my Lodgings, and receive Instructions.

Char. Well, Sir, I have so good an Opinion of your Honour, that I will trust my self with you.

Mil. My Honour is most infinitely obliged to your Confidence, dear Madam.

S C E N E VI.

Stedfast, Old Mutable.

Sted. Forgive indeed! Why, a Man may as well determine which way a Weathercock shall stand this Day Fortnight, by its present Situation, as he can what you will think an Hour hence, by what you think now. A Windmill, or a Woman's Heart, are firm as Rocks in comparison of you.

A a 4

Mut.

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Mut. I own he did over-persuade me; but, pardon me this Time, and I will immediately fetch the Boy, and Matters shall be dispatched.

Sted. Hum!

Mut. Come, come, you cannot blame me. Who would not marry his Son to a Woman of Quality?

Sted. Who would not? I would not, Sir. If I had resolved to marry my Daughter to a Cobler, I would not alter my Resolution, to see her a-bed with the Emperor of Germany.

Mut. All Men, Mr. *Stedfast*, are not so firm in their Resolutions as you are.

Sted. More shame for them, Sir. I am now in the fiftieth Year of my Age, and never broke one Resolution in my Life yet.

Mut. Good lack! I am some Years older than you are, and never made a Resolution in my Life yet.

Sted. Well, Sir, I see your Son coming: I will prepare my Daughter. But, pray observe me. Make one Resolution. If you change your Mind again before they are married, they shall never be married at all, that I am resolved.

Mut. (*aside*) This is a bloody positive old Fellow.

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Fellow. What a brave, absolute Prince he'd make? I'll warrant he'd chop off the Heads of two or three thousand Subjects, sooner than break his Word. I must not anger him any more.

S C E N E VII.

Old Mutable, Young Mutable, Heartfort.

O. Mut. Come, *Jacky*, you must along with me: Mr. *Stedfast* and I are agreed at last.

Y. Mut. And disappoint his Lordship, Sir?

O. Mut. Don't tell me of his Lordship. I have taken a Resolution to see you married immediately: And married you shall be.

Heart. Confusion!

Y. Mut. Dear Sir.

O. Mut. Sir, I tell you I have taken a Resolution: So follow me, as you expect my Blessing.

Y. Mut. *Heartfort*, for Heaven's sake stop him.

Heart. 'Sdeath! I'll stop him, or perish in the Attempt.

S C E N E VIII.

Millamour's Lodgings.

Brazen alone with an Opera Book in his Hand.

Well, I cannot come into the Opinion of
the

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the Town about this last Opera. It is too light for my Goût. Give me your solemn, sublime Music. But Pox take their Taste: I scarce know five Footmen in Town, who can distinguish. The Rascals have no Ear, no Judgment. I would as soon ask a Sett of Country Squires what they liked. I remember the Time when we should not have suffer'd such Stuff as this to have gone down. Ah dear, *Si Care* [*sings.*]

Millamour and Charlotte to him.

Mil. Hey-day! Here, you musical Gentleman, pray, get you down Stairs.

Braz. Yes, Sir. [*sings the End of the Tune, and Exit.*]

Char. You have a very polite Footman indeed, Sir.

Mil. Yes, Madam. But come, my Dear, as you are now in a Place where you have nothing to fear, you have no more Occasion for your Masque.

Char. No, Sir. Before I discover more of me, it will be proper to set you right in some Mistakes you seem to lie under concerning me. In the first place know, that I am a Gentlewoman.

Mil. Ay, a Parson's Daughter, descended from

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from very honest and reputable Parents, I dare swear. [*aside.*]

Char. And, what will surprize you, one of a very good Family, and very great Fortune.

Mil. Ay, that would surprize me indeed. But come, unmasque, or you will force me to a Violence I would avoid,

Char. You promised me not to be rude, before I would venture hither; and, I assure you, I am a Woman of Fashion.

Mil. Well, Madam, if you are a Woman of Fashion, I am sure you have too much Good-nature to be angry with me for making a Promise, which you have too much Wit to expect I should keep. Besides, where there is no Breach of Confidence, there is no Breach of Promise. And you no more believe us when we swear we won't be rude, than we believe you when you swear you think us so. So, dear sweet Gentlewoman, unmasque; for I am in haste to serve my Friend, and yet I find I must serve myself first.

Char. Hold, Sir. You know you are but a Procurer.

Mil. But I generally taste what I procure,
cure,

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cure, before I put it into a Friend's hands. Look ye, Madam, it is in vain to resist. So, my dear artificial Blackmoor, I desire thee to uncover.

Char. No, Sir, first hear my History.

Mil. I will first see the Frontispiece of it.

Char. Know, I am a Woman of strict Honour.

Mil. Your History hath a very lamentable Beginning.

Char. And in the greatest Distress in the World; for I am this day to be married to a Man I despise. Now if Mr. *Millamour* can find out any Means to deliver me from the hands of this uncourteous Knight, I don't know how far my Generosity may reward him. I forgive these Suspicions of me, which the Manner, in which you found me, sufficiently justifies: But, I do assure you, this Adventure is the only one which can attack my Reputation; and I am the only Child of a rich old Father, and can make the Fortune of my Husband.

Mil. Husband! Oh!

Char. Ay, Husband. As rich a Man as Mr. *Millamour* would leap at the Name; though I hope you don't think it my Inten-

tion

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tion to make one of you—To endeavour wickedly to inclose a Common, that belongs to the whole Sex.

Mil. Ouns! What the Devil can she be?

Char. You have a rare Opinion of your self indeed, that the very same Morning in which you have escaped the Jaws of a poor Mistress, you should find another with twenty thousand Pounds in her Pocket.

Mil. Every Circumstance, [*aside.*] Who knows what Fortune may have sent me? What these Charms of mine have done?

Char. What are you considering, Sir?

Mil. I am considering, my Dear, what particular Charm in my Person can have made this Conquest.

Char. Oh! A Complication, Sir.

Mil. Dear Madam!

Char. For you must know, Sir, that I have resolved never to marry, 'till I have found a Man without one single Fault in my Eye, or a single Virtue in any one's else.—For my part, I take Beauty in a Man to be a Sign of Effeminacy; Sobriety, want of Spirit; Gravity, want of Wit; and Constancy, want of Constitution.

Mil. So that to have no Fault in your Eye,

is

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is to be an Impudent, Hatchet-face, Raking, Rattling, Roving, Inconstant—

Char. All which Perfections are so agreeably blended in you, sweet Sir,

Mil. Your most obedient, humble Servant, Madam.

Char. That I have fixed on you as my Cavalier for this Enterprize, for which there is but one Method. I must run into one Danger, to avoid another. I have no way to shun my Husband at home, but by carrying a Husband home with me. Now, Sir, if you can have the same implicit Faith in my Fortune as you had in my Beauty, the Bargain is struck. Send for a Parson, and you know what follows— [*unmasques*] You may easily see my Confusion. And I would have you imagine you owe this Declaration only to my horrible Apprehension of being obliged to take a Man I like less than yourself.

Mil. I am infinitely obliged to you, Madam. But—

Char. But! Do you hesitate, Sir?

Mil. The Offer of so much Beauty and Fortune would admit of no Hesitation, was it not that I must wrong a Friend? Consider, Madam, if you know none who hath a
juster

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juster Title to them. How happy would this Declaration make *Heartfort*, which you throw away on me.

Char. I find I have thrown it away indeed—Ha! Am I refus'd? I begin to hate him, and despise myself.

Mil. Upon my Soul she is a fine Woman; but can I think of wronging my Friend? The Devil take me if she is not exquisitely handsome; but he is my Friend—But she hath Twenty thousand Pounds—But I must be a Rascal to think of her, and as many Millions, would not pay me for it.

SCENE IX.

Millamour, Charlotte, Brazen.

Braz. Sir, here is a Lady.

Mil. 'Sdeath a Lady!—Fool, Sot, Oaf! How often shall I tell thee, that I am never at home to two Ladies at a time?

Braz. Sir, you would have hang'd me, if I should have deny'd you to Madam *Clarinda*.

Mil. Clarinda! Oh, transporting Name—My Dear, shall I beg, for the Safety of your Reputation, you would step into that Closet, while

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while I discharge the Visit of a troublesome Relation?

Char. Put me any where from the Danger of a female Tongue.—Well, if I escape free this time, I will never take such another Ramble while I live again.

Mil. [*Shuts her in the Closet*] There—Now will I find some Way to let *Heartfort* know of her being here. I am transported at the Hope of serving him, even whilst *Clarinda* is at my door.

S C E N E X.

Millamour, *Clarinda* introduced by *Useful*.

Mil. My *Clarinda*! This is a Goodness of that prodigious Nature—

Clar. That it can be equal'd by nothing but thy Falshood.—

Mil. Can so unjust an Accusation proceed from so much Sweetness? Can you, that have forsaken me—

Clar. Do not attempt to excuse yourself—You know how false you have been—Nor could any thing but your Falshood have driven me to what I have done.

Mil. By all the—

Clar.

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Clar. Do not damn thyself more— I know thy Falshood ; I have seen it. Therefore thy Perjuries are as vain as wicked. Do you think I wanted this Testimony ?

[*Gives him a Letter.*]

Mil. *Lucina's* Letter ! Curfed Accident ! She too hath received *Clarinda's* ! But I must stand it out. Hear this ! My Falshood ! Mine ! when there's not a Star in Heaven that hath not seen me, like an *Arcadian* of the first fort, sighing and wishing for you ; the Turtle is inconstant, compared to me ; the Rose will change its Season, and blossom in Midwinter ; the Nightingale will be silent, and the Raven sing ; nay, the *Phœnix* will have a Mate, when I have any Mate but you.

Clar. Had this been true, Nature should have sooner chang'd than I.

Mil. Oh ! You know it is : You have known this Heart too long, to think it capable of Inconstancy.

Clar. Thou hast a Tongue that might charm the very *Syrens* to their own Destruction, 'till they own'd thy Voice more charming, and more false than theirs. There is a Softness in thy Words equal to the Hardness of thy Heart.

Clar. VOL. II.

B b

Mil.

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Mil. And there is a Softness within that

Clar. Hold, Sir, I conjure you, do not attempt my Honour: But think, however dear you have been to me, my Honour's dearer.

Mil. Thy Honour shall be safe—Not even the Day, nor Heaven itself shall witness our Pleasures.

Clar. Think not the Fear of Slander guards my Honour—No, I would not myself be a Witness of my Shame.

Mil. Thou shalt not. We'll shut out every prying Ray of Light, and, losing the Language of our Eyes, find more delicious Ways to interchange our Souls. We'll wind our Senses to a Height of Rapture, 'till they play us such dear enchanting Tunes of Joy—

Clar. Oh! *Millamour* [*sighing.*]

Mil. Give that dear Sigh to my warm Bosom. Thence let it thrill into my Heart, and fan thy Image there—Oh! thou art every where in me. My Eyes, my Ears, my Thoughts would only see, and hear, and think of thee. Thou dearest, sweetest, tenderest—Would Heaven form me another

Para-

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Paradise ; Would it give me new Worlds of
Bliss,

To thee alone my Soul I would confine,
Nor wish, nor take another World than thine.

END of the Third ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, Stedfast's House.

Stedfast, with Servants.

Sted. **I**S every thing in order ? Are the New
Liveries on all the rest of my Ser-
vants ?

Foot. Yes, Sir, they are all on after a
manner ; one hath no Pockets, and the o-
ther no Sleeves. *John* the Coachman will
not wear his.

Sted. Then desire *John* the Coachman to
drive himself out of my Doors. I'll make
my Servants know they are dress'd to please
my Humour, not their own.

Cook. Sir, it is impossible to get Supper
ready by Nine.

B b 2

Sted.

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Sted. Then let me have it raw. If Supper be not ready at Nine, you shall not be in my House at Ten.—Well, what say you, will not my Wine be ready?

But. No, indeed will it not, Sir; your Honour hath by Mistake mark'd a Pipe not half a Year old.

Sted. Must I consult your Palate or my own? Must I give you Reasons for my Actions? Sirrah, I tell you new Wine is properest for a Wedding. So go your ways, and trouble me with no more impertinent Questions.

S C E N E II.

Stedfast, Squeezepurse.

Sted. Mr. *Squeezepurse*, I am glad you are come. I am so pestered with my Servants.

Squeez. The Laws are too mild—too mild for Servants, Mr. *Stedfast*.

Sted. Well, and have you brought the Writings?

Squeez. They are ready. The Parties Hands are only necessary. The Settlement is as strong as Words can make it: I have not been sparing of them.

Sted.

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Sted. I expect Mr. *Mutable* and his Son this Instant; and hope, by the Help of you and the Parson, to have finished all within an Hour. *[Enter a Servant.*

Ser. Sir, here's a Letter for your Honour.

Sted. Mr. *Squeezepurse*, you will excuse me. *(Reads.)* *Sir, I am at length fully determined to marry my Son to the other Lady, so desire all Matters may be cancell'd between us. I was ashamed to bring you this Refusal, so have sent it by Letter. Your humble Servant, Tho. Mutable. Ashamed! Ay thou may'st be ashamed, indeed.*

Squeez. Any thing of moment from the other Party?

Sted. Death and Fury! Go call your Lady here—She was a Witness of his Engagements. I'll go to Law with him.

Squeez. The Law is open to any injured Person, and is the properest Way of seeking Restitution.

Ser. My Lady, Sir! my Lady is gone out.

Sted. How! gone out! My Wife gone out—Ouns, and Pestilence! run away on her Wedding-Day! where is she gone?

Ser. I don't know, Sir.

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Squeez. I saw your Lady, Sir, as I came by, go into a House in the other Street.

Sted. Shew me that House immediately, good Mr. *Squeezepurse*. I will fetch her home, I am determin'd. It is a fine Age to marry in, when a Wife cannot stay at home on her Wedding-Day.

SCENE III. *Millamour's Lodging.*

Millamour, Clarinda.

Mil. Cruel *Clarinda*—Thus to stop short when we were at the Brink of Happiness; To shew my eager Soul a Prospect of *Elysium*, and then refuse it the Possession.

Clar. With how much juster Reason may I complain of you! Ah! *Millamour*, didst thou not, when the very Day of our Marriage was appointed, didst thou not then forsake me?

Mil. Heaven knows with what Reluctancy, nor could any thing but my Fear of your Misery have compell'd me to it.

Clar. It is a strange Love that makes its Object miserable, for fear of its becoming so. Nor can the Heart that loves, be, in my Opinion, ever miserable, while in possession of what it loves.

Mil

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Mil. Oh! let that plead my Cause, and
whisper to thy tender Heart—

S C E N E IV.

To him Brazen,

Brazen. Oh, Sir! Undone, undone.

Mil. What's the matter?

Brazen. Mr. *Stedfast*, Sir, is below with
another Gentleman—He swears his Wife is in
the House, and he will have her.

Clar. I shall faint.

Mil. What's to be done—There's another
Woman in the Closet, whom she must not
see. [Runs to the Closet, and returns.

Braz. Sir, he will be up stairs in a moment.

Clar. Ah, Heavens! [Falls back into a
Chair.]

Mil. Sirrah, be at hand, and assist me
with lying. Her Fright has inspired me with
the only Method to preserve her. Give me
my Gown and Cap instantly. Away to your
Post—Madam, do you pretend yourself as
ill as possible—So! Hush, hush, what Noise
is this?

B b 4

S C E N E

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S C E N E V.

*Millamour, Clarinda, Brazen, Stedfast,
Squeezepurse.*

Sted. Where is this wicked, vile, rambling Woman? Where are you, Sorcerers, that are run away from your Husband's House on your Wedding-Day?

Mil. Hold, Sir, you must not disturb the Lady.

Sted. Must not disturb her, Sir!

Mil. No, Sir.

Sted. Why, pray Sir, who are you?

Squeez. Mr. *Stedfast*, give me leave if you please. Whoever you are, Sir, I believe you scarce know what you are doing. Do you know, Sir, that this Lady is a *Femme Couverte*, and the Consequence of detaining such, without the leave of her Husband first had and obtain'd? Mr. *Stedfast*, you have as good an Action against the Gentleman as any Man can wish to have. Juries, now-a-days, give great Damages in the Affair of Wives.

Mil. Is this Lady your Wife, Sir?

Sted. Yes, Sir, to my exceeding great Sorrow.

Mil. Then, Sir, you owe her Life to me;
for

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for had not immediate Application been made, the whole College could not have saved her.

Sted. To you! Who the Devil are you?

Mil. Sir, I am an unworthy Practiser of the Art of Physick.

Sted. How came she here, in the Devil's Name?

Mil. By a most miraculous Accident—She was taken ill just at my Door. My Servant too was then by, as great good Luck, standing at it. *Brazen*, give the Gentleman an Account how you brought the Lady in, when you saw her drop down at my Door.

Braz. I was standing, Sir, as my Master says, picking my Teeth at this Door, when the sick Lady who sits in the Chair, as my Master says, and ready to drop down, as my Master says; and so I took her up in my Arms, and brought her up Stairs, and set her down in the great Chair, and call'd my Master, who, I believe, can cure her if any Doctor in *England* can; for, tho' I say it, who am but a poor Servant, he is a most able Physician in Women's Affairs.

Squeez. I saw nothing of this happen when she came in, and this Fellow's a good Evidence, or I am mistaken.

Clar.

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Clar. Oh, Heavens! where am I?

Sted. Where are you? Not where you should be—at home at your Husband's.

Clar. My Husband's Voice! Mr. *Stedfast*, where are you?

Mil. Go near her, Sir—Now you may go as near her as you please.

Sted. What's the matter with you, Madam?

Clar. I cannot tell you, Sir; I was taken in the strangest giddy manner, with such a Swimming in my Head, that every thing seemed to dance before my Eyes.

Sted. You may thank yourself. What did you do a-gadding? But is this giddy, swimming, dancing Distemper over, pray?

Clar. Not quite over; but I am much better.

Mil. I never knew that *Specificum Basilicum Magnum* fail; that is, indeed, an universal *Nostrum*.

Sted. Sir, I am glad to hear you mention a *Nostrum*, by which, I suppose, you are not a regular bred Physician; for those are a Set of People, whom I resolved, many Years ago, never to employ.

Mil. Sir, I never took any Degree at our University.

Sted.

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Sted. I like you the better for it.

Mil. You are a Man of Understanding, Sir. The University is the very worst Place to educate a Physician in. A Man, Sir, contracts there a narrow Habit of observing the Rules of a Set of stupid Ancients. Not one in fifty of them ever ventures to strike a bold stroke. A Quack, Sir, is the only Man to put you out of your pain at once. A regular Physician, like the Court of Chancery, tires a Man's Patience, and consumes his Substance, before he decides the Cause between him and the Disease.

Sted. Come, Madam, I suppose by this time you are able to walk home, or to a Chair at least.

Mil. Sir, the Air is very dangerous, you had better leave her here some time.

Sted. Sir, I am resolved she shall go home, let the Consequence be what it will. Doctor, here is something for your Trouble. I am much obliged to your Care—Madam, how do you now?

Clar. Oh! infinitely better.

Mil. A Word with you, Sir; I heard you say, this is your Wedding-Day—In your Ear
[*whispers.*]

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[*whispers*] Not as you tender your Wife's future Health, nay, her Life.

Sted. Never fear—come, Child—come, Mr. Squeezepurse. Doctor, your Servant.

Mil. Give me leave, Sir, to hand the Lady to her Chair.

Sted. Pshaw! I hate Ceremony—pray stay behind— [*Pushes away Mil. and exit with his Wife and Squeeze.*]

Mil. Soh! we are well off this time.

Braz. Ay, Sir, some Thanks to me; for I think I lyed pretty handsomely.

Mil. Well, Sirrah, and are you so vain of the Merit? Did not I show you the way?

Char. [*knocks at the Door.*] Doctor! Doctor!

Mil. Ha! get you hence, and endeavour to find out *Heartfort*, and bring him hither instantly. My fair Prisoner, I ask your pardon for keeping you confined so long.

Char. Oh! Sir, no Excuses: Patients must be tended. But, pray, Doctor, have you not some little Skill in Casuistry? Will you advise me what to do in this Affair, and whether you think it proper I should suffer you to pass with my Father for so excellent a Physician as you do?

Mil.

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Mil. Oh! Madam, it needs no great Ca-
suist to advise a young Lady how to act,
which should be always by the Rules of Good-
Nature. Besides, Madam, you shall not see
your Father deceived, for I will merit the
same Reputation with you, if you will take
my Prescription; for I will engage to recom-
mend you one that shall cure you of all Dis-
tempers.

Char. Ay! pray what is this infallible *Nostrum*? I am afraid it is something very nau-
seous to the Palate.

Mil. No, far otherwise: It is taken by a
great many Ladies merely for its agreeable
Relish.

Char. Well, what is it?

Mil. Nothing more than a very pretty Fel-
low of my Acquaintance.

Char. Indeed! And pray is this very pretty
Fellow of your Acquaintance like a certain
Physician of my Acquaintance?

Mil. No, Faith: If he was, you would
have taken the *Nostrum* long ago.

Char. Hum! I question that. I fancy,
Doctor, you are as great a Quack in Love as
you are in Physick, and apt in both to boast
more Power than you have. Ah! if I thought
it

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it worth my while, I would play such Pranks
with your wild Worship.

S C E N E VI.

Millamour, Charlotte, Heartfort.

Heart. Oh! *Millamour*, I have been
waiting for you. Ha!

Mil. Well, whether thou hast been wait-
ing for me, or seeking me, I am glad you
have found me; for I have a Favour to ask
of you, which you must not deny me. Ma-
dam, look him boldly in the Face: I dare
swear we shall carry our Point.

Char. What Point, Sir?

Mil. In short, Sir, this young Lady hath
begg'd me to ask your Pardon in her Name,
and hopes your Forgiveness of all her ill Usage,
all her little Airs, which the Folly of Youth,
and the Vanity of Beauty together, made her
put on; and she does most faithfully promise,
nay, and I have offered to be bound for her,
that, if you are so generous to forgive the past,
she shall never offend for the future.

Char. Intolerable Insolence!

Mil. Yes; her intolerable Insolence, she
hopes, knowing the infinite Goodness and

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Sweetness of your Temper, will be past over ; and that you will be pleased to consider that a gay, giddy, wild, young Girl could not have Understanding enough to set a just Value on the sincere Passion of a Man of Sense and Honour.

Char. This is insupportable !

Mil. Nay, nay, I think so too. I must condemn the Hardness of your Heart, that can be proof against such Penitence in an offending Mistress. Tho' she hath been, I own, as bad as possible, yet sure her repenting Tears may atone.

Heart. I'm in a Dream ; for thou, my Friend, I am sure, wilt not delude me. Madam, is it possible for me to presume to think the Sufferings I have undergone, had they been ten thousand times as great, could touch your Heart ?

Char. Hum ! I thank my Stars, I have it.

Heart. I cannot be awake, nor you be Mistress of such Goodness, to value my little Services so infinitely beyond their Merit. Oh ! you have been too kind. I have not done nor suffered half enough.

Mil. Pox take your Generosity ! Suffer on to Eternity, with all my Soul.

Heart.

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Heart. I deserve your Pity now a thousand times more than ever. This Profusion of Goodness overwhelms my Heart.

Mil. Not one bit beyond a just Debt ; she owes you all.

Heart. *Millamour*, as thou art my Friend, no more.

Char. Let him proceed ; I am not ashamed to own myself Mr. *Heartfort's* Debtor.

Mil. Ay !

Char. And tho' you have somewhat exceeded your Commission, and said more for me than perhaps the Stubbornness of my Temper might have permitted me to say, yet this I must confess, my Behaviour to Mr. *Heartfort* hath no way answered his Merits.

Mil. Go on, go on, Madam, you never spoke half so much Truth in your Life.

S C E N E VII.

Millamour, Charlotte, Heartfort, Old Mutable, Young Mutable.

O. Mut. My Lord, I have been waiting for your Lordship above this Hour: If it had not been for *Jacky* here, I should never have found you.

Mil. A particular Affair, Sir, hath detained me ; but I am ready now to wait on you.

O. Mut.

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O. Mut. *Jacky*, is not that your former Mistress, Miss *Stedfast*? Odsso! it is she. What can she do here?

R. Mut. I wish she be not come to spoil my Match with my Lord's Sister.

O. Mut. You have hit it, Boy. *Jacky*, you have hit it: but I'll try that. My Lord, my good Lord— [They talk apart.

Heart. This is such an Excess of Goodness! You judge too harshly indeed of a few slight Gaieties. Women with not half your Merit or Beauty daily practise more. And give me leave to think, they were put on for a Trial of me.

Char. Ay, but what Right had I to that Trial, unless I had intended, which I never can, to disobey my Father?

Heart. Ha! never can!

Char. Heaven forbid I should prove undutiful to him! And, Mr. *Heartfort*, wherefore, pray, did you understand all these Apologies made, but that after all your Merit, I must obey my Father in marrying this young Gentleman?

Heart. Confusion!

O. Mut. Indeed, Madam, but there are more Fathers to be obeyed than one. My

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Son,

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Son, Madam, is another Woman's Property ; and I believe I have as good a Right to my Son, as Mr. *Stedfast* hath to his Daughter. It's very fine, truly, that my Son must be stolen from me, and married whether I will or no!

Y. Mut. Ay, Faith is it, Madam, very hard that you will have me, whether I will or no.

Clar. Indeed!

O. Mut. Why truly, Madam, I am very sorry it should be any Disappointment to you ; but my Son, Madam, happen'd to be, without my Knowledge, at the time I offered him to you, engaged to my Lord *Truelove's* Sister. Was not he, my Lord? Sure, Madam, you would not rob another Woman of her Right.

Char. Sir, if it please you, honoured Sir, my good Father-in-Law that was to have been, a word with you.

O. Mut. As many as you please, Madam but no Father in-law.

Char. Tho' in obedience to my Father I had complied to accept your Son for a Husband, yet I am obliged to your kind Refusal, because that young Gentleman your Son, Sir,
happens

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happens to be a Person for whom, ever since I had the Honour of his Acquaintance, I have entertain'd the most surprizing, invincible and infinite Contempt in the World.

Y. Mut. Contempt for me!

O. Mut. Contempt for *Jacky*!

Char. It would be therefore ungrateful, to let such a Benefactor as you be deceived in a Point which so nearly concerns him. This Gentleman, Sir, is no Lord, and hath no Estate.

O. Mut. How, *Jacky*, no Lord!

Y. Mut. Yes, Sir, I'll be sworn he is.

Char. And he hath contriv'd, Sir, to marry your ingenious Son to some common Slut of the Town. So I leave you to make up the Match, and am, Gentlemen, your most humble Servant.

S C E N E VIII.

*Millamour, Heartfort, Old and Young
Mutable.*

Heart. *Millamour*, I thank thee for the Trouble thou hast undergone for me; but as the Affair is no longer worth my Pursuit, I will release you from your troublesome Title,

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and this Gentleman from his Mistake. So, Sir, your Son is disengaged, and you may marry him to the young Lady just now gone, whenever you please.

Mil. Faith, Sir, I am sorry I have no Sister for your Son, with all my heart.

O. Mut. And are you no Lord?

Mil. No, Sir, to my sorrow.

O. Mut. Why have I been imposed upon then? [*To Y. Mut.*] But how came you to join in the Conspiracy? Would you cheat your Father?

Y. Mut. Indeed, Sir, not I. I was imposed on as well as you. I took him for a Lord; for I don't know a Lord from another Person, but by his Dress. You cannot blame me, Sir.

O. Mut. Nay, *Jacky*, I don't desire to blame you: I know thou art a good Boy, and a fine Gentleman. But come, come with me. I will make one more Visit to Mr. *Stedfast*, and try what's to be done. If I can pacify him, all's well yet. What had I to do with Lords? We Country Gentlemen never get any good by them.

S C E N E

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SCENE IX.

Millamour, Heartfort.

Mil. Come, *Heartfort*, be not grave on the matter : I will venture to affirm thy Mistress is thy own.

Heart. Damn her ! do not mention her : I should despise myself equal with the Fool just departed, could I think myself capable of forgiving her : No, believe me, *Millamour*, was she to commence the Lover, and take the pains I have done to win her, they would be ineffectual.

Mil. And art thou so incensed with a few Coquette Airs of Youth and Gaiety, which Girls are taught by their Mothers and their Mistresses, to practise on us to try our Love, or rather our Patience, when perhaps their own suffers more in the Attempt ?

Heart. 'Sdeath ! Sir, hath she not used me like a Dog ?

Mil. Certainly.

Heart. Hath she not trifled with my Passion beyond all Sufferance ?

Mil. Very true.

Heart. Hath she not taken a particular Delight in making me ridiculous ?

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Mil. Too true ! and since I see you can bear it, I will tell you, she hath abused you, trifled with you, laughed at you, coquetted and jilted you.

Heart. Hold, *Millamour*, do not accuse her unjustly neither : I cannot say she hath jilted me.

Mil. Damn her ! Think no more of her : It would be wrong in you to forgive her.

Heart. Yes, forgive her I can : It would be rather mean not to forgive her. Yes, yes, I will forgive her.

Mil. Well, do ; and so think no more of her.

Heart. I will not ; for it is impossible to impute so much ill Usage only to the Coquetish Airs of Youth : For could I once be brought to believe that—

Mil. And yet a thousand Women—

Heart. True, true, dear *Millamour* : A thousand Women have played worse Pranks with their Lovers, and afterwards made excellent Wives : It is the Fault of their Education, rather than of their Natures ; and a Man must be a Churl who would not bear a little of that Behaviour in a Mistress, especially in one so very young as *Charlotte* is, and
so

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so very pretty too. For, give me leave to tell you, we may justly ascribe several Faults to the Number of Flatterers, which Beauty never is without: Besides, you must confess, there is a certain Good-humour that attends her Faults, which makes it impossible for you to be angry with them.

Mil. Indeed to me she appears to have no Faults but what arise from her Beauty, her Youth, or her Good-humour; for which Reason I think, Sir, you ought to forgive them, especially if she asked it of you.

Heart. Asked it of me! Oh! *Millamour*, could I deny any thing she asked of me?

Mil. Well, well, that we shall bring her to; or at least to look as if she asked it of you; and you know Looks are the Language of Love.

Heart. But pray how came she to your Lodgings this Afternoon?

Mil. Ha! Truepenny, art thou jealous?

Heart. No, faith: Your sending for me prevents that, tho' I was never so much inclin'd.

Mil. Let us go and take one Bottle together, and I will tell you, tho' perhaps I must be obliged to trust a Lady's Secret with you,

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(and I could trust any but your own Mistress's.) Courage, *Heartfort*: What are thy Evils compar'd with mine, who have a Husband to contend with; a damn'd legal Tyrant, who can ravish a Woman with the Law on his side? All my Hope and Comfort lie in his Age: And yet it vexes me, that my blooming Fruit must be mumbled by an old Rascal, who hath no Teeth to come at the Kernel.

END of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Lucina's Apartment.*

LUCINA with a Letter.

SHALL I write once more to this perjur'd Man? But what can it avail? Can I upbraid him more than I have already done in that which he hath scornfully sent back? Perhaps I was too severe. Let me revise it. Ha! what do I see?—A Letter from another Woman. *Clarinda Stedfast*! O Villain! doth he think I yet want Testimonies of his Falshood?

SCENE

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SCENE II.

Lucina, Plotwel.

Luc. Oh! *Plotwel*, such new Discoveries! The Letter you brought me back was not my own, but a Rival's; a Rival as unhappy as myself.

Plot. And now I bring you News of a Rival more happy than yourself, if the Possession of a Rake be Happiness. In short, Mr. *Millamour* is to be married to the Daughter of Mr. *Stedfast*.

Luc. Ha! that was the Name I heard when at his Lodgings. He hath debauched his Wife, and would marry his Daughter. This is an Opportunity of Revenge I hardly could have wish'd. But how, how, dear *Plotwel*, art thou apprised of this?

Plot. When you sent me back to *Millamour*, while I was disputing with his Servant, who denied me Admission, a fine young Lady whip'd by me into a Chair: I then brib'd his Servant with a Guinea, who discovered to me, that her Name was *Stedfast*; that she was a great Fortune, and to be married to his Master; and that she lived in *Grosvenor-Street*.

Luc.

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Luc. Shall I beg you would add one Obligation more to those I have already received from you, and deliver him this Letter? It may prevent the Ruin of a young Creature.

Plot. One of *Millamour's* Letters to you, I suppose. But it will have no Effect, unless it recommends him the more to her, by giving her an Opportunity of triumphing over a Rival.

Luc. No matter : To caution the unexperienced Traveller from Rocks we split on, is our Duty : If that be ineffectual, his Rashness be his Punishment.

Plot. Pray take my Advice, and resolve to think no more of him.

Luc. As a Lover, I never will. Oblige me in this, and then I will retire with you to the Cloyster you shall choose, and never more have Converse with that traitorous Sex.

Plot. On Condition you think no more of *Millamour*, I will undertake it, tho' 'tis an ungrateful Office.

Luc. Come in with me, while I enclose it under Seal, that you may securely affirm you are ignorant of the Contents. Come, my faithful *Plotwel*, believe me I both hate and despise Mankind ; and from this Hour I will entertain no Passion but our Friendship in my Soul.

Friendship

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Friendship and Love by Heaven seem design'd,
That to enoble, this debase the Mind.

Friendship's pure Joys in Life's last Hour }
remain ;

By Love, that cheating Lottery, we gain }
A Moment's Bliss, bought with an Age of }

Pain.

S C E N E III. *A Tavern.*

Millamour, Heartfort.

Mil. And now, dear *George*, I hope I have
satisfied your Jealousy.

Heart. I wish I could say you had as well
satisfied me with your Behaviour to this
young Lady—to *Clarinda*.

Mil. What wouldst thou have me do?

Heart. Why, faith, to be sincere; not
what thou hast done: However, since that's
past, all the Reparation now in thy power to
make, is to see her no more.

Mil. That would be a pretty Reparation
indeed! and perhaps she would not thank
you for giving me that Advice,

Heart. Perhaps not; but I am sure her
Husband would.

Mil. Her Husband! Damn the old Rascal:
The teasing such a Cuckold, is half the Plea-
sure of making him one.

Heart.

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Heart. How! what Privilege dost thou perceive in thyself, to invade and destroy the Happiness of another? Besides, tho' Shame may first reach the Husband, it doth not always end there: The Wife is always liable, and often is involved in the Ruin of the Gallant. The Person who deserves chiefly to be exposed to Shame, is the only Person who escapes without it.

Mil. Heyday! thou art not turning Hypocrite, I hope. Thou dost not pretend to lead a Life equal to this Doctrine.

Heart. My Practice perhaps is not equal to my Theory; but I pretend to sin with as little Mischief as I can to others: and this I can lay my Hand on my Heart and affirm, that I never seduced a young Woman to her own Ruin, nor a married one to the Misery of her Husband. Nay, and I know thee to be so good-natur'd a Fellow, that what thou dost of this kind arises from thy not considering the Consequence of thy Actions; and if any Woman can lay her Ruin on thee, thou canst lay it on Custom.

Mil. Why, indeed, if we consider it in a serious way—

Heart. And why should we not? Custom
may

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may lead a Man into many Errors, but it justifies none ; nor are any of its Laws more absurd and unjust, than those relating to the Commerce between the Sexes : For what can be more ridiculous than to make it infamous for Women to grant what it is honourable for us to solicit, nay, to ensnare and almost compel them into ; to make a Whore a scandalous, a Whoremaster a reputable Appellation ? Whereas, in reality, there is no more mischievous Character than a public Debaucher of Women.

Mil. No more, dear *George* ; now you begin to pierce to the quick.

Heart. I have done : I am glad you can feel ; it is a sure Sign of no Mortification.

Mil. Yes, I can feel, and too much, that I have been in the wrong to a Woman, who hath no Fault but foolishly loving me. 'Sdeath ! thou hast raised a Devil in me, that will sufficiently revenge her Quarrel. Oh ! *Heartfort*, how was it possible for me to be guilty of so much Barbarity, without knowing it, and of doing her so many Wrongs, without seeing them till this Moment, till it is too late, till I can make her no Reparation ?

Heart. Resolve to see her no more ; that's the best in your power.

Mil.

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Mil. Well, I will resolve it, and wish I could do more.

S C E N E IV.

Millamour, Heartfort, Useful,

Use. Oh! Mr. *Millamour*, Oh!

Mil. What News?

Use. Oh! I am dead.

Heart. Drunk, I believe. What's the meaning of this?

Use. Give me a Glass of Wine, for I am quite out of breath.

Mil. Help! *Heartfort*, help!

Use. I am come—Give me another Glass.

Heart. You have no reason to complain of your Breath, for I think you drink two Glasses in the same.

Use. Well then, now I am a little come to my self, I can tell you I have charming News for you: *Clarinda* continues still in the same dangerous way, and her Husband—but mum—what have I said?—I forgot we were not alone.

Heart. Oh! Madam, I will withdraw.

Use. Well then, her Husband hath sent me to fetch you to her.

Mil. He hath sent too late; for I have resolv'd to see her no more.

Use.

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Use. What do you mean?

Mil. Seriously as I say—

Use. You will never see her more!

Mil. Never.

Use. You will see her no more! [*Passionately.*

Mil. No: I have consider'd it as the only Reparation I can possibly make her.

Use. Indeed! If that be the only Reparation you can make her, you are a very pretty Fellow. But it is false: You are not such a sort of a Man. If I had not known you to be such a sort of a Man, the Devil should have had you, before I should have troubled my head about your Affairs.

Mil. My Heart reproaches me with no Action of my Life, equal with my Behaviour to *Clarinda*, and I would do any thing to make her Amends.

Use. Could not your Heart have reproached you sooner, before you had made me accessory to the Cheat you intend to put upon her?

Mil. What Cheat?

Use. The worst Cheat can be put upon her. What! Sir, do you think she hath no Expectations from you?

Mil. If she hath, her Husband will answer them.

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Use. Her Husband! her Husband won't, nor can't answer them—

Mil. I am not inclined to jest—

Use. Nor am I, but I think you are. What would you say of a Man, who would sail to the *Indies*, and when he was just come in sight of his Port, tack about and return without touching? Have not you been sailing several Years into the Arms of your Mistress, and now she holds them open, you refuse—What! did you court her only to refuse in your turn? to refuse her, when she is expecting, wishing, longing—

Mil. And do you really think her as you say?

Use. What could move her else to lay such a Plot as she hath done? To pretend herself sick, that you might be sent for as her Physician? But you would play the Physician with her, and make her Distemper real.

Mil. If I thought that—

Use. What can you think else? Can any thing hurt a Woman equal with being refused?

Mil. Refused! what, giving up her matchless Beauty to my longing Arms? 'Sdeath! he is not of Flesh and Blood who could refuse. Thou dearest Woman! and dost thou think
she

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she will consent?—Dost thou think my Happiness so near?

Use. I know it must be—but—

Mil. But what?

Use. You had better make her a Reparation for what's past, and see her no more.

Mil. Reparation! ay, so I will. All that Love, transporting, eager, wanton, raving Love can give her. *Heartfort*, you must excuse me: Business, Sir, Business of very great Importance calls me away.

Heart. I can guess your Business by your Company.

Mil. Come, my dear *Useful*, convey me, quick as my Desires, where only they can meet full Satisfaction. Let me enjoy *Clarrinda*,—and—then—

Use. And then—perhaps you may keep your Word, and never see her any more.

[*Exeunt Use. and Mil.*]

Heart. There goes an Instance of the great Power our Reason hath over our Passions. But hold,—Why should I seek Instances abroad, who have so sufficient an Example in my own Breast? Where, had Reason the Dominion, I should have long since expell'd the little Tyrant, who hath made such Ravage there.

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Of what Use is Reason then? Why, of the Use that a Window is to a Man in Prison, to let him see the Horrors he is confined in; but lends him no Assistance to his Escape.

S C E N E V.

S C E N E, *Stedfast's House.*

Clarinda, Charlotte.

Clar. Oh, *Charlotte*! let no Passion prevail on you to throw yourself away on a Person you despise. Marriage knows no Release but Death. Had I the World, I would give it to recall mine.

Char. You see, *Clarinda*, it is easier to give Advice than to take it.

Clar. You are not in my Situation. Think, my *Charlotte*, think, but of the Danger I was in, against the daily Solicitations of a Man, who had so great a Friend within my Breast. My little Fortune spent. A friendless, helpless Orphan. The very Man I lov'd, with whom I must at least have shared Poverty, refusing to make me the honourable Partner of his Bed! What could *Charlotte* then have done? Would you have then refused a rich, an honourable Lover?

Char.

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Char. Hum! Agad, I don't know what I should have done. Heaven forbid, it should be my Case. I should not have taken the old Fellow, I am positive.

Clar. Oh, my dear *Charlotte*! never let any thing tempt you to forfeit the Paths of Honour.

Char. And yet, my dear *Clarinda*, you can feign yourself sick to see your Lover. Pray, my Dear, how doth a Woman's Honour do, when she is sick to see her Gallant?

Clar. Indeed, you wrong me. The Terror I have of your Father's Bed, put me on the feigning this Sickness, which will soon be real. For as to *Millamour*, I have determined never to see him more.

Char. Nay, I will swear, I saw *Useful* take a Chair and go for him, as your Physician, by my Father's Order.

Clar. You surprize me! O that wicked Woman, who hath been the Occasion of all my Misfortunes, and is determined to persecute me to the last Minute.

Char. There is somewhat in her which I dislike, and have often wondered why you would indulge her in the Freedom she takes.

Clar. O *Charlotte*! in distress'd Circum-

D d 2

stances,

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stances, how easily can Impudence get the Ascendant over us? Besides, this Woman, of whom I now have your Opinion, can outwardly act a Saint, as well as inwardly a Devil. What Defence hath the Ignorance of Twenty, against the experienced Arts of such a Woman? Believe me, I thank Heaven, I have escaped so well, rather than wonder I have not escaped better.

Char. Well, honoured Madam, if your Daughter-in-Law may presume to advise, rest contented with the Honour you have already attain'd; for if you should be overthrown but in one Battle, there's an end of all your former Conquests. But hush, hush; to your Chair. My Father is coming up.

S C E N E VI.

Stedfast, Clarinda, Charlotte.

Sted. Well, Madam, how do you now?

Char. My Mother is extremely ill, Sir.

Sted. I did not ask you—How do you, Child?

Clar. Oh!

Sted. Oh! This is the most comfortable Wedding-Day sure, that ever Man had. Well the Doctor will be here presently.

Char.

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Char. Sir, the last Words my Mamma spoke were, she desired she might not see the Doctor.

Sted. Yes, Madam; but the last Words I speak are, that she shall see him.

Clar. No Doctor—No Doctor.

[*Enter Useful and Millamour.*

Useful (*introducing* Millamour) Sir, here's the Doctor.

Sted. I am glad you are come, Sir: My Wife is extremely ill—Go to her. Physicians should make a little more haste.

Mil. Give me your Hand, if you please, Madam.

Sted. How do you do, Child?

Clar. Oh!

Sted. That's all I have been able to get of her, Doctor; she is not able to tell you even how she doth.

Use. [*Aside.*] A true Physician, faith! He feels for her Pulse in her Palm.

Sted. How do you find her, Doctor?

Mil. Truly, Sir, I wish there may not be more Danger in the Case, than is imagined.

Sted. Nay, the World shall not say she died for want of Assistance. I will go send for another.

D d 3

Mil.

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Mil. Oh, Sir! there's no Need of that—I can trust to my own Skill.

Sted. I'm resolved.

Use. Come, Madam; We'll leave the Doctor to his Patient.

S C E N E VII.

Clarinda, Millamour.

Mil. Oh, speak to me, *Clarinda*—Whisper something tender to my Soul, or I shall die before thee.

Clar. Thou hast undone me, *Millamour*.

Mil. Then I have undone myself! Myself!—What's that to having ruin'd thee! I would be Ages expiring to preserve thee. My Dear! my only Love! Too late I see the Follies of my Life. I see the fatal Consequence of my ungovern'd, lawless Passion.

Clar. Oh! had thy Eyes but yesterday been open'd; but now it is too late.

Mil. Too late! I will put back the Hand of Time. O think it not too late. Oh, could'st thou but recover; thy Marriage could not, should not keep us from being happy.

Clar. Alas, my Disease is but a poor Pretence,

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tence, to see you once again to take this last Farewel.

Mil. Thou Angel Softness! Thou Fountain of Eternal Sweets! To take a last Farewel! Then I will bid farewel to Life, *Clarinda*. Life, which I will not endure without thee. Witness Heaven, that I could but recall blest Yesterday again, I would not slight the Offers of thy virtuous Love, for the whole World of Beauty, or of Wealth! Oh Fool! to trifle with so vast a Blessing, 'till it was snatch'd from thee! Yet since we cannot be what we wish, let us be what we can.

Clar. No, *Millamour*, never with the Forfeit of my Honour. I will lose my Life: Nay, what I value much more, rather than quit that Idol of my Soul, I will lose you.

S C E N E VIII.

Millamour, Clarinda, Charlotte, Useful, Stedfast, Crisis.

Use. Hush, hush, to your Posts, to your Posts.

Sted. [*introducing Crisis*] Doctor, that is your Patient, and Heaven direct your Judgment.

D d 4

Cris:

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Cris. Sir, Sir, harkee, who's that? When I served him feel her Pulse.

Sted. That is a Brother Physician, Sir.

Cris. Ay, What is his Name?

Sted. Doctor, Dr. *Crisis* desires to know your Name.

Mil. My Name! Name—My Name is *Gruel*.

Cris. *Gruel*, I don't know him, nor do I remember his Name in the College. Some Quack, I suppose.—Sir, here's your Fee,—I'm your humble Servant.

Sted. Stay, stay, dear Doctor.

Cris. Sir, I will consult with no Quacks; Sir, I have not studied Physick so long, to consult with a Quack! Wherefore have we a College of Physicians, if we are to call Quacks to our Assistance?

Sted. For Heaven's sake, Doctor, my Wife will die.

Cris. Sir, I can't help it, if half the World were to die, unless that Man were out of the Room I will have nothing to do: And that I am resolv'd.

Sted. If you come to that, Sir, I am resolved he shall not be sent out of the Room. I would not send him out of the Room to save my

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my Wife's Life; No, nor scarce to save my own Life. So see whose Resolution will be broke first, your's or mine. — Resolved, quotha.

Cris. Here, *John*, my Coach! to the Door—
Consult with a Quack!

Sted. Doctor, pray return my Fee,

Cris. Sir, your humble Servant.

Mil. I hope, Sir, we shall not want his Advice. I apprehend the Distemper to be now, some Moments past the Crisis, and in half an Hour, I may possibly send you the happy News of your Wife's being out of danger. But it is intirely necessary she should go to Bed, and then I will go and see her,

[*Enter Servant, who whispers* Stedfast.

Sted. Doctor, you will excuse me a few Minutes—A Lady wants me below Stairs. [*Exit.*

Mil. Come, Nurse; you must put your Patient to bed, and then I'll visit her again.

Clar. Never, never, *Millamour*. Never from this Hour will I behold that Face again: That fatal Cause of all my Misery.

Mil. Barbarous *Clarinda*! Can I be knowingly the Cause of one Misfortune to you, when I would not purchase the World with one Sigh of thine?

Clar.

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Clar. Thy Conversation is dangerous to my Honour ; and henceforth I will fly thee as the worst of Contagions. Farewel—And think you have lost a Woman, who durst not, from her Tenderneſs, ever ſee thee more. [*Exit.*

Mil. Oh Agony ! Oh *Clarinda* !

Uſe. Ha, ha, ha—That ever a Man, who knows ſo much of the Sex as Mr. *Millamour*, ſhould deſpair at the very Brink of Victory !

Mil. 'Sdeath—Did ſhe not ſay, ſhe'd never ſee me more ?

Uſe. Well, and hath ſhe not ſaid ſo a hundred times ; and ſeen you as often ! Did ſhe not ſay, ſhe durſt not ſee you more ? Women are all Cowards, and dare not do any thing unleſs they are forced to it. I tell you ſhe is wiſhing, fighting for you. Honour and Love have a Conflict within her Breſt, and if you ſtand by the little Gentleman, I'll hold a thouſand Pounds he gets the better.

Mil. No more of this Foolery. Thou haſt undone us both : And by Heavens, I will be revenged on thee. I will expoſe thee to all Mankind, as thy Infamy deſerves, till every wretched Maid ſhall curſe thee, every honeſt Woman deſpiſe thee, and every Boy that meets thee, ſhall hoot thee through the World.

Uſe.

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Use. Is this my Reward?

Mil. Reward! There is none in Law or Justice equal to thy Deserts. Thou art a more mischievous Animal than a Serpent; and the Man or Woman, who admits one of thy detestable Character into his House or Acquaintance, acts more foolishly than he who admits a Serpent into his Bosom. A publick Mark of Infamy should be set on every such Wretch, that we might shun them as a Contagion. Never see me more; for if thou dost, I shall forego the Dignity of my Sex to punish thee. O *Clarinda*! I will pursue thee still: For next to having thee mine, is leaving my Life at thy Feet.

Use. Very fine! I have no more to do here at present. Such Encouragement will tempt me to grow honest, and quit my Employment.

S C E N E IX.

Stedfast, Plotwel.

Sted. A very pretty reasonable Gentleman, truly. Would not one Woman content him? Must he have my Wife and Daughter too? Would he have my whole Family? Madam, I know not how to return this Obligation,
which

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which the great Concern you have shewed for my Honour, hath laid upon me.

Plot. Can you not find then in this Face something which might give you a Reason for that Concern? Look stedfastly on me, and tell me if you remember no Mark in these Features, which were once known to you?

Sted. There's something in that Voice, that—

Plot. That once was Music in your Ears, if ever you spoke Truth to *Cleomela*.

Sted. *Cleomela*!

Plot. Are there then any Horrors in that Name? Age certainly hath left no Furrows there, however it hath alter'd this unhappy Face. Still, if Remembrance of past Joys be sweet, the Name of *Cleomela* should be so.

Sted. I am so surpris'd! I scarce have Reason left to recollect you.

Plot. Be not terrified. I come not to upbraid you; to thunder any Injuries in your Ears, nor Breach of Promise.

Sted. You know you cannot. It was your own Fault prevented my fulfilling them. Would you have changed your Religion, you know my Resolutions were to have married you. And you know my Resolutions were

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were never to marry you, unless you did.
You kept your Religion, and I my Resolution.

Plot. How easily Men find Excuses to avoid what they dislike! But that is past; nor do I come to claim the fulfilling it.

Sted. No, Heaven hath taken care to put that out of my power; as this Letter hath told you before.

Plot. I assure you, Sir, the Contents of that Letter I am a Stranger to.

Sted. Are you? then pray read it—for I intend to make them no Secret. [*Plotwel takes the Letter, reads, and shews much Surprise.*]

S C E N E X.

Millamour, Stedfast, Mrs. Plotwel.

Mil. Oh! Sir, the most unfortunate News.

Sted. What's the matter?

Mil. Your Lady is relaps'd into the most violent Fit of Madness; and I question much whether she will ever speak again.

Sted. She hath no need. She hath Hands to write her Mind. Nay, were they cut off too, she would find some other Tongue. She would invent as strange Methods to betray the Lewdness of her Mind, as *Lavinia* did to discover her Injury.

Mil.

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Mil. Hey-day ! Your Wife hath infected you with Madnefs.

Sted. Yes, my Wife has infected me indeed. It breaks out here [*pointing to his Head.*] Harkee, Sir, if there be any infectious thing about my Wife, she will communicate it to more than her Husband.

Mil. What can be the meaning of this ? I am sorry to see this, Sir. Very sorry to hear this. This is no common Distemper.

Sted. No ! I thought Cuckoldom the most general Distemper in the Kingdom.

S C E N E XI.

Old Mutable, Stedfast, Millamour, Plotwel.

O. Mut. Odso ! Mr. *Stedfast*, I am sorry to hear your Lady is ill.

Sted. It is probable you may ; for you and I are not likely to be sorry on the same Occasion.

O. Mut. No, it is not—Yes, it is—it is impossible—Agad ! 'tis he—'tis—my dear Lord *Truelove*. I'm your most obedient humble Servant.

Sted. My Lord *Truelove* !

O. Mut. Ay, Sir, this is the worthy Lord, Sir, to whose Sister I was to have married my

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my Son, 'till, by good Luck, Sir, I found my Lord *Truelove* to be no Lord, but a certain wild, young Vagabond, who goes by the Name of *Millamour*.

Sted. What's this I hear?

Mil. Ay, 'tis so,—the House is infected, and every Man is mad that comes into it.

O. Mut. Mad! You young Dog, you have made a Fool of me, I thank you.

Sted. I am a fine one, truly, if Doctor *Gruel* be a Cheat.

Plot. Mr. *Millamour*!

Mil. Nay, then, 'tis in vain to contend. And it requires less Impudence to confess all than to deny it. My dear Mrs. *Plotwel*. [*Millamour and Plotwel talk apart, and then go out together.*]

O. Mut. Mr. *Stedfast*, if you please we'll make no longer Delay of the Wedding.

Sted. Sir, I hate the Name of Wedding.

O. Mut. Hey-day! I hope you are not capable of breaking your Resolution.

Sted. Sir, I shall break my Heart. A Man that is married is capable of every thing but being happy.

O. Mut. Come, come, I'm sorry for what's past, and am willing, to shew my Repentance,

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tance, to put it out of my power to offend any more.—What signifies Delays? Let us have the Wedding to-night.—

Sted. Whenever you please, Sir.

O. Mut. If your Daughter be ready, my Son is.

Sted. I have no Daughter, Sir.

O. Mut. Ha! ha! ha! You're a merry Man.

Sted. Look ye, Gentlemen, if one of you will take my Wife, the other shall have my Daughter. [to them Millamour.]

Mil. Oh, Sir! the luckiest News: Your Lady is recovered, her Distemper left her in a Moment, as by a Miracle, at the sight of Mrs. Plotwel.

Sted. My Distemper is not remov'd.

Mil. Take courage, Sir, I'll warrant I cure you—What are you sick of?

Sted. What you are sick of too, by this time—my Wife.

Mil. Is that all?

Sted. This Insult, Sir, is worse than your first Injury: but the Law shall give me a Reparation for both.

Mil. Here comes a better Friend to you than the Law. If your Wife be all your Illness, she will do what the Law can seldom do, unmarry you again. I don't know how uneasy

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uneasy you may be for marrying my Mistress;
but I am sure you ought to be so for marry-
ing your own Daughter.

S C E N E XII.

To them *Clarinda, Charlotte, Heartfort.*

Plot. Start not at that Word, but thank
the watchful Care of Heaven, which hath
sent me here this Day to prevent your Fall,
even at the Brink of Ruin—And, with a Joy
becoming so blest an Occasion, receive your
Daughter to your Arms.

Clar. My Father,—I am resolved to call
you by that Name.

Sted. Call me any thing but Husband.

Plot. She is indeed your Daughter—the
Pledge of our Loves—the Witness of your
Treachery, and my Shame, whom that wic-
ked Woman seduced from the Nunnery,
where I thought I had placed her in safety.

Clar. Sir, I kneel for your Blessing, nor
will I rise till you have given it me.

Sted. Take it, my Child, and be assured
no Father ever gave it more gladly. This is
indeed a happy Discovery—I have found my
Daughter, and I have lost my Wife.

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Plot.

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Plot. My Child, let me again embrace thee. This is Happiness indeed !

O. Mut. What, have you more Daughters than one, Mr. *Stedfast* ?

Sted. Even as you see, Sir.

O. Mut. Why then, Sir, I hope you will not take it amiss, that I desire all further Treaty may cease between us.

Sted. Sir, I would not marry a Daughter of mine into your Family, was your Estate ten times as large as it is. So now you have my Resolution. I should expect, by such a Match, to become Grand-father to a Weather-cock.

O. Mut. Very well, Sir, very well—there's no Harm done—my Son is *in statu quo*, and as fine a Gentleman as ever he was.

Heart. Your Honour, Sir, is now disengaged. You will give me Leave once more to mention my Ambition, especially if another Child is to share my *Charlotte's* Fortune, I may appear at least worthier of her in your Eye.

Sted. Here !—Take her—take her—

Char. I told you, Sir, I would obey my Father ; but I hope you will never expect me to obey my Husband.

Heart.

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Heart. When I expect more Obedience than you are willing to pay, I hope you will punish me by Rebellion.

Char. Well, I own I have not deserved so much Constancy: but I assure you, if I can get Gratitude enough I will pay you; for I hate to be in debt.

Mil. You was pleased, Sir, this Day to promise me, that, on the Recovery of your Lady's Senses, you would give me whatever I should ask.

Sted. Ay, Sir, you shall have her before you ask. There she is, she hath given you her Inclinations, and so I give you the rest of her. Heav'n be prais'd, I'm rid of them both. Stay, here is another Woman still. Will no body have her, and clear my House of them? for it is impossible for a Man to keep his Resolutions, while he hath one Woman in it.

Mil. My *Clarinda*, Oh! transporting Extasy!

Clar. My *Millamour*! my ever loved!

Mil. *Heartfort*, your Hand. I am now the happiest of Mankind. I have, on the very point of losing it, recovered a Jewel of inestimable Value. O *Clarinda*! my former Follies may, through an Excess of good For-

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tune, prove advantageous to both in our future Happiness. While I, from the Reflection on the Danger of losing you, to which the Wildness of my Desires betray'd me, shall enjoy the Bliss with doubled Sweetness: And you from thence may derive a tender and a constant Husband.

From my Example let all Rakes be taught,
To shun loose Pleasure's sweet, but poisonous Draught.

Vice, like a ready Harlot, still allures;
Virtue gives slow, but what she gives, secures.

END of the Fifth ACT.



EPI

EPILOGUE.

Written by a FRIEND, and Spoken by
Mrs. WOFFINGTON.

THE Trial ended, and the Sentence o'er,
The Criminal stands mute, and pleads
no more.

Sunk in Despair, no distant Hope he views,
Unless some friendly Tongue for Mercy sues.
So too our Bard (whatever be his Fate)
Hath sent me here Compassion to create :
If damn'd, to blunt the Edge of Critics Laws ;
If sav'd, to beg Continuance of Applause.
All this the frighted Author bid me say.
—But now for my own Comments on his Play.

This Millamour, for aught I could discover,
Was no such dang'rous, forward, pushing
Lover :

Upon the Bull I, like Europa, ventur'd,
Enter'd his Closet—where he never enter'd ;
But left me, after all my Kindness shewn,
In a most barbarous manner, quite alone :
Whilst I, with Patience to our Sex not common,
Heard him prescribing to another Woman :

But,

EPILOGUE.

*But, tho' quite languishing and vastly ill
She was, I could not find she took one Pill.
Tho' her Disease was high, tho' fierce th' Attack,
You saw he was an unperforming Quack :
But soon as Marriage alter'd his Condition,
He cur'd her as a regular Physician.*

*My Father Stedfast took it in his head
To keep all Resolutions which he made :
As the great Point of Life, this seem'd to strike
him :
His Daughter Charlotte's very much unlike
him.
The only Joys (and let me freely speak them)
I know in Resolutions, is to break 'em.*

*I think without much Flatt'ry I may say,
There's strict Poetic Justice through this Play.
You heard the Fool despis'd; the Bawd's just
Sentence ;
Heartfort's Reward, and Millamour's Repen-
tance :
And such Repentance must Forgiveness carry ;
Sure there's Contrition with it when we marry.*

F I N I S.